Everybody's does not print Tainted Fiction

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Everybody's Magazine

In this Number:

LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

BETTER BUSINESS

THE DOVECOTE

BURBERTON AND ALI BEG

HOW IT FEELS TO BE
The Husband of a SUFFRAGETTE

MAJOR BRONQUARD

SOCIALISM:
Promise or Menace?

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Everybody's Magazine

Vol. XXX No. 1

JANUARY 1914

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The Low Cost of Living

Where We Want It, and Where We Don't Want It

IN a recent letter from "Hashimura Togo" in *Life*, that Wallace Irwinized Jap lets out some views on the Low Cost of Living due from a Low Tariff.

He declares:

> "If every Tom, Hick and Darry can purchase style for 11$, stylishness will go out of fashion. . . . We do not wear clothing to cover our nudes from publicity. We wear them to make our prides feel more high up.
>
> "A suit what cost less are never so good like a suit what cost more, because it contains less pride. You could not feel entirely covered by clothes whose cheapness seem immodest."

At our first laugh, we were sure that Togo's philosophy covered one of the truths in advertising.

While some advertisements always point to the lowest possible price, many others point to the quality or the style which warrants the higher price, and even the highest price.

Really, the question is, What do we want the product for?

Excuse us if we don't give any concrete illustrations of those price contrasts in the advertisements. You will be more interested in picking them out for yourselves.

It is enough to say that the lowest-priced article that is advertised has its certain quality which makes its cheapness a wonder.

And from that point—the remarkable quality for the fewest pennies—advertising ranges up through all the grades of added qualities for added money.

Some of these added qualities one person wants and another person doesn't want. The taste of one isn't the taste of another.

The necessity of sheer serviceableness, and that only, is enough in one case; while in another case a personal taste, which costs a higher price, seems equally a necessity.

In some cases the quality of durability makes the highest cost seem to be the cheapest purchase. In other instances it is our cultivated or sensitive taste which requires the higher-priced article. In many more it is our pride that makes the thing of the highest cost the only one to be considered.

As Togo said, we buy them "to make our prides feel more high up."

It is through this infinite variety of personal tastes and distinctions that advertising operates upon us.

For the curiosity of the thing, go through these advertising pages and note those articles which are attractive chiefly because they are so good and yet cost so little, and those other articles which are more luxurious and attractive with prices that range higher and higher.

In the same month the same person buys some articles because they are so good for so little money, and other articles because they are of a quality which must be had at any price, and their higher prices are the proud sign of that desired superiority.

Right here is the first problem the manufacturer has to settle when he starts out to create something to sell. Shall he aim at making something at the

(*Read the rest of this on page 6*)

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Jean Paul Marat

The name of Marat will forever be associated with the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution. He fell at last by the hand of Charlotte Corday to avenge the loss of her lover. This period contains more of dramatic interest than any other in the world's history. It is out of this period that the Empire was born, dominated and ruled by Napoleon. It is generally conceded the best account of the French Revolution is by America's great historian, Dr. John Clark Ridpath. The story of this period should be read by every American who prizes his citizenship and loves his country. How else are we to judge of the great questions that confront our own Republic except from the lessons of the past

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Mail Coupon for 46-Page FREE Booklet

We will mail you our beautiful forty-six page free booklet of specimen pages from the History without any obligation on your part to buy. Hundreds who read this have thought that some time they would buy a History of the World and inform themselves on all the great events that have made and unmade nations. Don't you think it would be worth while to at least send the coupon and find out all about our remarkable offer?

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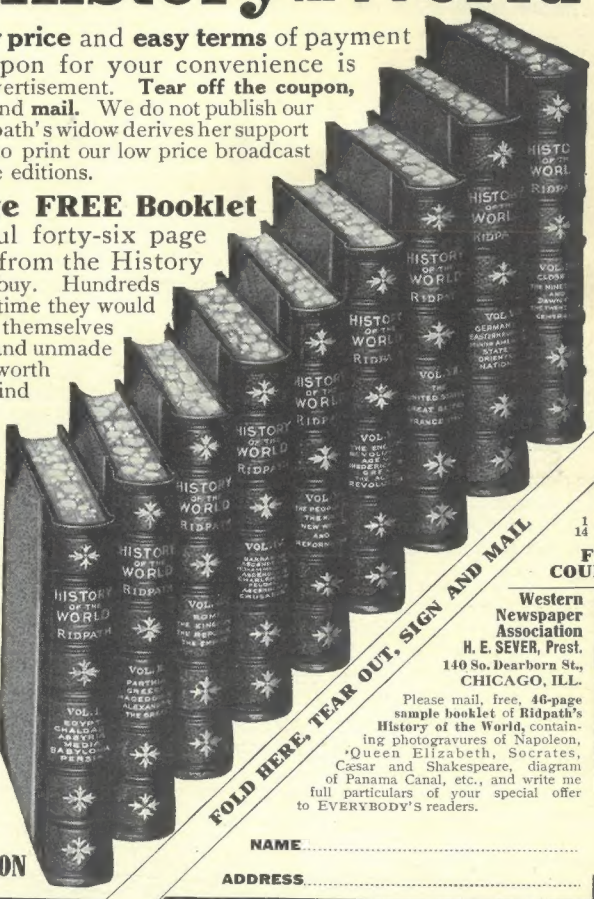
Ridpath's enviable position as a historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that History becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.



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The Low Cost of Living

lowest price consistent with elementary quality? Or shall he add to that elementary quality other features which cost more money, but which our educated taste will appreciate and want to buy?

The fact is we all, as a people, have become tremendously trained up in our taste and pride. Our incomes are the regular servants of that educated taste and pride. That's what our money seems intended for.

We demand a lower cost of living. But we, who read this, want lower prices for some things so that we will have the money left to buy the more luxurious things, which can be had only at the higher prices.

Thus, on the one hand, the soaring prices of some homely staples are intolerable, and we kick against them, as we should, with all our might. At the same time there are other articles which are demanded by our educated tastes, and by our pride of possession; and for these articles of enhanced quality we are going to pay the higher prices which necessarily fit them. Indeed, in regard to some of these articles of distinction which appeal to our pride, we can almost say with Togo, "cheapness would be immodest."

And these manufacturers who advertise to us in EVERYBODY'S are the wise watchers of our sheer needs on the one side, and of our developed tastes on the other side, and they satisfy us on both sides. On one page, we find the excellent and dependable article of lowest cost. And a page further on, the article into which has been put other features which cost more money and which we are glad to be able to pay for.

P. S.—A man to whom we read the above editorial made this remark:—"That's perfectly true, and it applies all along the line. We pay five cents to go to the moving-picture show and five dollars to go to the opera. If they charged us five dollars to go into a 'movie,' we would fall dead. If they charged us five cents to go to the opera, we wouldn't go."

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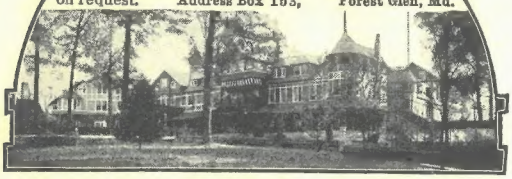

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

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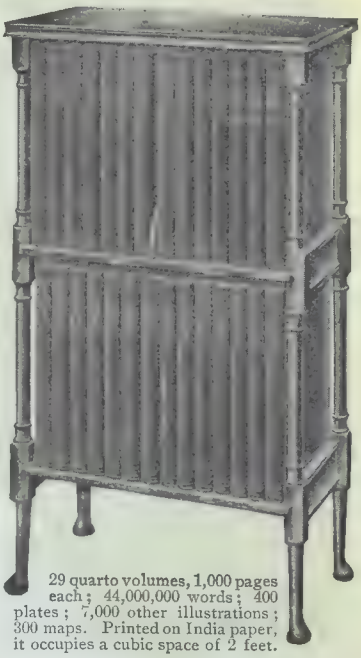

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THE FINAL DATE The approaching termination of the sale of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th Edition) direct to the public is an event of immediate significance to book buyers, students and workers generally. The sale was closed in England on December 20th, and the price raised, but in view of the much larger territory to be covered in this country, permission was given by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press to continue the present prices and terms in the United States and Canada a short time longer. Announcement of the final date for registering orders in this country before the prices are increased, will be made in the next issue of this magazine.

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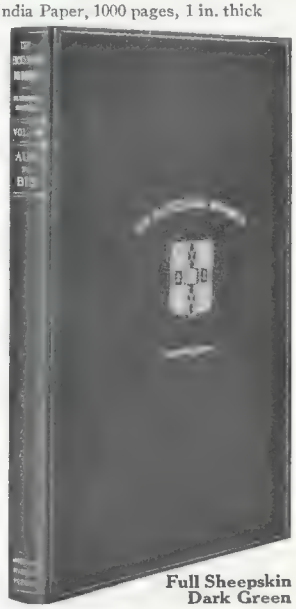

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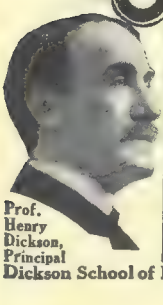

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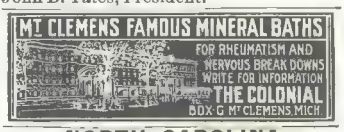
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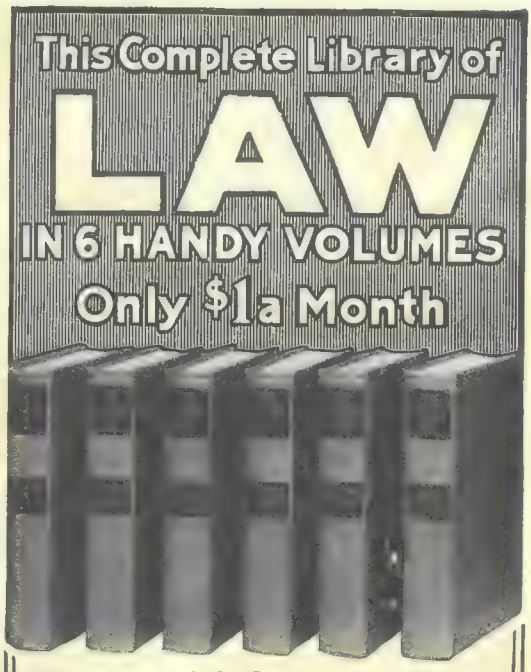

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THE FEBRUARY Everybody's

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Author of "Little Eve Edgarton"

February Issue on Sale January 23d

"LITTLE EVE EDGARTON"

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

NOW do men pick out girls? Are they attracted by the woman who "lives altogether on the outside of her face"? Or by the Eve Edgarton kind?

Miss Abbott has some pointers for you. And a love-story as absorbing as "Molly Make-Believe." And a perfectly new kind of heroine — an amazing young woman with "queer" clothes and a drawly voice — and a habit of riding recklessly all over the world, chaperoned by an extra horse. Begin riding with her and the perplexed Mr. Barton in this issue you're now reading.

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(Canon Hannay)

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February Issue on Sale January 23d

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"The Great Ptarmigan Mystery"

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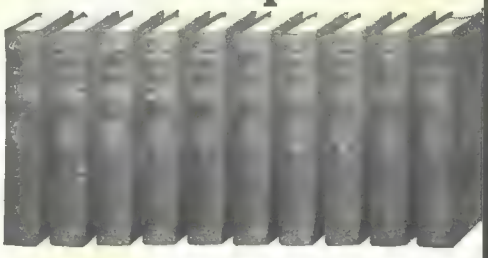

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Everybody's
PICTORIAL GUIDE *to* AMERICA

THIS INFORMATIVE SERIES OF EDUCATIONAL ENGRAVINGS HAS BEEN PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF FOREIGN VISITORS WHO BRIEFLY PENETRATE OUR SCENIC MIDST. EARNEST PAINS WERE TAKEN TO HAVE THESE CHARTS GEOGRAPHICALLY CORRECT AND HISTORICALLY ACCURATE.

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Write to-day for free 2-ounce sample can of Valspar with testing panel for you to prove to your own satisfaction that every claim we make is true. With it we will send booklet and name and address of your nearest dealer.

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Everybody's Magazine
JANUARY 1914
Vol. XXX No. 1

LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

by

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott
AUTHOR OF "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE," "THE WHITE LINEN NURSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY R. M. CROSBY

Editor's Note—Do you remember the boy who learned to make his own "Happy-Day"? And the "Amateur Lover" who broke her engagement because "the man she wanted was not the kind of man that she wanted"? And the girl who exchanged a "scarlet geranium hat" for a monkey?

These, and a dozen others, are people whom Eleanor Hallowell Abbott introduced to EVERYBODY'S *readers when she began writing short stories, only a few years ago. Then there is "Molly Make-Believe"—a whole little book of her; and, recently, the "White Linen Nurse:" and every character is a distinct and delightful addition to one's literary acquaintances.*

Now "Little Eve Edgarton" joins the company—an amazing young woman who dresses "duddily," rides recklessly, and lives all over the world.

That's only the first clue. There is much more about her, to be revealed in the next few months: an absorbing love-story, for one thing; and some illumination on the girl question for conventional young men.

"BUT you live like such a fool—of course you're bored!" drawled the Older Man, rummaging listlessly through his pockets for the ever-elusive match.

"Well, I like your nerve!" protested the Younger Man with unmistakable asperity.

"Do you—really?" mocked the Older Man, still smiling very faintly.

For a few stricken minutes then both men resumed their cigars, staring blinkishly out all the while from their dark green piazza corner into the dazzling white tennis courts that gleamed like so many slippery pine planks in the afternoon glare and heat. The month was August, the day typically handsome, typically vivid, typically caloric.

It was the Younger Man who recovered

"BUT I TELL YOU THE STORY-BOOK GIRLS *ARE* IMPROBABLE," SNAPPED THE YOUNGER MAN.

his conversational interest first. "So you think I'm a fool?" he resumed at last quite abruptly.

"Oh, no—no! Not for a minute!" denied the Older Man. "Why, my dear sir, I never even implied that you were a fool! All I said was that you—lived like a fool!"

Starting to be angry, the Younger Man laughed instead. "You're certainly rather an amusing sort of chap," he acknowledged reluctantly.

A gleam of real pride quickened most ingenuously in the Older Man's pale blue eyes. "Why, that's just the whole point of my argument," he beamed. "Now—you look interesting. But you aren't! And I—don't look interesting. But it seems that I am!"

"You—you've got a nerve!" reverted the Younger Man.

Altogether serenely the Older Man began to rummage again through all his pockets. "Thank you—for—your continuous compliments," he mused. "Thank you, I say. Thank you—very much. Now for the very first time, sir, it's beginning to dawn on me just—why—you have honored me with so much of your company—the past three or four days. I truly believe that you like me! Eh? But up to last Monday, if I remember correctly," he added drily, "it was that showy young Philadelphia crowd that was absorbing the larger part of your—valuable attention? Eh? Wasn't it?"

"What in thunder are you driving at?" snapped the Younger Man suddenly. "For Heaven's sake, what are you trying to string me about, anyway? For Heaven's sake, what harm did I ever do to you except to tell you that I wished to glory I'd never come to this blasted old hotel? Of all the stupid people! Of all the stupid places! Of all the stupid—*everything!*"

"The mountains here—are considered—quite remarkable—by some," suggested the Older Man blandly.

"Mountains?" snarled the Younger Man. "Mountains? Do you think for a moment that a fellow like me comes off to a God-forsaken spot like this for the sake of mountains?"

A trifle noisily the Older Man jerked his chair around and, slouching 'way down into his shabby gray clothes, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his feet shoved out before him, sat staring at his companion.

Furrowed abruptly from brow to chin with myriad infinitesimal wrinkles of perplexity, his lean, droll face looked suddenly almost monkeyish in its intentness.

"What *does* a fellow—like you—come off to a place like this for?" he asked quite bluntly.

"Why—tennis," conceded the Younger Man. "A little tennis. And golf—a little golf. And—and——"

"And—girls," asserted the Older Man with precipitous conviction.

Across the Younger Man's splendidly tailored shoulders a little flicker of self-consciousness went crinkling. "Oh, of course," he grinned. "Oh, of course I've got a vacationist's usual partiality for—pretty girls. But Great Heavens!" he began, all over again. "Of all the stupid——!"

"But—you—live—like—such—a fool—of course—you're bored," resumed the Older Man singsongily.

"There you are at it again!" stormed the Younger Man with tempestuous resentment.

"Why shouldn't I be 'at it again'?" argued the Older Man mildly. "Always and forever picking out the showiest people that you can find—and always and forever being bored to death with them eventually, but never learning anything from it—that's you! Now wouldn't that just naturally suggest to any observing stranger that there was something radically idiotic about your method of life?"

"But that Miss Von Eaton looked like such a peach!" protested the Younger Man worriedly.

"That's exactly what I say," droned the Older Man.

"Why, she's the handsomest girl here!" insisted the Younger Man arrogantly.

"That's exactly what I say," droned the Older Man.

"And the best dresser!" boasted the Younger Man stubbornly.

"That's exactly what I say," droned the Older Man.

"Why, just that pink paradise hat alone would have knocked almost any chap silly," grinned the Younger Man a bit sheepishly.

"Humph!" mused the Older Man still droningly. "Humph! When a chap falls in love with a girl's hat at a summer resort, what he ought to do is to hike back to town on the first train he can catch—and go find the milliner who made the hat!"

"Hike back to—town?" gibed the Younger Man. "Ha!" he sneered. "A chap would have to hike back a good deal farther than 'town' these days to find a girl that was worth hiking back for! What in thunder's the matter with all the girls?" he queried petulantly. "They get stupider and stupider every summer! Why, the peachiest débutante you meet the whole season can't hold your interest much beyond the stage where you once begin to call her by her first name!"

Irritably, as he spoke, he reached out for a bright-covered magazine from the great pile of books and papers that sprawled on the wicker table close at his elbow. "Where in blazes do the story-book writers find their girls?" he demanded. Noisily with his knuckles he began to knock through page after page of the magazine's big-typed advertisements concerning the year's most popular story-book heroines. "Why—here are no end of story-book girls," he complained, "that could keep a fellow guessing till his hair was nine shades of white! Look at the corking things they do! Look at the corking things they say! But what earthly good are any of 'em to you? They're not real! Why, there was a little girl in a magazine story last month—! Why, I could have died for her! But confound it, I say, what's the use? They're none of 'em real! Nothing but moonshine! Nothing in the world, I tell you, but just plain made-up moonshine! Absolutely *improbable!*"

Slowly the Older Man drew in his long, rambling legs and crossed one knee adroitly over the other.

"Improbable—your grandmother!" said the Older Man. As if a pain had smitten him suddenly between the shoulder-blades he began to twitch from side to side in his chair. "Oh—oh—oh," he groaned. "If there's—one person on the face of this earth who makes me sick it's the ninny who calls a thing 'improbable' because it happens to be outside his own special, puny experience of life."

"But I tell you the story-book girls *are* improbable!" snapped the Younger Man.

"They're not!" said the Older Man.

"They are!" insisted the Younger Man.

"They're not!" reiterated the Older Man.

Tempestuously the Younger Man slammed down his magazine to the floor.

"Great Heavens, man!" he demanded. "Where in thunder would a fellow like me

start out to find a story-book girl? A *real girl*, I mean!"

"Almost anywhere—outside yourself," murmured the Older Man blandly.

"Eh?" jerked the Younger Man.

"That's what I said," drawled the Older Man with absolutely unruffled suavity. "But what's the use?" he added a trifle more briskly. "Though you searched a thousand years! A 'real girl'? Bah! You wouldn't know a 'real girl' if you saw her!"

"I tell you I would!" snapped the Younger Man.

"I tell you—you wouldn't!" said the Older Man.

"Prove it!" challenged the Younger Man.

"It's already proved!" confided the Older Man. "Ha! I know your type!" he persisted frankly. "You're the sort of fellow, at a party, who just out of sheer fool-instinct will go trampling down every other man in sight just for the sheer fool-joy of trying to get the first dance with the most conspicuously showy-looking, most conspicuously artificial-looking girl in the room—who always and invariably 'bores you to death' before the evening is over! And while you and the rest of your kind are battling together—year after year—for this special privilege of being 'bored to death,' the 'real girl' that you're asking about, the marvelous girl, the girl with the big, beautiful, unspoken thoughts in her head, the girl with the big, brave, undone deeds in her heart, the girl that stories are made of, the girl whom you call 'improbable'—is moping off alone in some dark, cold corner—or sitting forlornly partnerless against the bleak wall of the ballroom—or hiding shyly up in the dressing-room—*waiting to be discovered!* Little Miss Still-Waters, deeper than ten thousand seas! Little Miss Gunpowder, milder than the dusk before the moon ignites it! Little Miss Sleeping-Beauty, waiting for her Prince!"

"Oh, yes—I suppose so," conceded the Younger Man impatiently. "But that Miss Von Eaton——"

"Oh, it isn't that I don't know a pretty face—or hat, when I see it," interrupted the Older Man nonchalantly. "It's only that I—don't put my trust in 'em." With a little quick gesture, half audacious, half apologetic, he reached forward suddenly and tapped the Younger Man's coat sleeve. "Oh, I knew just as well as you," he affirmed, "oh, I knew just as well as you—at my very first glance—that your gorgeous young Miss Von Eaton was excellingly handsome. But I also knew—not later certainly than my second glance—that she was presumably rather stupid. You can't be interesting, you know, my young friend, unless you do interesting things—and handsome creatures are proverbially lazy. Humph! If Beauty is excuse enough for Being, it sure takes Plainness then to feel the real necessity for—Doing.

"So, speaking of hats, if it's stimulating conversation that you're after, if you're looking for something unique, something significant, something really worth while—what you want to do, my young friend, is to find a girl with a hat you'd be ashamed to go out with—*and stay home with her!* That's where you'll find the brains, the originality, the vivacity, the sagacity, the real ideas!"

With his first sign of genuine amusement the Younger Man tipped back his head and laughed right up into the green-lined roof of the piazza. "Now just whom would you specially recommend for me?" he demanded mirthfully. "Among all the feminine galaxy of bores and frumps that seem to be congregated at this particular hotel—just whom would you specially recommend for me? The old stoop-shouldered, school-marmy Dupont dame with her incessant garden gloves? Or—? Or—?" His whole face brightened suddenly with a rather extraordinary amount of humorous malice: "Or how about that duddy-looking little Edgarton girl that I saw you talking with this morning?" he asked delightedly. "Heaven knows *she's* colorless enough to suit even you—with her winter-before-spring-before-summer-before-last clothes and her voice so meek you'd have to hold her in your lap to hear it. And her——"

"That 'duddy-looking' little Miss Edgarton—meek?" mused the Older Man in sincere astonishment. "*Meek?* Why, man alive, she was born in a snow-shack on the Yukon River! She was at Pekin in the Boxer Rebellion! She's roped steers in Oklahoma! She's matched her embroidery silks to all the sunrise tints on the Himalayas! Just why in creation should she seem meek—do you suppose—to a—to a—twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerk like yourself?"

"'A twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerk like myself?'" the Younger Man fairly gasped. "Why—why—I'm the junior partner of the

firm of Barton & Barton, stock-brokers! Why, we're the biggest——"

"Is—that—so?" quizzed the Older Man with benign surprise. "Well—well—well! I beg your pardon. But now doesn't it all go to prove just exactly what I said in the beginning—that it doesn't behoove a single one of us to judge too hastily by appearances?"

As if fairly overwhelmed with embarrassment he sat staring silently off into space for several seconds. Then—"Speaking of this Miss Edgarton," he resumed genially, "have you ever exactly sought her out—as it were—and actually tried to get acquainted with her?"

"No," said Barton shortly. "Why, the girl must be thirty years old!"

"S—o?" mused the Older Man. "Just about your age?"

"I'm thirty-two," growled the Younger Man.

"I'm sixty-two, thank God!" acknowledged the Older Man. "And your gorgeous little Miss Von Eaton—who bores you so—all of a sudden—is about——?"

"Twenty," prompted the Younger Man.

"Poor — senile — babe," ruminated the Older Man soberly.

"Eh?" gasped the Younger Man, edging abruptly forward in his chair. "Eh? 'Senile'? *Twenty?*"

"Sure!" grinned the Older Man. "Twenty is nothing but the 'sere and yellow leaf' of infantile caprice! But thirty is the jocund youth of *character!* On land or sea the Lord Almighty never made anything as radiantly, divinely young as—thirty! Oh, but thirty's the darling age in a woman!" he added with sudden exultant positiveness. "Thirty's the birth of individuality! Thirty's the——"

"Twenty has got quite enough individuality for me, thank you!" asserted Barton with some curtness.

"But it hasn't!" cried the Older Man hotly. "You've just confessed that it hasn't!" In an amazing impulse of protest he reached out and shook his freckled fist right under the Younger Man's nose. "Twenty, I tell you, hasn't got any individuality at all!" he persisted vehemently. "Twenty *isn't* anything at all except the threadbare cloak of her father's idiosyncrasies, lined with her mother's made-over tact, trimmed with her great-aunt somebody's short-lipped smile, shrouding a brand-new frame of—God knows what!"

"Eh? What?" jerked the Younger Man uneasily.

"When a girl is twenty, I tell you," persisted the Older Man—"there's not one marrying man among us—Heaven help us!—who can swear whether her charm is Love's own permanent food or just Nature's temporary bait! At twenty, I tell you, there's not one man among us who can prove whether vivacity is temperament or just plain kiddishness; whether sweetness is real disposition or just coquetry; whether tenderness is personal discrimination or just sex; whether dumbness is stupidity or just brain hoarding its immature treasure; whether indeed coldness is prudery or just conscious passion banking its fires! The dear daredevil sweetheart whom you worship at eighteen will evolve, likelier than not, into a mighty sour prig at forty; and the dove-gray lass who led you to church with her prayer-book ribbons twice every Sunday will very probably decide to go on the vaudeville stage—when her children are just in the high school; and the dull-eyed wallflower whom you dodged at all your college dances will turn out, ten chances to one, the only really wonderful woman you know! But at *thirty!* Oh, ye gods, Barton! If a girl interests you at thirty you'll be utterly mad about her when she's forty—fifty—sixty! If she's merry at thirty, if she's ardent, if she's tender, it's her own established merriment, it's her own irreducible ardor, it's her— Why, man alive! Why—why——"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" gasped Barton. "Whoa there! Go slow! How in creation do you expect anybody to follow you?"

"Follow me? Follow me?" mused the Older Man perplexedly. Staring very hard at Barton, he took the opportunity to swallow rather loudly once or twice.

"Now—speaking—of Miss Edgarton," he resumed persistently—"now, speaking of this Miss Edgarton, I don't presume for an instant that you're looking for a wife on this trip, but are merely hankering a bit now and then for something rather specially diverting in the line of feminine companionship."

"Well, what of it?" growled Barton.

"Well, what of it?" mocked the Older Man. "Why, in blazes, then, I say, don't you go out and rummage around for it? *Rummage around* was what I said! Yes!

"WHY, JUST THAT PINK PARADISE HAT ALONE WOULD HAVE KNOCKED ANY CHAP SILLY."

The real hundred-cent-to-the-dollar treasures of Life, you know, aren't apt to be found labeled as such and lying round very loose on the smugly paved general highway! And astonishingly good looks and astonishingly good clothes are pretty nearly always equivalent to a sign saying, 'I've already been discovered, thank you!' But the really big sport of existence, young man, is to strike out somewhere and discover things for yourself!"

"Is—it?" scoffed Barton.

"It *is!*" jerked the Older Man. "The woman, I tell you, who fathoms heroism in the fellow that every one else thought was a knave—she's got something to brag about! The fellow who's shrewd enough to spy unutterable lovableness in the woman that no man yet has ever even remotely suspected of being lovable at all— God! It's like being Adam with the whole world virgin!"

"Oh, that may be all right in theory," acknowledged the Younger Man, with some reluctance. "But——"

"Now, speaking of Miss Edgarton," resumed the Older Man monotonously.

"Oh, *hang* Miss Edgarton!" snapped the Younger Man. "I wouldn't be seen talking to her! She hasn't any looks! She hasn't any style! She hasn't any—anything! Of all the hopelessly plain girls! Of all the——!"

"Now see here, my young friend," begged the Older Man blandly. "The fellow who goes about the world judging women by the sparkle of their eyes or the pink of their cheeks or the sheen of their hair—runs a mighty big risk of being rated as just one of two things, a sensualist or a fool."

"Are you trying to insult me?" jerked the Younger Man furiously.

Freakishly the Older Man twisted his thin-lipped mouth and one glowering eyebrow into a surprisingly sudden and strangely irresistible smile.

"Why—no," he drawled. "Under all existing circumstances—I should think I was complimenting you pretty considerably by rating you—only as a fool."

"Eh?" jumped Barton again.

"U-m-m," mused the Older Man thoughtfully. "Now believe me, Barton, once and for all, there's no such thing as a 'hopelessly plain woman'! Every woman, I tell you, is beautiful concerning the thing that she's most interested in! And a man's an everlasting dullard who can't ferret out what that interest is and summon its illuminating miracle into an otherwise indifferent face——"

"Is that so?" sniffed Barton.

Lazily the Older Man struggled to his feet and stretched his arms till his bones began to crack.

"Bah! What's beauty, anyway," he complained, "except just a question of where Nature has concentrated her supreme forces—in outgrowing energy, which is beauty; or ingrowing energy, which is brains! Now I like a little good looks as well as anybody," he confided, still yawning, "but when I see a woman living altogether on the outside of her face I don't reckon too positively on there being anything very exciting going on inside that face. So by the same token, when I see a woman who isn't squandering any centric fires at all on the contour of her nose or the arch of her eyebrows or the flesh-tints of her cheeks, it surely does pique my curiosity to know just what wonderful consuming energy she *is* busy about.

"A face isn't meant to be a living-room, anyway, Barton, but just a piazza where the seething, preoccupied soul can dash out now and then to bask in the breeze and refreshment of sympathy and appreciation. Surely then—it's no particular personal glory to you that your friend Miss Von Eaton's energy cavorts perpetually in the gold of her hair or the blue of her eyes, 'cause rain or shine, congeniality or non-geniality, her energy hasn't any other place to go. But I tell you it means some compliment to a man to be able to lure out into occasional facial ecstasy in a bleak, dour, work-worn personality like that old Dupont lady, for instance—the amazing vitality which has been slaving for Science alone these past fifty years. Mushrooms are what the old Dupont lady is interested in, Barton. Really, Barton, I think you'd be surprised to see how extraordinarily beautiful old Miss Dupont can be about mushrooms! Gleam of the first faint streak of dawn, freshness of the wildest woodland dell, verve of the long day's strenuous effort, flush of sunset and triumph, zeal of the student's evening lamp, puckering, daredevil smile of reckless experiment——"

"Say! Are you a preacher?" mocked the Younger Man sarcastically.

"No more than any old man," conceded the Older Man with unruffled good-nature.

"*Old* man?" repeated Barton, skeptically. In honest if reluctant admiration for an instant, he sat appraising his companion's extraordinary litheness and agility. "Ha!" he laughed. "It would take a good deal older head than yours to discover what that Miss Edgarton's—beauty is!"

"Or a good deal younger one, perhaps," suggested the Older Man judicially. "But—but speaking of Miss Edgarton—" he began all over again.

"Oh—*drat* Miss Edgarton!" snarled the

Younger Man viciously. "Great Heavens! You make me sick! You've got Miss Edgarton on the brain! Miss Edgarton *this!* Miss Edgarton *that!* Miss Edgarton—! Who in blazes is Miss Edgarton, anyway?"

"Miss Edgarton? Miss Edgarton?" mused the Older Man thoughtfully. "Who is she? Miss Edgarton? Why—no one special—except—just my daughter."

Like a fly plunged all unwittingly upon a sheet of sticky paper the Younger Man's hands and feet seemed to shoot out suddenly in every direction.

"Good Heavens!" he gasped. "Your—daughter?" he mumbled. "Your—daughter?" Every other word or phrase in the English language seemed to be stricken suddenly from his lips. "Your—your—*daughter?*" he began all over again. "Why—I—I—didn't know your name was Edgarton!" he managed finally to articulate.

An expression of ineffable triumph, and of triumph only, flickered transiently in the Older Man's face.

"Why, that's just what I say," he reiterated amiably. "You—don't—know—*anything!*"

Fatuously the Younger Man rose to his feet, still struggling for speech—any old speech—a sentence, a word, a cough, anything, in fact, that would make a noise.

"Well, if—little Miss Edgarton is—little Miss Edgarton," he babbled idiotically, "who—in—creation—are you?"

"Who am I?" stammered the Older Man perplexedly. As if the question really worried him, he sagged back a trifle against the sustaining wall of the house, and stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets once more. "Who am I?" he repeated blandly. Again one eyebrow lifted. Again one side of his thin-lipped mouth twitched ever so slightly to the right. "Why, I'm just a man, Mr. Barton," he grinned very faintly, "who travels all over the world for the sake of—whatever amusement—he can get out of it. And some afternoons—of course—I get a good deal more amusement out of it—than I do others. Eh?"

Furiously the red blood mounted into the Younger Man's cheeks. "Oh, I say, Edgarton!" he pleaded. Mirthlessly, wretchedly, purely contortionally, a grin began to spread over his face. "Oh, I say—!" he faltered. "I *am* a fool!"

Jerkily the Older Man threw back his head and started to laugh.

At the first cackling syllable of the laugh, with appalling fatefulness Eve Edgarton herself loomed suddenly on the scene, in her old slouch hat, her gray flannel shirt, her little weather-beaten khaki Norfolk and riding-breeches, looking for all the world like an extraordinarily slim, extraordinarily shabby little boy just starting out to play. Up from the top of one riding-boot the butt of a revolver protruded very slightly. Tight in her arms she cuddled a big square scrap-book and a bunch of magazines.

With her heavy black eyelashes shadowing somberly down across her olive-tinted cheeks, she passed Barton as if she did not even see him and went directly to her father.

"I am riding," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"In this heat?" groaned her father.

"In this heat," echoed Eve Edgarton.

"There will surely be a thunder-storm," protested her father.

"There will surely be a thunder-storm," acquiesced Eve Edgarton.

Without further parleying she turned and strolled off again.

Just for an instant the Older Man's glance followed her. Just for an instant with quizzically twisted eyebrows his glance flashed back sardonically to Barton's suffering face. Then very, very leisurely he tipped up his chin and began to laugh again.

But right in the middle of the laugh—as if something infinitely funnier than a joke had smitten him suddenly—he stopped short, with one eyebrow stranded half-way up his forehead.

"Eve!" he called sharply. "Eve! Come back here a minute!"

Very laggingly from around the piazza corner the girl reappeared, still clutching tight at her armful of books and papers.

"Eve," said her father quite abruptly, "this is Mr. Barton!—Mr. Barton, this is my daughter!"

Altogether listlessly the girl came forward and proffered her hand to the Younger Man. It was a very little hand. More than that, it was an exceedingly cold little hand.

"How do you do, sir?" she murmured almost inaudibly.

With an expression of ineffable joy the Older Man reached out very suddenly and tapped his daughter on the shoulder.

"It has just transpired, my dear Eve," he

"I AM RIDING," SHE MURMURED ALMOST INAUDIBLY.

beamed, "that you can do this young man here an inestimable service—tell him something—teach him something, I mean—that he—very specially needs to know!"

As one fairly teeming with benevolence he stood there smiling blandly into Barton's astonished face. "Next to the pleasure of bringing together—two people who *like* each other," he persisted, "I know of nothing more—poignantly diverting than the bringing together of people who—who—" Mockingly across his daughter's unconscious head, malevolently through his mask of utter guilelessness and peace, he challenged Barton's staring helplessness. "So—taken—all in all," he drawled still beamingly, "there's nothing in the world—at this particular moment, Mr. Barton—that could

amuse me more—than to have you join my daughter in her ride this afternoon!"

"Ride with—me?" gasped little Eve Edgarton.

"This — afternoon?" floundered Barton. "Oh—why—yes—of course!—I'd be delighted!—I'd be—be!—Only—! Only I'm afraid that——!"

Deprecatingly with uplifted hand the Older Man refuted every protest. "No, indeed, Mr. Barton," he insisted. "Oh, no—no—indeed—I assure you—it won't inconvenience my daughter in the slightest! My daughter is—very obliging! My daughter, indeed—if I may say so in all modesty—my daughter indeed is—always a good deal of a—philanthropist!"

Then very grandiloquently, like a man in an old-fashioned picture, he began to back away from them, bowing low all the time, very, very low, first to Barton, then to his daughter, then to Barton again.

"I wish you—both—a very—good afternoon!" he said. "Really," he said, "I see no reason why either of you should expect a single dull moment!"

Before the sickly grin on Barton's face his own smile deepened into actual unctuousness. But before the sudden woodeny set of his daughter's placid mouth his unctuousness twisted just a little bit wryly on his lips.

"After all, my dear young friends," he asserted hurriedly, "there's just one thing in the world, you know, that makes two people congenial, and that is—that they both shall have arrived at exactly the same conclusion—by two totally different routes. It's got to be exactly the same conclusion, of course, else there isn't any sympathy in it. But it's got to be by two totally different routes, you understand, else there isn't any talky-talk to it!"

Laboriously one eyebrow began to jerk its way up his forehead, and with a purely mechanical instinct he reached up drolly and pulled it down again. "So—as—the initial test—of your mutual congeniality—this afternoon," he resumed drawlingly, "I would therefore respectfully suggest—as a special topic of conversation—the consummate cheek of—yours truly, Paul Reymouth Edgarton!"

Starting to bow once more, he backed instead into the screen of the office window. Without even an expletive he turned, pushed in the screen, clambered adroitly through the aperture, and disappeared almost instantly from sight.

Very faintly from some far up-stairs region the thin, faint, single syllable of a laugh came floating down into the piazza corner.

Then just as precipitously as a man steps into any other hole, Barton stepped into the conversational topic that had just been so aptly provided for him.

"Is your father—something of a—of a practical joker, Miss Edgarton?" he demanded with the slightest possible tinge of shrillness.

Shruggingly little Eve Edgarton gave a hitch to her armful of books and magazines. For the first time in Barton's knowledge of her she lifted her eyes to him—great hazel eyes, great bored, dreary, hazel eyes set broadly in a too narrow olive face.

"My father—is generally conceded to—be something of a joker—I believe," she drawled dully. "But it would never have occurred to me to—call him a particularly—practical one. I don't—like him," she added without a flicker of expression.

"I don't either!" snapped Barton.

A trifle uneasily little Eve Edgarton gave another hitch to her armful of books and magazines. "Why—once when—I was a tiny child—" she droned.

"I don't know anything about—when you were a tiny child," affirmed Barton with some vehemence. "But just this afternoon——!"

In striking contrast to the cool placidity of her face one of Eve Edgarton's boot-toes began to tap-tap-tap against the piazza floor. When she lifted her eyes again to Barton their sleepy sullenness was shot through suddenly with an unmistakable flash of temper.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Barton!" she cried out. "If you—insist upon riding with me, couldn't you please hurry? The afternoons are so short!"

"If I '*insist*' upon riding with you?" gasped Barton.

Disconcertingly from an upper window the Older Man's face beamed suddenly down upon him. "Oh, don't—mind—anything—she says," drawled the Older Man. "It's just her cunning, 'meek' little ways."

Precipitately Barton bolted for his room.

Once safely ensconced behind his closed door a dozen different decisions, a dozen different indecisions, rioted tempestuously

through his mind. To go was just as awkward as not to go! Not to go was just as awkward as to go! Over and over and over one silly alternative chased the other through his addled senses. Then just as precipitately as he had bolted to his room he began suddenly to hurl himself into his riding-clothes, yanking out a bureau drawer here, slamming back a closet door there, rummaging through a box, tipping over a trunk, yet in all his fuming haste, his raging irritability, showing the same fastidious choice of shirt, tie, collar, that characterized his every public appearance.

Immaculate at last as a tailor's equestrian advertisement he came striding down again into the hotel office, only to plunge most inopportunely into Miss Von Eaton's languorous presence.

"Why, Jim!" gasped Miss Von Eaton. Exquisitely white and cool and fluffy and dainty, she glanced up perplexedly at him from her lazy, deep-seated chair. "Why, Jim!" she repeated, just a little bit edgily. "Riding? *Riding?* Well, of all things! You who wouldn't even play bridge with us this afternoon on account of the heat! Well, for mercy's sake, who is the charmer that has cut us all out?"

Teasingly she jumped up and walked to the door with him, and stood there peering out beyond the cool shadow of his dark-blue shoulder into the dazzling road where, like so many figures thrust forth all unwittingly into the merciless flare of a spotlight, little shabby Eve Edgarton and three sweating horses waited squintingly in the dust.

"Oh!" jumped Miss Von Eaton. "W—hy!" stammered Miss Von Eaton. "Good gracious!" giggled Miss Von Eaton. Then hysterically, with her hand clapped over her mouth, she turned and fled up the stairs to confide the absurd news to her mates.

With a face like a graven image Barton went on down the steps into the road. In one of his thirty-dollar riding-boots a disconcerting two-cent sort of squeak merely intensified his unhappy sensation of being motivated purely mechanically like a doll.

Two of the horses that whinnied cordially at his approach were rusty roans. The third was a chunky gray. Already on one of the roans Eve Edgarton sat perched with her bridle-rein oddly slashed in two, and knotted, each raw end to a stirrup, leaving her hands and arms still perfectly free to hug her mysterious books and papers to her breast.

"Good afternoon again, Miss Edgarton," smiled Barton conscientiously.

"Good afternoon again, Mr. Barton," echoed Eve Edgarton listlessly.

With frank curiosity he nodded toward her armful of papers. "Surely you're not going to carry—all that stuff with you?" he questioned.

"Yes I am, Mr. Barton," drawled Eve Edgarton, scarcely above a whisper.

Worriedly he pointed to her stirrups. "But Great Scott, Miss Edgarton!" he protested. "Surely you're not reckless enough to ride like that? Just guiding with your feet?"

"I always—do, Mr. Barton," singsonged the girl monotonously.

"But the extra horse?" cried Barton. With a sudden little chuckle of relief he pointed to the chunky gray. There was a side-saddle on the chunky gray. "Who's going with us?"

Almost insolently little Eve Edgarton narrowed her sleepy eyes.

"I always take an—extra horse with me, Mr. Barton— Thank you!" she yawned, with the very faintest possible tinge of asperity.

"Oh!" stammered Barton quite helplessly. "O—h!" Heavily, as he spoke, he lifted one foot to his stirrup and swung up into his saddle. Through all his mental misery, through all his physical discomfort, a single lovely thought sustained him. There was only one really good riding road in that vicinity! And it was shady! And, thank Heaven, it was most inordinately short!

But Eve Edgarton falsified the thought before he was half through thinking it.

With a practically imperceptible twitch of her toes she swung her horse around, reared him to almost a perpendicular height, merged herself like so much fluid khaki into his great, towering, threatening neck, reacted almost instantly to her own balance again, and, still clutching free-handed at her precious armful of papers, went plunging off toward the wild, rough, untraveled foot-hills and—certain destruction, any unbiased onlooker would have been free to affirm!

Snortingly the chunky gray went tearing after her. A trifle sulkily Barton's roan took up the chase.

Shade? Oh, ye gods! If Eve Edgarton knew shade when she saw it she certainly gave no possible sign of such intelligence. Wherever the galloping, grass-grown road hesitated between green-roofed forest and devastated wood-lot, she chose the devastated wood-lot! Wherever the trotting, treacherous pasture faltered between hobbly, rock-strewn glare and soft, lush-carpeted spots of shade, she chose the hobbly, rock-strewn glare! On and on and on! Till dust turned sweat! And sweat turned dust again! On and on and on! With the riderless gray thudding madly after her! And Barton's sulky roan balking frenziedly at each new swerve and turn!

It must have been almost three miles before Barton quite overtook her. Then in the scudding, transitory shadow of a growly thunder-cloud she reined in suddenly, waited patiently till Barton's panting horse was nose and nose with hers, and then, pushing her slouch hat back from her low, curl-fringed forehead, and easing her books and magazines into a more convenient armful, jogged listlessly along beside him with her pale olive face turned inquiringly to his drenched, beet-colored visage.

"What—was—it that you wanted me to do for you, Mr. Barton?" she asked with a dreary, laborious sort of courtesy. "Are you writing a book or something that you wanted me to help you about? Is that it? Is that what father meant?"

"Am I writing a—book?" gasped Barton. Quite desperately he began to mop his forehead. "Writing a book? Am—I—writing—a—book? Heaven forbid!"

"What *are* you doing?" persisted the girl quite bluntly.

"What am I doing?" repeated Barton. "Why, riding with you! *Trying* to ride with you!" he called out grimly as, taking the lead impetuously again, Eve Edgarton's horse shied off at a rabbit and went sidling down a sand-bank into a brand-new area of rocks and stubble and breast-high blueberry bushes.

Barton liked to ride and he rode fairly well, but he was by no means an equestrian acrobat, and, quite apart from the girl's unquestionably disconcerting mannerisms, the foolish floppity presence of the riderless gray rattled him more than he could possibly account for. Yet to save his life he could not have told which would seem more childish—to turn back in a temper, or to follow on—in the same.

More in helplessness than anything else he decided to follow on.

"On and on and on," would have described it more adequately.

Blacker and blacker the huddling thunder-caps spotted across the brilliant, sunny sky. Gaspier and gaspier in each lulling tree-top, in each hushing bird-song, in each drooping grass-blade, the whole torrid earth seemed to be sucking in its breath as if it meant never, never to exhale it again.

Once more in the midst of a particularly hideous glare the girl took occasion to rein in and wait for him, turning once more to his flushed, miserable countenance a little face inordinately pale and serene.

"If you're not writing a book, what *would* you like to talk about, Mr. Barton?" she asked conscientiously. "Would you like to talk about peat-bog fossils?"

"What?" gasped Barton.

"Peat-bog fossils," droned the mild little voice. "Are you interested in peat-bog fossils? Or would you rather talk about the Mississippi River pearl fisheries? Or do you care more perhaps for politics? Would you like to discuss the relative financial conditions of the South American republics?"

Before the expression of blank despair in Barton's face, her own face fell a trifle. "No?" she ventured worriedly. "No? Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Barton, but you see—you see—I've never been out before with anybody—my own age. So I don't know at all what you *would* be interested in!"

"Never been out before with any one her own age?" gasped Barton to himself. Merciful Heavens! what was her 'own age'? There in her little khaki Norfolk and old slouch hat she looked about fifteen years old—and a *boy*, at that. Altogether wretchedly he turned and grinned at her.

"Miss Edgarton," he said, "believe me, there's not one thing to-day under God's heaven that *does* interest me—except the weather!"

"The weather?" mused little Eve Edgarton thoughtfully. Casually, as she spoke, she glanced down across the horses' lathered sides and up into Barton's crimson face. "The weather?—Oh!" she hastened anxiously to affirm. "Oh, yes!—The meteorological conditions certainly are interesting this summer. Do you yourself think that it's a

"I RESPECTFULLY SUGGEST—AS A SPECIAL TOPIC OF CONVERSATION—THE CONSUMMATE CHEEK OF PAUL REYMOUTH EDGARTON."

shifting of the Gulf Stream? Or just a—just a change in the paths of the cyclonic areas of low pressure?" she persisted drearily.

"Eh?" gasped Barton. "The weather? *Heat* was what I meant, Miss Edgarton! Just plain *heat!*—Damned HEAT—was what I meant—if I may be so explicit, Miss Edgarton."

"It *is* hot," conceded Eve apologetically.

"In fact," snapped Barton," I think it's the hottest day I ever knew!"

"Really?" droned Eve Edgarton.

"Really!" snapped Barton.

It must have been almost half an hour before anybody spoke again. Then, "Pretty hot, isn't it?" Barton began all over again.

"Yes," said Eve Edgarton.

"In fact," hissed Barton through clenched teeth— "in fact I *know* it's the hottest day I ever knew!"

"Really?" droned Eve Edgarton.

"Really!" choked Barton.

Creakily under their hot, chafing saddles the sweltering roans lurched off suddenly through a great snarl of bushes into a fern-shaded spring-hole and stood ankle-deep in the boggy grass, guzzling equally noisily at

food and drink, with the chunky gray crowding greedily against first one rider and then the other.

Quite against all intention Barton groaned aloud. His sun-scorched eyes seemed fairly shriveling with the glare. His wilted linen collar slopped like a stale poultice around his tortured neck. In his sticky fingers the bridle-rein itched like so much poisoned ribbon.

Reaching up one small hand to drag the soft flannel collar of her shirt a little farther down from her slim throat, Eve Edgarton rested her chin on her knuckles for an instant and surveyed him plaintively. "Aren't — we —having—an—awful time?" she whispered.

Even then if she had looked woman-y, girl-y, even remotely, affectedly feminine, Barton would doubtless have floundered heroically through some protesting lie. But to the frank, blunt, little-boyishness of her he succumbed suddenly with a beatific grin of relief. "Yes, we certainly are!" he acknowledged ruthlessly.

"And what—good is it?" questioned the girl most unexpectedly.

"Not any good!" grunted Barton.

"To any one?" persisted the girl.

"Not to *any one!*" exploded Barton.

With an odd little gasp of joy the girl reached out dartingly and touched Barton on his sleeve. Her face was suddenly eager, active, transcendently vital.

"Then oh—won't you please—please—turn round—and go home—and leave me alone?" she pleaded astonishingly.

"Turn—round and go home?" stammered Barton.

The touch on his sleeve quickened a little. "Oh, yes—please, Mr. Barton!" insisted the tremulous voice. "Oh, yes, please do, so I can be free to go on and do—what I wanted to do in the first place," she finished evasively.

"You—you mean I'm in your way?" stammered Barton.

Very gravely the girl nodded her head. "Oh, yes, Mr. Barton — you're terribly in my way," she acknowledged quite frankly.

"For Heaven's sake," thought Barton, "is there a man in this? Is it a tryst? Well, of all things!"

Jerkily he began to back his horse out of the spring-hole, back — back — back through the intricate, overgrown pathway of flapping leaves and sharp, scratchy twigs.

"I am very sorry, Miss Edgarton, to have *forced* my presence on you so!" he murmured ironically.

"Oh, it isn't—just you!" said little Eve Edgarton quite frankly. "It's all father's friends." Almost threateningly as she spoke she jerked up her own horse's drizzling mouth and rode right at Barton as if to force him back even faster through the great snarl of underbrush. "I hate clever people!" she asserted passionately. "I hate them—hate them—hate them! I hate all father's clever friends! I hate——"

"But you see I'm—not clever," grinned Barton in spite of himself. "Oh, not clever —at all," he reiterated with some grimness as an alder branch slapped him stingingly across one eye. "Indeed—" he dodged and ducked and floundered, still backing, backing, everlastingly backing — "indeed, your father has spent quite a lot of his valuable time this afternoon assuring me—and reassuring me—that—that I am altogether a —fool!"

Unrelentingly little Eve Edgarton's horse kept right on forcing him back—back—back.

"But if you're not one of father's clever friends—who *are* you?" she demanded perplexedly, hugging her great armful of papers a trifle closer yet to her little boyish, Norfolk-coated breast. "And why did you insist so on riding with me this afternoon?" she cried accusingly.

"I didn't exactly—insist," grinned Barton with a flush of guilt. The flush of guilt added to the flush of heat made him look suddenly very confused.

Across Eve Edgarton's thin little face the flash of temper faded instantly into mere sulky ennui again.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear," she droned. "You —you didn't want to marry me, did you?"

Just for one mad, panic-stricken second the whole world seemed to turn black before Barton's eyes. His heart stopped beating. His ear-drums cracked. Then altogether suddenly, altogether astonishingly, he found himself grinning into that honest little face, and answering perfectly comfortably:

"Why, no, Miss Edgarton, I hadn't the slightest idea in the world of wanting to marry you."

"Thank God for that!" gasped little Eve

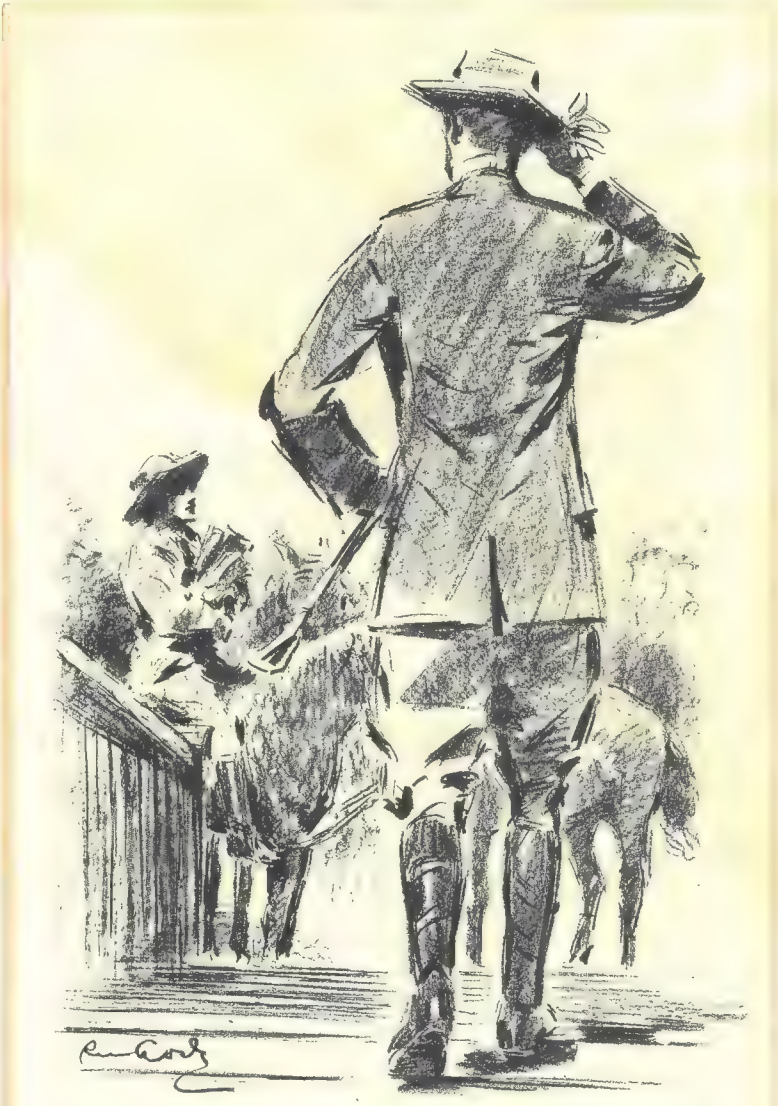
Edgarton. "So many of father's friends do want to marry me," she confided plaintively, still driving Barton back through that horrid scratchy thicket. "I'm so rich, you see," she confided with equal simplicity, "and I know so much—there's almost always somebody in Petrozavodsk or Broken Hill or Bashukulumbwe who wants to marry me."

"In—where?" stammered Barton.

"Why—in Russia!" said little Eve Edgarton with some surprise. "And Australia! And Africa! Were you never there?"

"I've been in Jersey City," babbled Barton with a desperate attempt at facetiousness.

"I was never *there!*" admitted little Eve Edgarton regretfully.



"SURELY YOU ARE NOT RECKLESS ENOUGH TO RIDE LIKE THAT? JUST GUIDING WITH YOUR FEET?"

Vehemently with one hand she lunged forward suddenly and tried with her tiny open palm to push Barton's horse a trifle faster back through the intricate thicket. Then once in the open again she drew herself up with an absurd air of dignity and finality and bowed him from her presence.

"Good-by, Mr. Barton," she said. "Good-by, Mr. Barton."

"But Miss Edgarton—" stammered Barton perplexedly. Whatever his own personal joy and relief might be, the surrounding country nevertheless was exceedingly wild, and the girl an extravagantly long distance from home. "But Miss Edgarton—" he began all over again.

"Good-by, Mr. Barton!" persisted the girl. "*Good-by!* And thank you for going home!" she added conscientiously.

"But what will I tell your father?" worried Barton.

"Oh—hang—father," drawled the indifferent little voice.

"But the extra horse?" argued Barton with increasing perplexity. "The gray? If you've got some date up your sleeve, don't you want me to take the gray home with me, and get him out of your way?"

With sluggish resentment little Eve Edgarton lifted her eyes to his. "What would the gray go home with you for?" she asked tersely. "Why, how silly!—Why, it's my—mother's horse! That is, we call it my mother's horse," she hastened to explain. "My mother's dead, you know. She's almost always been dead, I mean. So father always makes me buy an extra—place—for my mother. It's just a trick of ours, a sort of a custom. I play around alone—so much—you know. And we live in such wild places!"

Casually she bent over and pushed the protruding butt of her revolver a trifle farther down into her riding boot. "S'long—Mr. Barton!" she drawled out listlessly over one shoulder. "Come along — mother's horse!" she drawled out listlessly over the other, and started on—stumblingly, clatteringly—up the abruptly steep and precipitous mountain trail—a little dust-colored gnome on a dust-colored horse, with the dutiful gray pinking cautiously along behind her.

By some odd twist of his bridle-rein the gray's chunky neck arched slightly askew, and he pranced now and then from side to side of the trail as if guided thus by an invisible hand.

With an uncanny pucker along his spine as if he found himself suddenly deserting two women instead of one, Barton went fumbling and squinting out through the dusty green shade into the expected glare of the open pasture, and discovered, to his further disconcerting, that there was no glare left.

Before his astonished eyes he saw sun-scorched mountain-top, sun-scorched granite, sun-scorched field stubble turned suddenly to shade—no cool, translucent miracle of fluctuant greens, but a horrid, plushy, purple dusk under a horrid, plushy, purple sky, with a rip of lightning along the horizon, a galloping gasp of furiously oncoming wind, an almost strangling stench of dust-scented rain.

But before he could whirl his horse about, the storm broke! Heaven fell! Hell rose! The sides of the earth caved in! Chaos unspeakable tore north, east, south, west!

Snortingly for one single instant the roan's panic-stricken nostrils went blooming up into the cloud-burst like two parched scarlet poinsettias. Then man and beast as one flesh, as one mind, went bolting back through the rain-drenched, wind-ravished thicket to find their mates.

Up, up, up, everlastingly up, the mountain trail twisted and scrambled through the unholy darkness. Now and again a slippery stone tripped the roan's fumbling feet. Now and again a swaying branch slapped Barton stingingly across his straining eyes. All around and about them tortured forest trees moaned and writhed in the gale. Through every cavernous vista great sheets of rain went flapping madly by them. The lightning was incredible. The thunder like the snarl of a glass sky shivering into inestimable fragments.

With every gasping breath beginning to rip from his poor lungs like a knifed stitch, the roan still faltered on each new ledge to whinny desperately to his mate. Equally futilely from time to time, Barton, with his hands cupped to his mouth, hollered—hollered — hollered — into the thunderous darkness.

Then suddenly at a sharp turn in the trail, magically, in a pale, transient flicker of light, loomed little Eve Edgarton's boyish figure, drenched to the skin apparently, wind-driven, rain-battered, but with hands in her pockets, slouch hat rakishly askew, strolling as nonchalantly down that ghastly trail as a child might come strolling down a stained-glassed, Persian-carpeted stairway to meet an expected guest.

In vaguely silhouetted greeting for one fleet instant a little khaki arm lifted itself full length into the air.

Then more precipitately than any rational thing could happen, more precipitately than any rational thing could even begin to happen, could even *begin to begin* to happen, without shock, without noise, without pain, without terror or turmoil, or any time at all to fight or pray—a slice of living flame came scaling through the darkness—and cut Barton's consciousness clean in two!

The next instalment of ***"Little Eve Edgarton"*** *will appear in the February number.*

BETTER BUSINESS

by

WILLIAM HARD

II

THE PATENT GAME, AS PLAYED, IS MAKING BUSINESS TOO ROUGH · REVISE THE RULES

Editor's Note:—In his introductory article last month Mr. Hard raised a "Stop, Look, and Listen!" sign for American Business.

In this article he begins to fix the responsibility for our non-progressiveness, for our failure to lead the international procession. And he fixes it not on the individual, not on the corporation, but on the people and their law-making bodies. This instalment tells the story of H. Ward Leonard and his inventions in electricity, and of the handicaps imposed upon him by American patent laws.

"Better Business" is a constructive series. In so far as it "muckrakes," it muckrakes about the only element of our social organization that has gone untouched—the People. Mr. Hard promises to give them their full turn.

WHY doesn't Edison work at the *biggest* things any more? Phonographs and moving-pictures are pleasant; and they are civilizing. But what about the basic bread-and-butter things that support civilization?

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is putting electric wires and electric locomotives on 440 miles of track in the Northwest. The Norfolk & Western is doing likewise on eighty-five miles of track in West Virginia. And not to keep smoke out of passengers' eyes and noses. The Norfolk & Western will not use its electric locomotives for passenger service at all. Only for freight. And only for the heaviest kind of freight.

Electrification is coming on, in earnest—freight - haulage electrification — a superman's-size job. Why isn't Edison on it?

Not confining our question to Edison, why is it that so many other inventors, of conquest and of fame, are not on that job? There's Weston. He walks among the mighty in the history of the electric art. Why is he railed off, manufacturing measuring-instruments, voltmeters and ammeters, when the devising of the ways and means to put electric power on the axles of the freight of America, the biggest electric job of all history, is breaking on the big-business world?

Extending our question from one about individuals to one about nations, why is it that the new technical advances in the art of electrification are being made chiefly on the other side of the Atlantic?

Why is it that Mr. H. Ward Leonard, president of the Inventors' Guild, a very distinguished organization, of which Mr. Edison and Mr. Weston are both members

—why is it that he could say—and never be contradicted:

"Where did the inventions as to recent electric railway development come from? *Europe!*"

To make one question out of it all, what is it in America that sends so many of our independent inventors to the smaller electric jobs while the Europeans are not only pacing us, but winning headway on us, in the bigger ones?

Edison knows. Weston knows. Leonard knows. I will relate Leonard's opinions and experiences.

NO TEARS FOR H. WARD LEONARD

Leonard has given his middle name as well as his last name to the "Ward-Leonard" system of motor-control. He has done many other things; but that is the best known. The Otis Company paid him $120,000 for a license to use the Ward-Leonard system in starting and stopping the motors on its elevators. The United States Navy ordered the Ward-Leonard system for doing the heavy but delicately exact work of turning the gun-turrets on its men-of-war. From these and other sources the two original Ward-Leonard-system patents have brought to Leonard, in royalties, at least a quarter of a million of dollars.

I mention that wretched fact at once. If you have tears for the poor hungry inventor, do not prepare to shed them. As an inventor, Leonard would be hissed off the stage in any theater. His make-up leaves much to be desired. It is not haggard and hunted, but rosy and commanding.

He has been an organizer of men as well as of motors. He was appointed general manager of the Light and Power Department of the Edison General Electric Company when he was only twenty-seven years old. And before that, he had been one of Edison's personal staff of four engineers to start the Edison electric-light enterprises. To-day he has a business of his own, a factory, at Bronxville, New York, where he manufactures electric contrivances such as circuit-breakers and automatic switches and lighting-and-starting systems for motor-cars.

Technically—and commercially, too—Leonard has watched the progress of the electric arts. Our question is: "What checks that progress?" Leonard's answer, given boldly through bold years of mental as well as of technical and commercial fighting, is: "*The Patent System, as at present operated.*"

We get that same answer from many men besides Leonard. To the Patent System, therefore, we shall give our first inquiry, n this article and in following ones. Invention is the deepest and most fruitful root of Better Business. If the Patent System, as at present operated, is a discouragement to inventors *and accordingly to inventiveness*, the reform of the Patent System becomes the first, the very first, of all Better-Business reforms in the United States of our times.

To get the list of characters in the Patent-System play, read this from Leonard:

"There is probably not an experienced *inventor* in the United States who would not prefer one of the foreign patent systems to our system, unless he is really a representative of one of the *large corporate interests*. Yet practically all patent *lawyers* will tell you that the American patent system is the best in the world. And so it is, for *lawyers*."

So Leonard tries to wean the lawyers from the present Patent System. In practise, however, he does his best to attach them to it. For he has taken out a hundred patents. And they have cost him, in legal expenses, an average of over a thousand dollars apiece!

That's not for fighting about them in the courts. That's just for getting them. A hundred thousand dollars for a hundred patents, in the Patent Office, just for pursuing them from the time when they were applied for to the time when they were issued!

The invention business starts right off, in the Patent Office itself, as a business in which the invention end has a hard time standing up against the money end. For instance:

Leonard applied once for a patent on a "double-arm circuit-breaker." Its purpose was safety. You closed the first arm; then you closed the second; but, if there was danger, you couldn't get both of them to stay closed at the same time. As you threw in the second, the first would fly out.

Leonard, in his factory, was just recovering from the panic of 1893. He needed money. So, having applied for his patent but without waiting for it to issue, he started making his new circuit-breaker at

"THE QUALITY OF AMERICAN PATENTED INVENTIONS IS DEPRECIATING STEADILY." THAT'S WHAT MR. H. WARD LEONARD THINKS, AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF INVENTING AND MANUFACTURING. THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE GAVE HIM ITS JOHN SCOTT MEDAL BECAUSE OF HIS DEVICES FOR CONTROLLING ELECTRIC MOTORS. THESE DEVICES CARRIED ELECTRICITY INTO BIG NEW WORK IN STEEL-MILLS AND IN MINES. READ LEONARD'S REASONS FOR HIS OPINIONS.

once. Certain Government departments at Washington took to it. A good trade began. It was the spring of the year; and a nice new crop of dollars was coming up.

In the bleak fall, though, the General Electric Company went into the Patent Office with an application for a patent on a double-arm circuit-breaker just like the one already shown in Leonard's catalogue and already being marketed by him.

There they were—an application by Leonard and an application by the General Electric Company for the same thing. Result: an "interference" — which is a proceeding that proceeds more and arrives less than almost any other proceeding known to man.

As soon as you get into an "interference" with another man, you go and hunt up old scraps of paper in your office. You must prove that you thought of the invention before the other man did. You look the old scraps over, and you pick out the oldest one that has on it a drawing anything like the invention for which you are contending. If you are a regular inventor and make drawings all the time, of course you will have a large stock of papers to choose from.

Copyright by E. Muller.

THE "WARD-LEONARD" SYSTEM OF MOTOR CONTROL HAS BEEN OF AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIPS AND CRUISERS. THIS WAS THE BIG WENT TO BIGGER WORK IN GERMANY. THEY ARE

Next, you recollect a good reason why you didn't go into the Patent Office with your idea at the time. Your wife was ill. You were suddenly called to Ecuador. You lost the paper and it didn't get blown back on to your desk till three years afterward.

Breathing ancient memories and full of

USED FOR TURNING THE GUN-TURRETS OF MORE THAN A SCORE OF THE "WARD-LEONARD" SYSTEM IN AMERICA. BUT IT WORK GETTING QUICKER ALL THE TIME, THOSE GERMANS.

dates, you and your opponent now state your quarrel to the Examiner-of-Interferences. He decides it. It goes to the Examiners-in-Chief. *They* decide it. It goes to the Commissioner of Patents. *He* decides it. It goes to the judges of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. *They* decide it. Their decision is "final." "Final," that is, in a sense befitting the general character of "interferences." It is final, except that if you lose you can go into any Federal District Court anywhere in the United States and start a suit about it.

Thus reinvigorated, your quarrel begins to travel back to Washington; makes a stop-over at some Circuit Court of Appeals; and, with good luck, arrives at the Supreme Court of the United States; and *it* decides it.

But this is only the grand boulevard of an interference proceeding. Its profuse side-streets, tangenting off into second-class districts inhabited by subordinate arguments and decisions and appeals, and carrying you out for frequent week-ends to the remotest suburbs of your quarrel, I will map next month; and I will then show, contrariwise, that in at least one country in the world an effective way has been found to protect inventors from seeing their inventions become the vehicles of this sort of limitless legal joy-riding.

Leonard has been in thirty-four interferences.

In the case of the double-arm circuit-breaker, Leonard's application went into

the Patent Office in April, and the General Electric's application in September, of 1898. In 1902 the contest between the two applications was still on its way.

But in the meantime everybody who thought he'd like to manufacture that double-arm circuit-breaker had started to do so. The General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Company, the Cutter Company, the Western Electric Company, the Cutler-Hammer Company—all went to it. Within a few months Leonard's trade was in fragments. The patent might have held those fragments together. They belonged rightfully to whoever had the right to the patent. But the patent was still unissued, still in "interference"—still—after four years.

In such a fight, no matter which side has the right of it, the side with the purse is likely to have the finish of it. And *there* is the first kindly aid the United States Government gives to monopoly.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE WEALTHIEST

In the Patent Office (as well as in courts) the United States Government is operating an artificial evolution in which, in the course of time, in the big things, survival is to the wealthiest.

The consolidation of patent control, with all the resultant damage to free progress in certain of the industrial arts, has its beginning in the Patent Office itself under the eye and by the hand of the United States Government, which is always looking for aiders and abetters of monopoly in Minneapolis and Spokane. Here and elsewhere frequently, continuously, we shall see that the prime aider and abetter of monopoly in the United States is the Common People acting through their Congress.

Leonard compromised his double-arm circuit-breaker trouble. He made an offer to the General Electric Company and to the Cutter Company. He was allowed, without further opposition from the General Electric Company, to go ahead and take out his patent. Then, as owner of the patent, Leonard licensed the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company and the Cutter Company to make the circuit-breaker. They paid him $30,000.

A less talented and a less dollared fighter than Leonard would have contented himself with an insignificant fraction of $30,000. And even Leonard himself got only a small part of the net profits which that circuit-breaker invention has produced.

Leonard either was or was not the inventor of the circuit-breaker. He either got very much too little out of it or $30,000 too much. In either case, the tedious and expensive Patent Office game, organized by the Government, gave the side that was wrong as fine a chance as could have been wanted to badger and plunder the side that was right.

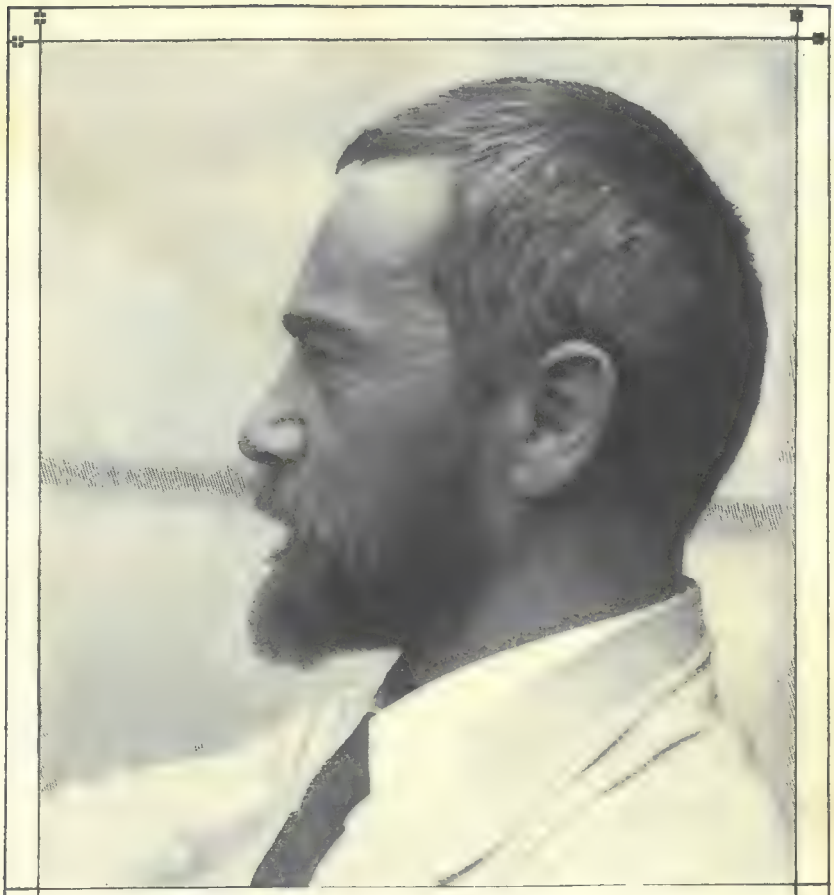
It is a fine game for money and it happens most where money is thickest. You don't get into "interferences," bad and deep and all the time, unless you are making inventions in competition with the employees of the great corporations. You can usually go ahead pretty peaceably toward patenting a "bone-shaped dog-biscuit that looks so much like a bone that dogs bark for it." No great corporation perspires to prevent you from getting a patent like that.

But Leonard's inventions are always moving toward and into the real big-business field. For instance, the Ward-Leonard system of motor-control is for the biggest kind of work. It is at its best when it is governing the most powerful of motors turning at the highest of speeds to operate the largest of mine-hoists or rolling-mills or electric locomotives.

Leaving "interferences" and all other Patent Office difficulties behind, what American corporation could push the Ward-Leonard system, a big thing, in a big way? Because of consolidation, the General Electric Company or the Westinghouse Company. We will observe the handling of the Ward-Leonard system by these two companies.

The General Electric Company got interested in it when the Navy ordered it for the turrets of men-of-war. The General Electric wanted the contracts for those installations. So it took a license from Leonard, under his patents; and virtually all of the turret-turning Ward-Leonard machinery on American battle-ships and cruisers came from the General Electric workshops.

But there the Ward-Leonard system seemed to stop, in the big way. It came to be widely known just as an invention and as a turret-turning device. So much so, that even as late as the year 1908 a well-known and well-informed American electrical



CARL ILGNER—A GREAT GERMAN ENGINEER. HE APPLIED THE "WARD-LEONARD" SYSTEM TO HOISTS AND REVERSING ROLLING-MILLS IN GERMANY.

expert, in a letter to the *Electrical World*, said that the big application of the Ward-Leonard system had been to turrets. Which was true, *in the United States*.

But immediately a gentleman named Eichel wrote a letter of correction to the *Electrical World* from Berlin and said that the big application of the Ward-Leonard system had been to a much bigger industrial proposition—namely, the driving of large hoists in deep mines. Which was true, *in Germany*.

So, leaving patents aside for a moment, let us see an American idea exported abroad and then let us see it actually reimported into this country under a foreign label. The story is one that will come back to patents as well as to other things in American life.

Leonard had gone to Paris to see the Exposition of 1900. There was a moving sidewalk there, a very big one, with motors under it. The Westinghouse Company had the contract for it. Rumor said it wasn't moving much and was balking a great deal. But when Leonard went out to look at it, it was moving beautifully. Filled with a great scientific curiosity, Leonard examined its starting and stopping devices, was at once attacked by a heavy current of paternal pride; for there was his own motor-control system doing the work.

Still, nothing had been said to him about royalties. However, he is thrifty (his ancestors were religious and settled in New England before 1640); and so he did not omit to call on the people who had the installation in charge. Having earned $10,000 by doing that, he went on to Berlin

FIRST HIGH-TENSION, SINGLE-PHASE, FREIGHT-SERVICE LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD. "WARD-LEONARD." AN AMERICAN IDEA. BUILT IN AMERICA? NO! IN SWITZERLAND.

and delivered a speech to the Siemens-Halske firm, one of the greatest in the world.

He sat at a table with their engineers and explained the Ward-Leonard system, in its full theory.

"Splendid," said the engineers, "but of course it can't be done."

Leonard had brought his answer in a can from Paris. "Go to the Westinghouse sidewalk at the Paris Exposition and look."

Eight years later, when the letters to the *Electrical World* were written, German firms had manufactured large electric hoists for deep mines to the number of one hundred and fifty. *It was the first great development of electric hoisting in the world.*

Here was big industrial work, at last, for the Ward-Leonard system. But then came the foreign label. Quite natural, too, over there.

There was a German engineer, a good one, called Ilgner. He took the Ward-Leonard system, after it had been shown at Paris and explained at Berlin, and added a fly-wheel to it. Quite right. Leonard had added a fly-wheel to it himself, over here, years before.

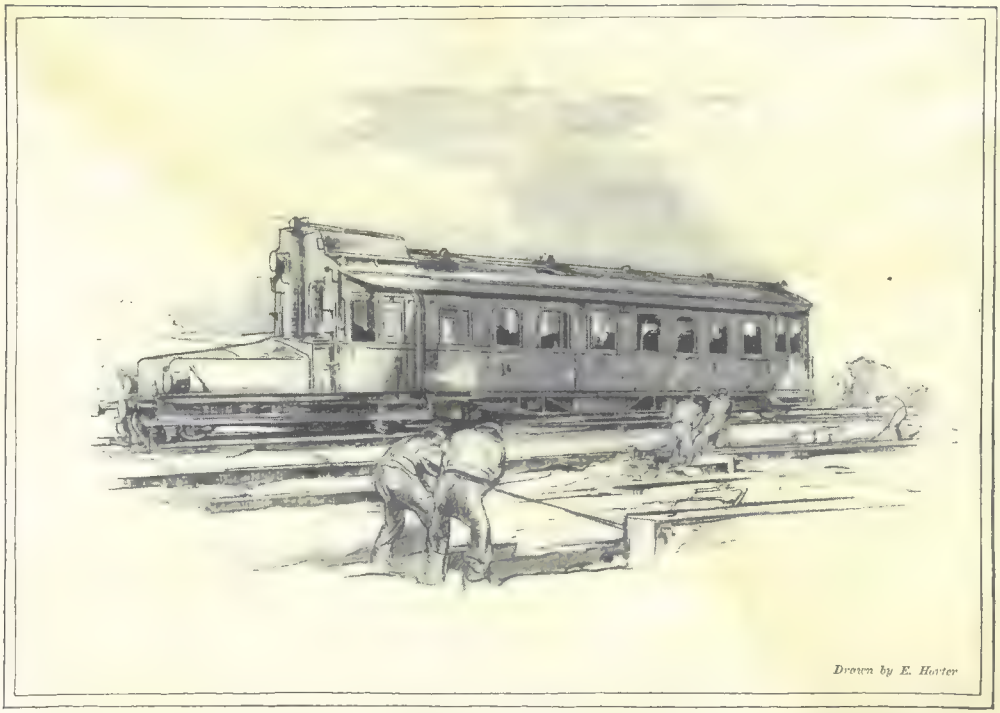
But there was no *invention* in adding the fly-wheel. The United States Patent Office refused to give Leonard a patent on it. And the English courts refused to recognize a patent which Ilgner claimed on it in England. It was a sound thing to do, but it was not an *invention*.

Nevertheless Ilgner did work at installing and operating the new Ward-Leonard system at new tasks at hoists and afterward at rolling-mills; and the German electrical firms did work, too; and it was a big work; and Ilgner became famous, properly so, in his own country.

But why did he eclipse Leonard in Leonard's own country?

The Ward-Leonard system having been the means of putting electric motors at new and important stations in industry, on foreign soil, one might have expected much American applause for Leonard.

But he didn't get it. Instead, it was given to him to read, in American technical papers, enthusiastic reports of a wonderful new German development. "Electric Hoisting by the Ilgner Method." "Ilgner Hoists at Deep Mines." A German success by a German.



GASOLINE ENGINE, ON THIS CAR, TURNS ELECTRIC GENERATOR; CAR RUNS BY CURRENT FROM GENERATOR. PRUSSIAN STATE RAILWAYS. "WARD-LEONARD" SYSTEM.

For contrast, then, you might look at the *General Electric Review*, the house organ of the General Electric Company, the issue of September, 1907. You will see there a description of a hoist installed by the General Electric Company at a mine in Kendall, Montana. It was a Ward-Leonard system hoist. But the description doesn't say so. You won't find the words Ward-Leonard anywhere in it.

The big German firms cheered for Ilgner. The big American firms did *not* cheer for Leonard. Yet Leonard was the inventor, the man who had given the thing to the world.

Passing from hoists to rolling-mills, the first application of electricity to a reversing rolling-mill in the United States was at the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation. It was an event.

Mr. Wilfred Sykes, of the Westinghouse Company, an engineer, and a most widely instructed one, has said: "The application of electricity to reversing rolling-mills is one of the most important technical advances in industrial engineering that has been made in the last ten years."

It was rendered feasible by the Ward-Leonard system for controlling the motors running the mills. The South Chicago affair was a Ward-Leonard system triumph. Was Leonard a guest of honor? He was not. He didn't even get an announcement.

The installation of the machinery at South Chicago was done by the Westinghouse Company; and the Westinghouse Company had no license from Leonard and had never asked him for one.

Why didn't he sue? He did. I will return to that.

WHY INVENTORS INVENT

There are to-day some fifty reversing rolling-mills in the world, driven by electricity. Forty-five of them are in Europe. Five are in America. Virtually every one of them is Ward-Leonard.

The last of the five in America is at the plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company, installed by the Westinghouse Company. It has a Ward-Leonard control with a flywheel. *And the publicity matter being printed about it deliberately calls it an Ilgner-*

system installation, twenty years after everything in the Ilgner System except the unpatentable fly-wheel was disclosed to the American public by its American inventor!

Do you know what makes inventors work? What makes them work is "the last infirmity of noble mind." Milton knew it, for poets and scholars, and it is equally true for inventors. It is true for all those who travail in any of the arts or in any of the sciences. "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise."

For fame Leonard is more indebted to South Africa than to Schenectady or Pittsburgh. You pick up the *Electrician* of London and you read about the largest electric hoist in the world. It is at the Crown mines, in the gold-fields of the Transvaal. And you read: "The control is Ward-Leonard." That makes the inventor live with the world's life, related and repaid.

H. WARD LEONARD ABROAD

But why should the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company forward the fame and fortune of Mr. H. Ward Leonard? Yes, exactly; there we have it. *We get consolidations of control through our patent laws and through our other laws; and then why should these consolidations, with patents and systems of their own, adopt a policy which would give value to the patents and systems of independent inventors?* That's a fair question.

In electric railway locomotives, for instance, the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company have their own designs, their own ideas, their own ambitions. Perfectly legitimate. Why should they go out of their way to make a Ward-Leonard locomotive?

Leonard's motor-control system was applicable to locomotives as well as to hoists and rolling-mills. Twenty years ago he preached trunk-line electrification, even for freight, in fact especially for freight; and he suggested his own motor-control system, of course, as a means to that end.

The General Electric Company could not be hired to make the experiment. I mean that literally. Leonard secured the support of a man who had retired from business after having been one of the most conspicuous railroad and electricity financial characters of his day. This man offered to advance the capital, a large sum, for an experimental Ward-Leonard locomotive, if the General Electric would build it.

The General Electric would not.

Its reason, given to Leonard personally and conveyed by him to us, was that it expected to be in the electric locomotive business itself and it couldn't see anything in a proposition for using its own shops as a laboratory for somebody else's inventions, even if it were allowed to manufacture those inventions afterward under a license; because then it would be paying royalties and building up outside ideas; and why should it? It would rather stick to its own plans.

There seems to be sense there. But why doesn't it work out that way in Europe?

There is a firm in Zurich, Switzerland, called the Oerlikon Company, a firm most distinguished, internationally. Its officials wrote to Leonard. Would Mr. Leonard give them a license to build a locomotive with Ward-Leonard motor-control?

It was built. It went into regular service between Seebach and Affoltern in 1905. It was called, by the company, in all its private and public communications, the "Ward-Leonard Oerlikon" locomotive. It was the first high-tension, single-phase, freight-service locomotive in the world. It had a pioneer place among the famous and numerous locomotives which have been produced by the single-phase alternating-current idea, growing and developing and reaching toward dominance, in France, Germany, and the United States.

Why didn't the Oerlikon Company stick to its own plans? Why did it bring out a locomotive on the plan of an independent inventor? That's a fair question, too.

We will reserve the full answer to it till we have gone farther into Patents as well as into Trusts. A partial answer may begin to emerge, though, as we proceed to consider Leonard's later inventions.

We have said, generally, with particulars to come in next month's article, that the Patent System, in the Patent Office, is an influence unnecessarily favoring consolidations of capital. We have rehearsed, without venturing on any morals from it, the story of an independent invention in its relations with consolidations of capital in the working world. We come now to the courts. What do we find there, in favor of independent progress or against it?

Leonard had kept on getting patents. And he had kept on asking the officials of

the General Electric Company to take licenses from him to use those patents in their business. One reason was that he thought they were using them anyway, without licenses.

For ten years he told them this. At last he was telling it to them with regard to *forty* patents. "You are infringing forty patents of mine."

"We are not."

"Well, then, let's all go to court." But in court what?

If the officials of the General Electric had been accused by Leonard of stealing his kitchen range, the public prosecutors would have helped him. They would have prosecuted. He would have been only the complaining witness.

With intellectual property, it's different. You must be the prosecutor yourself.

How much will it cost you to prosecute a man who has stolen your intellectual patented property?

I summon Robert N. Kenyon of New York, a patent lawyer, a noted one, to be a witness. He told the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, simply, matter-of-factly:

"The cost of patent litigation is prohibitive for a man of small means."

Now the United States Government, in issuing patents, offers to "secure" the inventor in his invention. "Secure." That's the word used in the Constitution.

It "secures" him so well that it leaves him to "secure" himself and then makes the cost of his self-securing efforts so great that, as Mr. Kenyon says:

"Many inventors have preferred to sell their valuable inventions to a wealthy corporation for a wholly inadequate price rather than assume the great financial burden of patent suits."

Again the United States Government, the alleged foe of monopoly, shows itself to be its chief aider and abetter.

Leonard knew all this. He decided that instead of suing he would correspond some more. He offered to arbitrate everything—the validity of his patents, the amount of the royalties to be paid him—everything. The Company declined. Why should it accept?

Suppose both sides honest. Or both sides dishonest. Or honesty on one side and dishonesty on the other. In any case, why should a great corporation, except in extreme circumstances, do anything but stand pat when its opponent is financially weak? His only recourse is the courts of justice.

C. A. COFFIN, TILL RECENTLY PRESIDENT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC.

But why didn't Leonard, rebuffed by the General Electric Company, go to the other great company in the big-business electrical field? Why didn't he tell the Westinghouse Company about his inventions?

He didn't need to. The Westinghouse Company knew all about them already.

In the course of his correspondence with the General Electric Company, Leonard wrote once to Mr. Charles Neave, in New York, a member of a law firm much engaged in patent work for the General Electric. Neave's reply was to the effect that though he had done his best he had to say that neither the General Electric Company *nor the Westinghouse Company* seemed to be interested in considering any arrangement about Mr. Leonard's new patents.

"Nor the Westinghouse Company." Leonard was negotiating with the General

Electric Company. Why drag in the Westinghouse Company? What did that mean?

That meant the Board of Patent Control. That meant the inter-company organization maintained by the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company to harmonize their own patent interests and to deal with outside inventors.

An agent of the Department of Justice at Washington, who had been working on the histories of the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company, was introduced to Leonard a few years later. "I know your name very well, Mr. Leonard," said he. "I've seen it any number of times in the records of the Board of Patent Control."

Leonard didn't need to tell anything about his patents to the Westinghouse Company.

Now whether the Board of Patent Control was a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law or not, its direct legitimate descent from the Patent Law is clear. Concentration, consolidation, conspiracy-in-restraint-of-trade, are the honestly conceived offspring of patent expense, patent delay, patent uncertainty—which, in turn, are the offspring of the United States Congress.

A patent lawyer, defending the Board of Patent Control of the General Electric and Westinghouse Companies, said:

"Do you realize what a patent war, a real one, between these two companies, with all their wealth, would mean? If they fought each other at every point, in interferences in the Patent Office, and in lawsuits in the courts; if each of them went out to get patents which it could use to the death against the other and then had to go into court all the time and defend those patents against the other's attacks—do you know what would happen? Well, I'll tell you one thing that would happen. The presidents of the companies would study patent law and exchange places with the heads of their law departments. There would be more money in it. And I'll tell you another thing that would happen, seriously. Somebody would get his friends together and go in and buy a control of both firms in order to stop the slaughter and save the dividends from totally disappearing."

This lawyer, talking airily, was talking solidly too. A real patent fight between two such contestants would be about as good for this country as an earthquake; and it is quite conceivable that the débris might have to be removed by one single wrecking company.

What makes patent litigation like that?

Well, Leonard sued the United States Steel Corporation once. It was a baby suit. It never grew up. I will report some real grown-up patent suits, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, in subsequent articles. But the Leonard one will give you a glimpse.

Leonard says to the court: "The reversing rolling-mill in the Illinois Steel Company plant of the United States Steel Corporation at South Chicago is an infringement of my patents of 1891 and 1892." The corporation says: "Well, never mind about that. We won't discuss that. What we desire to say is that his patents of 1891 and 1892 are no patents at all. They should never have been issued. They disclose no invention. Everything in them was known before. They are worthless; and we pray the court to disregard them."

This defense was legally open to the corporation and it would have been foolish not to make it. But what did it mean for the poor judge?

There is no more difficult technical endeavor in the world than to decide whether or not a disputed invention is really a patentable invention. In Germany, the judges dodge this difficulty. Rather, it is dodged for them. The technical parts of patent cases are decided by trained engineering technicians. Not so here.

Leonard's applications for his patents of 1891 and 1892 had been examined by the Patent Office in the light of previous patents taken out by other men and in the light of previous writings of all sorts composed by other men. Now these previous patents and these previous writings, full of armatures and magnetic fields and shunt motors and varying voltages, were to be kindled into a lamp of inquiry once more. With this difference: the patent examiners knew an armature for certain when they saw one; the judge did, *perhaps*. Very perhaps.

Naturally he felt backward. He couldn't come to a definite decision in such a matter except after volumes of testimony. He grabbed at another defense which the corporation offered. The corporation said it wasn't responsible for the conduct of the Illinois Steel Company. This claim, if credited in Wall Street, would do something to

United States Steel common. Leonard had asked for an immediate injunction restraining the corporation from further use of his invention. The judge decided that since the responsibility of the defendant was

NEW HAVEN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE—ALTERNATING-CURRENT.

NEW YORK CENTRAL AND PENNSYLVANIA ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES. THESE TWO RUN DIRECT-CURRENT, LIKE STREET-CARS.

doubtful, he would not grant the injunction now. He would hear the case through.

Leonard dropped it. The patents had less than a year to run. To go through would have meant several years. The patents would have died before the injunction could be brought to life. As for damages:

Mr. Kenyon, the patent lawyer from whom I have already quoted, made a calculation. He took all the patent cases in the Federal court reports for the ten years and ten months from January 1, 1901, to November 1,

1911. During this time there were many hundreds of cases in which the man who owned the patent proved that he owned it and that it was being infringed, stolen, by his opponent.

In how many cases were damages awarded? In *twenty-two.*

And what did the damages amount to? In all twenty-two cases put together, they amounted to $190,000. "A truly pitiful showing," says Mr. Kenyon, "when we consider the enormous value of the patents involved and the immense profits which have undoubtedly been realized by their infringers."

So what does Mr. Kenyon say to men who have been robbed of the fruits of their minds and who wish at least to receive the current market value of those fruits in return?

He says:

"No patent lawyer can honestly advise his clients that there is any substantial chance of a money recovery in patent suits, save now and then in an exceptional case."

With the unusually frank lawyer like Kenyon the mass of independent inventors, out of their own personal acquaintance with the facts, are in complete agreement.

So here we have Leonard, an individual, claiming infringements on forty patents and claiming that these patents are valid. And there we have the General Electric, an extremely rich corporation, claiming that it is not infringing and that the patents, in part or in whole, are *not* valid. And the only way to settle the dispute is a way that leads toward financial bankruptcy for Leonard.

Dr. L. H. Baekeland, who, like Leonard, is no starving, embittered inventor, but a man of acquisitions financial as well as mental, put a long experience and a precise knowledge into the statement: "If our system of court practise had purposely been devised to help the patent pirate, it could not much be improved on."

When there are so many *artificial* encouragements to consolidations of capital, who can be convinced that the decline of independent invention has been *natural?* That decline is indeed a fact. Some of the great independent inventors have withdrawn into small-business specialties. Some of them, sticking to their posts, have been beaten and captured and are now virtually prisoners-of-war, present but unproductive, in the camps of the big companies. Some have stopped inventing altogether. A few, like Leonard, continue to operate comfortable little specialized factories of their own, while, in their laboratories, they still work at the big-business bread-and-butter basic things, still *work* at them, but with no bread-and-butter results to themselves *and no glory.*

Do you begin to see why Edison says to Leonard: "Why do you go on inventing things you can't handle? Why don't you keep to things you can keep to yourself in your own factory?"

Can such a soil nourish the heroes who must contend for us in the international-competition age which ought to be and must be our heroic age?

We have dulled and chipped the edge of our best weapon against monopoly.

A new invention, patented, economically patented, validly patented, and then effectively protected against infringement, is the most progressive thing, the most competitive thing, the most anti-monopolistic thing in industry; *because in such a patent fresh capital can boldly dare to invest for a fight with even the largest established business.*

To-day, fresh capital, looking at new inventions, sees them through a fog of interference proceedings and of infringement proceedings; it sees them dubious in validity and then, even if valid, wide open to theft; it sees them as licenses to litigate; and fresh capital pauses.

Our forefathers did not will this. They willed that the granting of exclusive rights to new inventions for limited periods of time should produce innumerable new enterprises, should produce multitudinous progress.

The change has been made by law, by old enactments and by resolute refusal to put new enactments into operation against new proved dangers. It has been made by the representatives of the people in Washington.

To Washington, then. And there we shall follow along the avenues we have already opened up, through the subject of the Patent Office and the subject of the courts, till we come to the ideas—the principles—that must be destroyed, and the ideas—the principles—that must be substituted in order that the Patent System may revive to its ancient purpose.

In the February number Mr. Hard will report an ***Exploration of the Patent Office.***

The DOVE-COTE

by LEONARD MERRICK

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN," "THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN," ETC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

WHEN she was a little child it was said in Lucy's presence that she had a "very forgiving nature." And as this beautiful quality in herself excited many glances and whispers that were highly gratifying to Lucy, she resolved to cultivate it as much as she could. In the nursery she forgave other children, who used to reply, "What for?" In the schoolroom her forgiveness was extended to a governess who corrected her. In course of time she forgave her husband. It was a disconcerting truth and it took her a long while to realize it, but Lucy's "beautiful quality" was the cause of her worst troubles.

Of course she married much too young, and so did he—they were boy and girl. But he had two hundred pounds a year of his own and a berth for a couple of pounds a week, and her mother, who was a widow with a large family and a small income, thought it a good match. Lucy married Jack Willoughby, and went to live in a semi-detached suburban villa. They called it "The Dovecote."

Its name was suggested by the bride. They were sitting hand in hand in the brand-new drawing-room, seeking a name for their paradise. "What about 'The Dovecote?'" she had said, with an air of inspiration. And he had kissed her rapturously.

Some weeks later the name on the little gate began to embarrass him when he lifted the latch. Fond as he was of her, he was conscious of looking a romantic idiot watering the geraniums of a house called "The Dovecote." He discerned derision in the eyes of the neighbors. The notion got on his nerves, never too well controlled, and one morning there was a quarrel at the breakfast-table.

It was their first quarrel. Lucy came out of it limp and disillusioned, and Willoughby shut the offending gate with a crash.

What had he said to make her cry so hysterically? he asked himself, striding to the station. She had carried on like a girl in a novelette. What exaggerated rot she had talked! What sticky sentiment she had been brought up on!

And Lucy was wondering what she had said to make him laugh so cruelly. What had she done to make him angry? She had only cried! Naturally, she had cried on seeing that he didn't love her any more, that he was ashamed even of their dear little home. Oh, never could she forget the nasty, clever things he had said!

He came back in the evening, repentant. He kissed her tenderly and mentioned that he had taken theater tickets for the following night. A wiser girl would have been content with the tacit admission of his guilt; a wiser girl would have made no reference to the quarrel. But Lucy's "beautiful quality" displayed itself. Presently she

put her hand gently on his and murmured, with a holy expression in her eyes, "Jack, I forgive you!"

Jack gasped, and somehow the evening was less cheerful afterward.

But that did not save her from "forgiving" him over and over again. When Willoughby soliloquized—and during the following year he soliloquized far more often than a boy who is happily married ought to do—he said, "It is her infernal 'forgiveness' that is dividing us!"

He bought a large desk, second-hand, and converted the spare room into a study, explaining that there was a lot of work for the firm that he had to do at home now. Lucy, in the drawing-room, dwelt on the nobility of her character and wept; Willoughby, upstairs, sat with his feet on the superfluous desk, wishing that he hadn't married. The desk served as a receptacle for tobacco and novels, and he locked it religiously when he left the "study."

The "scandal," as her people called it, though the youthful pair were too obscure for their affairs to create much gossip, occurred some six months after the installation of the desk. Her eyes were red, but her voice was quite steady, as she announced her ultimatum to him. He was shaving, and he wished she had selected another moment for domestic drama.

"The fact is that our marriage was a hideous mistake," she declared. "Never were two temperaments more opposed!"

"Well? What do you want me to do about it?" he inquired.

"I want you to arrange a legal separation."

"All right!" He could not contrive to feel that it was bad news.

Lucy, however, mistook his calm for bravado.

"I hope you understand that I am acting for your sake as much as my own?"

His razor slipped, but he mopped his chin without an expletive.

"Quite, quite," he said softly.

So on the threshold of the dressing-room it was settled, though not, of course, before she reiterated her principal grievances: "I do not say that you are a 'bad' husband, Jack; not 'bad' in the sense in which the word is used. You do not drink, you don't gamble, and if you smoke too much for your health I suppose that can only be called a 'weakness.' Yet without doing any of these things you have half-killed me twenty times a week. You have never understood me; never realized how sensitive I am.

"A cross word is enough to ruin my day. I may not be so clever as you, but I *can* manage your house, and that you have never understood either; you hate to hear me talk about it and you take no interest in my domestic anxieties. Then again, I am always 'doing wrong'—it enrages you if I so much as put a bill on your desk, though bills have to be paid. And you are just as furious if I put it on your breakfast-plate. If I give it to you at dinner-time or the last thing at night you say I haven't the art of handling a man, whatever that may mean!"

Willoughby stuck a piece of court-plaster on the cut, and observed with satisfaction how easy it had become to check the smart retort that rose to his lips. Since he was soon to be free, why trouble to argue?

"Then again," she continued, after drawing a long breath, "you can't deny that you are eccentric. As if there were not room enough downstairs for you to do your figures and letters! But my mother does not know to this day what I have suffered of an evening, sewing in my loneliness. Oh, I know you have often offered to take me out, but I can tell by your tone that you don't want to really. All these sound little things to you, perhaps, but to the other person they are daily sword-thrusts. Not that I am reproaching you any more—I want to part quite good friends with you, in spite of everything. I think that a great deal has been the fault of your bringing-up—you were an only child, and spoiled. It is significant that you were never even taught to fold up your own pajamas."

His heart was beating blithely, so blithely that he told it to behave itself. But the order came too late. In the triple shaving-glass she saw his contented smile.

"I am going *home*," she said huskily. "I am going now! I shall never even breakfast with you again!"

And a few days later "The Dovecote" was "To Let."

For some weeks her mother and five sisters made an enormous fuss over Lucy. They continued to treat her as a blessed martyr even when they began to understand that she had really come back for good. Dainty dishes were prepared to tempt her appetite, and as she lolled in the best armchair,

SHE HAD CARRIED ON LIKE A GIRL IN A NOVELETTE. WHAT STICKY SENTIMENT SHE HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP ON!

monopolizing most of the cushions, her slow, sweet, sad smile was enough to bring tears to their affectionate eyes.

Willoughby had munificently waived to her his dividends, *plus* the furniture—he was understood to be indecorously cheerful

in lodgings on his two pounds a week—and after protesting that she would accept nothing from him, she warehoused the furniture and drew the two hundred a year. Perhaps it was because the income made her feel independent that, despite their affection, her family found her rather trying as the months wore by.

Anyhow it was recognized by degrees that she required a good deal in return for what she contributed to the housekeeping expenses. And the five unmarried sisters confessed among themselves that the little presents that they received from her didn't compensate for the host of attentions that she exacted. The vexation simmered for the best part of a year, but at last it boiled over. "She will have to be told!" said the five unmarried sisters in turn, and sneaked off to bed, leaving the unhappy mother to tell her.

After many false starts the lady arrived at the point of intimating to Lucy that, although she was intensely loved and profoundly pitied, they all felt she would be more comfortable in "a dear little flat of her own." Or, better still, if she thought Jack would be willing to retrace the drastic step they had both taken . . . After all, it wasn't much of a position for a woman to live separated from her husband.

Lucy rose from the armchair, holding her halo tight. "I see what it is," she said. "You wish me to go."

The other bleated something too incoherent to be construed as an invitation to remain, and a week later Lucy drove away, with all the trunks that had been encumbering the landings. The group bade her a tearful adieu, and she put all the forgiveness possible into the sweet, sad smile.

If she thought that Jack would be willing, indeed!—she meditated in the cab. Was it not for Jack to inquire her own views—Jack who had been always in the wrong? Not one instance could she recall in which the fault was hers. Still, if he should ever express contrition, if he should ever write to her humbly, begging her to go back to him . . . well, perhaps she *might* consent to give him another trial!

She hesitated to take a "dear little flat," for it threatened to be lonely. She allowed the furniture to remain in the depository, and went into one of the boarding-houses that charge rather high terms and call themselves "private hotels." There for the best part of a year she strove to make her own life, going to an occasional matinée with women who, when she was out of the room, "wondered where her husband was," and reading a great deal of rubbish from a circulating library.

Then, because one of the women had told her what another woman had said, she left the house in disgust and removed to another "private hotel" at the seaside.

When she had been drifting among boarding-houses in town and country for two years longer, never seeing anything for her in the letter-racks except a letter from her family or the weekly bill, she began to find the "cheerful society" of which the establishments boasted in their advertisements an abominable nuisance; she began to feel that she was growing old. As she wasn't twenty-five yet, she consulted a physician. The physician, who charged her two guineas, recommended her to a "hydro" in the Tyrol, from which he duly received a commission; and she put on flesh and was bored consumedly.

However, this glimpse of the Continent inspired her with a wish to see more of it, and so was not without benefit. Italy entertained her for a whole season, and next she went to France. She wandered from one Continental *pension de famille* to another till she was twenty-eight, and then something deeper than her folly drove her back to London.

She had prayed for Jack's conversion night and day on her knees, when, yearning for a home again, she at last interviewed a house-agent. She required a small flat, she said, suitable for a lady and her maid. She would not object to a suburb providing the situation was healthy, the sanitation perfect, the kitchen spacious, and there were plenty of cupboards.

"You will find it difficult to obtain a spacious kitchen in a small flat, madam," she heard. "And as to cupboards—" Well, not to put too fine a point upon it, cupboards were luxuries for the wealthy. The agent had not many flats on his books. But there were lots of houses that he wanted to get rid of. He said, "Now a *house* is different!"

She was fearful of feeling very solitary in a house. But he was a persuasive person with a ready pen, and she departed with a generous list of addresses, including several in suburbs where his firm had branch

HER SLOW, SWEET, SAD SMILE WAS ENOUGH TO BRING TEARS TO THEIR AFFECTIONATE EYES. THEY TREATED HER AS A BLESSED MARTYR.

offices. At the sight of one of them the paper trembled in her hand. "The Dovecote!" . . . Was it prophetic?

The next morning she stood, pale and agitated, at the little gate that had been the cause of that first quarrel.

The callous young clerk who carried the key opened the front door as if it were a front door like any other. She followed him inside.

"How is it that the rent is so much lower than it used to be?" she murmured, standing in Jack's empty "study."

The youth supposed it was because the street had gone down a bit. But the deterioration of the street did not deter her from taking the villa. And the landlord did not find her exigent, though it was not in very good condition. She desired chiefly to enter it at an early date.

A van from the depository delivered the well-remembered furniture. Moths had been feasting on the drapery of the best bed.

With a duster over her head and another in her hand, she superintended the arrangements—and all was again as it used to be, even to the desk in the alleged study. Then one evening the poor woman sat down at it and framed an astonishing advertisement:

"*The Dovecote.* Come back. Forgiven." And she did not feel humiliated; she no longer told herself that it was for Jack to take the first step. The light of satisfaction was in her eyes, and she felt supremely noble when she saw her advertisement in the newspaper.

But nothing happened.

One day when her mother came to see her the old lady said timidly:

"My poor Lucy, we have been reading your message for weeks, and——"

"My message?" exclaimed Lucy, opening her eyes very widely to express mystification.

Then her mother remembered that Lucy had always been "peculiar," and added hastily, "Well, dear, we imagined it was yours. If it isn't——"

"What were you going to say?" asked Lucy sharply.

"Oh, nothing! That is to say, we thought you knew that Jack wasn't in England. He went out to his firm's house in Australia years ago, soon after your separation. And then——"

"And then, what?"

"And then, I believe they didn't find him stick to the work as he should. So we heard, in a roundabout way. Somebody told us he had been seen in Melbourne, out of a berth. I'm afraid things haven't been going very well with him. He told the man he was very sorry he had ever left London."

Lucy withdrew her invitation from the agony column and waited again for Jack's erring feet to be led to her.

Her safety-valve was her domestic duties, and if the general servants—she had a succession of them during the first twelve months—had been more amenable she would have had them scrubbing at midnight. They were her worst hours, the evening hours that saw her unoccupied. Periodically she paid her mother visits and never failed to say, with an elaborate air of carelessness, "Oh, and—er—any more news from anybody?"

At last she was told that there *was* news of a kind. One of the married sisters thought she had seen Jack in the Strand. The man had passed too quickly for her to be positive, but—well, she had nearly cried!

"His appearance, my dear! So shabby! She says he looked like a tramp. Considering that he has a right to share your little income——"

"It's absurd!" said Lucy hotly. "It couldn't have been he! 'Like a tramp'—how ridiculous!"

Nevertheless it reappeared in the papers, that imperative and sublime message—and in course of time it reached him. He saw it in a squalid coffee-shop, where he was dining on a haddock. The butter was rancid, and the table was dirty, and he sat ill-clothed among the ragged and unwashed, but as he re-read the message with startled eyes, the man reflected that on the whole he had less of a hump here than he used to have in "The Dovecote."

As a matter of fact, Willoughby did not feel so down on his luck as he looked. He had got back to London, and though the passage had well-nigh emptied his pockets his courage had risen with the sight of the London streets. He would win through yet, he told himself. He required money to go on with, but he meant to seek out a fellow he knew and then, with a decent coat on his back, something would turn up.

Lucy? Poor, well-meaning, impossible little girl! Again he read her tactless words. No, even for two hundred a year and three square meals a day he didn't think he could

"I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU," HE GASPED. "I HAD NO RIGHT TO COME HERE."

face life with her again. He hoped she was not unhappy—as far as that went, he would rather like to shake hands with her, to show there was no ill-feeling—but to settle down with her—! She must have changed very much with the years if he could endure that!

For nearly a month Lucy listened for a humble ring at the front door-bell. She had prepared her welcome. The opening words were hovering on her lips—Jack shouldn't be able to say that she was not gracious and considerate of his feelings! She would pretend not to notice his poverty-stricken air; she would even ignore his old blunders. She would talk to him encouragingly, as one talks to a repentant child. And then she would kiss him as a sister might. And if he should break down and weep she would say, "Thank God, thank God! You understand me at last."

Her reverie was disturbed one evening by a commanding peal and a fantasia on the knocker. It was the little "general's" evening out, and so the door was opened by Lucy herself.

"Good evening, Lucy," said Willoughby.

His pleasant tone was the tone of a relative returning after a few days' absence. She stepped back limply. Her opening speech, so well prepared, dried in her mouth. In lieu of the gracious presence she had designed for his arrival it was a speechless, awkward figure that stood gaping at him.

"Mayn't I come in?" he said. "We can't very well talk on the doorstep. You'll take cold."

Her discomfiture increased as she led the way to the little drawing-room where she had been dreaming such benevolent dreams before the fire.

"You startled me," she complained. "Why did you ring and knock like that?"

"I don't know," he said sincerely. "Why not?"

She looked at him in silence for a moment: "I don't understand," she faltered. "I don't understand your manner."

Still she stood staring at him. The last few weeks had not improved his appearance. It wasn't only the years, or the unfamiliar beard, or the hunger in his voice, or the fever in his veins that made him look so strange to her; he was bigger than she remembered him. And he seemed unnaturally, bewilderingly impenitent.

"You *are* Jack?" she queried, her voice quivering with doubt.

He laughed. "Oh, I'm Jack right enough!"

"I don't see what there is to laugh at," she protested. "If I had met you in the street I shouldn't have known you. You have changed very much, and—and you don't seem very sorry or humble, I must say!"

Willoughby, who had been sleeping in the open air and the rain, sat down suddenly in the nearest chair.

"That's all right, Lucy," he said again; "don't worry about that—I'm just as humble as you could wish, or I shouldn't be here!" He paused, looking down at his horrible boots, his shoulders hunched. She saw that he was searching for words, and waited eagerly.

"I want," he blurted at last, "I want a few pounds to live on till I find something to do. I tried to manage without bothering you, but— I don't want to go back on our arrangement. The interest on that money is all yours and it's only a loan I'm asking for, but— Well, I'm on my uppers and I can't hope to do any good like this, you know."

Lucy pondered. She must not be too critical, she reminded herself—he had always expressed his meaning clumsily. True he had never been so clumsy as now, but she must be patient and forbearing.

"Of course you must have money," she said sweetly. "But there's time enough to talk about that—it's not the thing we need to talk about first, is it? So you have seen my message and come back! And what I said was true—I do forgive you, Jack."

She rose and went over to him and laid a hand on his arm. "I understand how you feel," she murmured, warming to the situation. "I know all that is in your heart, all that you want to say, much better than you can tell me, my poor awkward one. You have been punished frightfully and now *He* has led you to me for consolation and help. There is no more rancor in my soul, my dear—only an exceeding pity."

Before he could speak she had kissed him on the forehead. "Come," she said, "I want to show you that you were expected—your study is just as you left it."

Stupefaction chained him to the chair. He realized now the height and depth, the width and length, the whole appalling weight of her "forgiveness." It was no phrase that could be parried as he had dreamed before taking the fatal step; it was something gigantic, with tentacles!

He was afraid to speak, afraid to move, lest he should blunder into her arms. Women had all the privileges, confound it! And a man could not refuse the offer she had

made him without being called a brute. . . . His head sunk lower in consternation, and she put her arm about his neck with a little grateful cry:

"Thank God, thank God! At last you understand me!"

A racking cough came to his aid and shook him, not only free of her arm but nearly to pieces. She rushed away for water.

When she returned she found him swaying by the door. He waved the glass aside.

"I've something to tell you," he gasped. "I had no right to come here . . . I'm not—I'm not Jack Willoughby!"

The water slopped on to the floor. Watching her agitation, a flood of pity pervaded the man, the pity that one feels for the blind, or feeble-minded.

"You are not Jack Willoughby?" she stammered.

"I thought I could get money out of you—I'm not going to do you any harm."

"You are not my husband?"

"Let me go," he muttered, and before she could stay him he was gone. There was a queer sensation in his head, and suddenly he had misgivings about his legs. From the top step the little gate at the foot of the front garden looked strangely distant.

"Funny," he thought. "Something wrong with my eyes too!"

The gate was receding as he made for it, and the moon and stars were moving across the sky like a panorama. "Too much rich living lately," said the man, beginning to talk to himself. "Oh, well, something'll turn up!" The path played devilish tricks too, extending itself indefinitely. A swirl of fear seized him that he was too sick to reach that gate. He heard the door behind him open, heard Lucy's voice call to him to stop, and he gathered all that was left of strength for a final dash.

When she reached him he was unconscious. The slow, heavy tread of a policeman sounded on the pavement, and she sped to the street and beckoned to him. "Quick, quick!" she signed. The time that he took to cover a hundred yards was intolerable. At last he drew close and she pointed, panting.

"My husband has fainted," she said. "Please help me carry him inside."

For Lucy understood that Willoughby had lied—and the significance of that desperate lie had pierced her soul. He was penniless, he was ill, it might well be that he was starving, yet he had lied rather than accept the welcome that she offered. It was as if a spear had been hurled through her egotism. Never would her husband bear the yoke again! And he had refrained from telling her so, she did him the justice to remember; he had neither laughed at her nor said anything cruel and clever! Tears were running down her face, and they were tears of humility, such tears as a woman sheds but once in her life.

When Willoughby began to pay due attention to things again he was more than a little bewildered. He came to the conclusion, rightly enough, that he must have been ill for a long time, but what he lay puzzling about was why the room looked like a room in "The Dovecote" and how Lucy happened to be about the place. And more confusing still it was, that the Lucy of the sick-room was so different from the Lucy of his remembrance. Wasn't he right in thinking that he and she had been separated a long while ago, and that he had been very glad of it? If so, why had he been glad of it? She seemed a very gentle and charming woman.

But when his mind cleared and he broke down before her, she patted his hand and told him that he "wasn't nearly well enough to make scenes." It might have startled Willoughby back into delirium to find that Lucy had developed a distaste for scenes, but its effect was happier—it moved him to such gratitude that he kissed her hand as he used to kiss it during their engagement. By the time he was able to come downstairs he found it very stimulating to talk to the "charming woman" who, while she forbade all allusions to the past, discussed the future so hopefully. Only once did they break her rule.

Somehow he had called her "darling"—the word had slipped out—and she had turned very white, and laughed and asked, "How dare you, when you're not Jack Willoughby?" Then he was saying that it was all his fault that they hadn't got on better together, and that if she would risk another honeymoon he'd value her love better this time, by Heaven he would! They were in the garden, standing by the little gate of memories. And a wonderful thing happened. Lucy raised her face and said what no one had ever heard her say before. She said:

"Forgive me!"

The VOICE of the PAVEMENTS

by

CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

THE Pavements!
The vibrant sounding-board of the city!
Here is your *leit-motif* for a Symphony of Cities
In the answering voice of the pavements,
Responsive to millions of eloquent footfalls;
Truthful footfalls—
Blundering into truth—untrained to guile,
Credible when clever tongues raise doubt,
Outspoken when faces smirk and twist.
Listen:
The sharp heel-click of one snatching at profit,
Reminiscent of the mailed heel of a robber knight.
Listen:
The eager step of the wilfully childless woman
Seeking amusement, forgetfulness,
In the drama mouthed by actors, while the world works;
Her own life-drama—a farce.
Listen:
The hopeless shuffle of the homeless,
The tramp,
(So we term our defeated in life's battle).
Listen:
Dominating the monotone tread of the workers,
The ponderous, emphasized beat of brass-buttoned law:
"Law," says his left brogan,
"Order," says his right.
Unconscious parody of omniscient bureaucracy,
Heavy of foot and brain!
Listen:
Have you ever felt the thrill of a lover's footfall?
The stony pavements feel it, and answer —no wood-path better.
Listen:
The leisurely step of the observer, the listener to all this,
Like a brevier footnote, elucidating a page.
A blind man sits at the busiest corner,
And a poet learned from him to close his eyes,
To listen.
Now there are two who listen all day long
To the pavements,
Voicing (like the voice of the sea)
Man's bliss and pangs and yearnings,
Battle rapture,

Welcome rest of defeat,
Youth's world-conquering impulse.
All these chords they hear, the listeners
twain with closed eyes,
All intertwined in a wonderful *motif*,
Beautiful as the Sphinx and cruel,
That grips your heart like a clenched hand;
That flays your nerves and leaves them
quivering;
That sounds your soul and leaves it shud-
dering—
Leit-motif for a Symphony of Cities.

BURBERTON *and* ALI B

by TALBOT MUNDY

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

OMMONY, OF THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

THE wet-and-dry-nursed turf of Meadowbrook — sun-sweetened green velvet on a ground of iron —drummed to a devil's tattoo. There were other, intermittent noises. Ponies and men breathed hard. About once in every thirty seconds the packed stands creaked under the strain; twenty thousand, of a class which keeps emotion underneath the surface, would grip the seats and sway one way or the other all together—throat-held, hypnotized, by the game that is to all other games as wine to water.

Through the drumming of the hoofs—punctuating it—the *click-smack-click* of mallet-nose on whitened bamboo ball came at odd moments: now once, clean-clipped and hard, to be followed by thunder as the ponies wheeled and raced; now in a hail-storm clatter, with an underswish of whips as ponies tiptoed through a scrimmage nervously. Presently the crowd would sob again in unison, remembering at last to catch its breath.

"My conscience, but those gentlemen know how to lose!" said Margaret Brunton almost to herself, and Burberton beside her came out of a dream. He, too, had been watching spell-bound, and he felt a little bit ashamed of having let emotion get the better of him.

"Any man can learn to lose," he answered—sneering rather more than he intended. "They've lost. What would you have them do—lose their tempers? I vote we make a move, before the crowd starts rushing for the gate. Our men have won; there are only two more chukkers. There's no earthly chance that the other side can pull the game out of the fire now."

"I'm going to stay and see them try!" said Margaret. "You go if you like; Mr. Howe will see me home."

"I'm damned if he will!" thought Burberton, with a sideways glance at Sammy.

Samuel Hamilton Howe—gentleman of means and quite illimitable leisure—was about the only bosom friend that Burberton owned to. Sammy was a joke; every living human being seemed to love him, but no man in his senses ever dreamed of coupling

Sammy's name with that of a woman. And Norman Burberton prided himself on being in absolute possession of all his senses.

He had no illusions of any kind at all. He believed he could read human nature like a book, and he despised it in a rather good-natured, condescending way that he had inherited (without accessories) from "Old Man" Burberton, his father. Old Man Burberton had laughed, and taken what he wanted, leaving his only son more millions than were altogether good for him. Norman Burberton forgot to laugh as a rule, bought what he wanted, and grew tired of it.

He had no least notion now that Margaret Brunton could conceivably prefer Sammy Howe to himself, and jealousy in any case was the passion he despised most. He was too masterful to be jealous. He had his father's absolute self-confidence, and a very considerable share of the railway magnate's judgment; he had decided, after calm reflection during which he indulged in no vainglorious flights of imagination, that Margaret Brunton was waiting contentedly for him to propose to her in his own good time. He admired her patience, and paid her the compliment of treating Sammy's attentions to her as quite undangerous.

But it suited his purpose to see her home himself. It was in line with his acquisitiveness. She was the only desirable thing that his money had not yet bought him, and to have her with him on the front seat of his car—not yet his, but yet no other man's; his when he chose to ask—gave him more delight than he had ever gained from actual possession of anything. Sammy on a seat behind would add to his enjoyment, and would serve to prevent the necessary other girl from interjecting conversation.

For all that he despised humanity so heartily, he liked the crowd to notice Margaret Brunton when she rode with him, and he had been conscious of a distinct feeling of irritation when the break-neck international polo game had drawn all eyes from her and her eyes away from him.

He had no interest in the game now. He believed in winning, and once won, the game ceased to interest him; he could not keep his attention on the last two chukkers, nor see any sense in waiting for the finish. He sat still and watched Margaret Brunton sideways, gloating—if the truth were known—over the thought of his ultimate possession of her, but to all outward seeming just a little bored, and quite indifferent.

Limb for limb—line for clean-bred line—he might have been blood-brother to any of the eight who were giving every good, grim ounce they owned on the drumming grass below. Those men were his crowd; the British four, too, would have acknowledged him their social equal as readily as his own countrymen did. And yet none of the eight could have been really his intimate. There was an egotism about Burberton that seemed to check and dry up the opening confidence of every one, except Margaret Brunton and Sammy Howe—just as they two were like rays of sunshine to the rest of the world. Either team would have talked polo to Burberton as to an expert, and would have turned away at the first opportunity to be happy with Miss Brunton or Sammy, neither of whom knew a solitary thing about it.

It was perhaps his trouble, after all, that Norman Burberton knew too much and loved too little. He imagined that he loved the girl beside him, whereas all he did do was to know, from practised observation, that she was the sweetest, best-looking woman within his social horizon. And anybody could have told him that, without any of his worldly, thirty-year-old cynicism to help make comparisons.

He watched her appraisingly; as she leaned forward beside him, silhouetted against the black of some one's coat beyond, she might have been a cameo. Even Sammy—something of an Apollo on his own account, and every inch of him a dandy—suggested references to "Beauty and the Beast;" Burberton compared their features, as a connoisseur of jewels might judge one stone against a better one—and he looked like a connoisseur. They looked like happy children, all appreciative.

When the whistle shrilled at last and the blowing ponies trotted off the field to thunders of applause, Margaret Brunton sat still.

"Lord, look at the crowd!" said Burberton. "Why didn't we get away sooner?"

She looked at Sammy first, and then critically from him to Burberton, as if she were wondering where the difference lay; her lips were still slightly parted, her cheeks still glowing, her eyes still bright with the excitement of the game. So were Sammy's.

"I wouldn't have missed one minute of it!

We can wait here until most of the crowd has gone, and then Mr. Howe has promised to bring one of the English team and introduce him."

"Heavens!" smiled Burberton, not ill-humoredly. He managed to infer a compliment. "Sammy's getting useful! Go on, Sam—fetch him."

Sammy, who sensed something in the atmosphere that was not absolutely peaceful—something faintly distasteful to his sunny disposition—was glad enough to go.

"Where did he meet any of the other team?" asked Burberton.

"When he was in India, I think. There must be something wonderful about that country. Mr. Howe came back quite different from what he was before he went away—and look at those officers! I'm told they learned all their polo in India. They certainly did learn how to lose like gentlemen."

"Do you mean that our fellows——?"

"Our fellows won."

"I don't see how that makes them——"

"They are 'our fellows,' and I'm glad they won. I always did think well of 'our fellows,' as you call them; and now I think even better of them. It makes me wonder how good they would be if they could all take a turn in India."

"India's got nothing to do with it!" said Burberton, with the air of a man of thirty who knows all there is to know. "Those four men are just natural-born polo-players—gentlemen—and they met a better team."

"I'd like to look at India," said Margaret, musingly.

"Why not?" Burberton pricked up astonishingly. When an idea came to him, one could recognize his father's son. He glanced left and right—made sure that Sammy was not on the way back yet—and settled down, as a man sits tight down in the saddle when he means to test his horsemanship. "I've wanted to say this for a long time—been waiting for a chance to say it—didn't want to be banal and say the usual sort of things, and didn't want to *do* the usual thing, either. You've given me the idea."

"Wait!" said Margaret. "I think I know what you are going to say. I don't want you to say it. And yet—Norman—I would rather listen to you saying it than to any other man."

He did not answer. That was Burberton senior again. The old man had been famous for the art with which he reserved his verbal fire.

"I'm not comparing you, Norman, with any of those four men who played. If I could compare you with anybody, I would not have been seen about with you so much. But——"

"But what?"

"Every single one of those four men—and Mr. Howe besides—has got something which you haven't. You could get it—you could get it if you tried."

"What is it?"

She shook her head. "Can't you see?"

"If I could see something I wanted I would get it or go broke in the attempt. I was going to mention something that I want very much—and mean to have—when you cut me short."

"Do you really mean to have it?"

He nodded. "You know I do!"

"Then find out what the other is and get it first. The rest will be easy!"

"I hate riddles!" he answered irritably. "Won't you tell me the answer?"

"You'll have to see it for yourself. I don't think I *can* make it clear to you. Only this—you'll have to find out that the world's worth living in before it will be worth living in, and before you can help make some one else's life worth living too. I want you to find it out for yourself. I'm sure Mr. Howe found it in India, for I saw the change in him when he came back. And now I've seen these four men play and lose, and I know they came from India, and—I may be wrong, but it has made me think."

"I can't see what you're driving at," said Burberton.

"I know you can't. I want you to be able to see. You can't find it here, for you've got too much money and too many friends. Do you know any one in India?"

"Not a soul."

"Perhaps that would be a good thing. I don't think Mr. Howe knew anybody—at all events until he got there."

Now there are few things more exasperating to a man of mettle—and Burberton had more than the ordinary—than to be compared to his own disadvantage with a man whom he considers his inferior, in wealth and brain and pluck and sportsmanship and *savoir faire*. He liked Sammy Howe. He very nearly loved him. But he did it patronizingly.

"I'm getting tired of hearing about Sam!" he answered.

"And I'm getting very tired of waiting for him! There's Mrs. Boileau—look, she's beckoning. I'm going to ask her to take me home in her car—where's Mildred? There she is—now will you go and explain to Mr. Howe that I couldn't wait? And—and—won't you wait for him and take him home afterward?"

Burberton, with the perfectly good grace that he knew well how to draw on over a feeling of discomfiture, walked with her to Mrs. Boileau's side, and later helped her into Mrs. Boileau's huge blue touring-car.

"Got to wait for Sammy Howe," he explained, and not even that sharp-eyed scenter-out of social happenings could draw the least deduction from his manner. Sammy Howe, ten minutes later, was the first to get a glimpse below the surface.

"Come on home, you interminable ass!" Burberton growled, seizing Sammy by the elbow.

"Why? Won't she wait? He'll be out directly."

"She's gone with Mrs. Boileau."

Sammy did not raise his eyebrows—nor did he ask questions. The first remark of any kind came from Burberton, who was

WITH THE GOOD GRACE HE KNEW HOW TO DRAW ON OVER A FEELING OF DISCOMFITURE, HE WALKED WITH HER TO MRS. BOILEAU'S CAR.

making new hole-records in the speed law of the state; and he did not speak until the city was in sight.

"Know any one in India?" he asked.

"Yes. Know one man well. Why?"

"Give me an introduction to him, will you?"

Now Sammy's eyebrows did rise. "What's the use?" he asked. "My man's not a nabob."

"I asked it as a favor."

"Are you going to India, then?"

"What else would I want the introduction for?"

"Will you go and see him if I give it to you?"

"What else would I do with it?"

"Promise?"

"Yes."

"It's yours. You'll like him if you stay long enough. Chap called Ommony. When d'you go?"

"By the first ship that leaves New York!" swore Burberton.

II

So Norman Burberton began to study India—from the wrong end; and for six toe-on-heel, hard-riding months he liked it. Men discovered he could ride and shoot as well as any of them, so things were pushed his way. He saw nothing of the mechanism—nothing of the insistent, sleepless maw that drains everlastingly the cleanest blood of England and gives back nothing but ideals. All he saw was surface glamour, and subsurface poverty, and new ways of killing time that interested him until the novelty wore off.

He stuck pig in Guzerat and quitted himself handsomely; a man who can do that may be forgiven six of all the seven sins, and his name went up and down the land in front of him. But it was all the same thing that he had known before, in a different setting—amusement, with a bad taste at the end of it.

He killed his tiger from the back of a rajah's elephant; shot a rhino (and few but royalty and viceroys may do that); shot quail; saw panthers fight to a ghastly, gory finish in a walled arena (that was in a native state, where Government had barely seeped into the roots of things); drank deep, as a welcome guest should, in the Gunners' Mess at Poona; and stood, at the end of it all, unawed and dissatisfied, in front of the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

It was not the mystery of India that appealed to him; he did not care for it, nor even realize it. It was another mystery.

These men—and most surely they were men—who drank with him and laughed with him, and rode neck and neck with him and risked their lives; who showed him a hundred kinds of hospitality the West knows nothing of; who spoke his language—drawled with the drawl that he had cultivated—and drew his arbitrary line between what was sport and what was not—regarded him exactly as he had regarded his own world back at home. They accepted him because he was there and "a pretty decent sort," but that was all. There was not one man of all of them who was really interested in him, or who so much as lifted the curtain for a minute from the heart of things that held them all except himself.

And he could not find the heart of things, however hard he tried. They had no secrets from him, or none that he could lay his finger on. He heard them talking "shop" in the club rooms after dinner, and they were selfish and querulous and jealous of one another, just like other men. Few of them admitted any love for India. Most if not all of them were men who could have earned a more than decent living anywhere, at almost anything they chose, and many of them were men of considerable private means.

He saw men sickening with fever and anemia, and all the other ailments that the Indian sun draws out of the polluted soil, and he saw other men who had sickened and gone home, and returned again for more. And he learned there was nothing in it for anybody except a pension—should he live to draw it.

They liked or hated one another; but they always understood. And invariably—always—all the time—drunk or sober—they treated him as some one who could not begin to understand.

"I suppose you're going to write a book on India when you get back home?" asked a judge of the Punjab High Court.

It was the dozenth time that he had been asked that question.

"Would you read it if I did?"

"Certainly. It's good to see ourselves as others see us—keeps our perspective

HYPNOTIZED BY THE GAME THAT IS TO ALL OTHER GAMES AS WINE TO WATER.

right. I get clippings regularly from the American papers, and they make even better reading than the London ones. Now—what is your impression of the country?"

But Burberton did not answer him. He was conscious of being rather liked, but laughed at. At home, he had been neither liked nor laughed at, and he had not cared. Now he cared and was angry, because his cynicism wouldn't work. It annoyed him that these men who were certainly no better than himself should treat him as outside the pale of understanding. And why should they be sarcastic?

"What is your impression of America?"

he retorted, when he had given his irritation time to fade away.

"I've been there six times," said the judge. "I generally go home that way round. It's the only country in the world that could have produced you."

"You don't like Americans?"

"What is an American? I like you."

"I'd like very much to find out what holds you all here—you, for instance. You none of you like India."

"Like it? India's a beastly country to live in for any length of time—drains the life-blood out of you."

"Then what keeps you here?"

"You've been all up and down the country. D'you mean to say you haven't found that out yet? What are you going to do next?"

"Home, I think. No—I've a promise to keep first—a man named Ommony to visit—ever hear of him?"

"Not Ommony of the Woods and Forests by any chance? Visit him by all means—he'll give you the answer if anybody can."

"Who or what is he, exactly?"

"Exactly? Why, he's Ommony of the Woods and Forests. Go and visit him and see."

"How do I get there?"

"Train — about five hundred miles — change at Ahmadabad for Tikpur—*tonga* sixty miles to the edge of the reservation—then ride, unless the *tonga* road is through the forest already—ride and find him."

III

He knew now how alone he was. He realized, as the squeaky *tonga* jolted him along the new-made road, that loneliness—and nothing else—had been the trouble with him. He was a specimen to other people—just as others had invariably been to him. Good, grown men looked at him, and dined and rode and talked with him, and did not care. He knew, now, that he wanted them to care.

And as he realized his loneliness, the border of the forest swallowed him and road and *tonga*, and the silence settled down on him as if he had been dead long ages. The trees and the outskirt changed to greater trees; the sky became patchwork spots of blue between the branches, and the *tonga*-driver ceased his singing—tried to begin again—and stopped. Only the clip-clop of the ponies' feet and the shrilling of the oilless wheels disturbed the stillness; and the view was shut off by endless rows of giant tree-trunks that leaned back like a cordon of policemen to restrain the bursting verdure.

"I'll go—and stay one night—and come away again," swore Burberton. "Two days of this would drive me mad!"

But he drove for two days through the forest, until he could have shrieked at the gloom and silence. At night he stayed in a log-cabin that a road-builder had left there. Once or twice in the night he heard the baying of a distant wolf-pack; and once—as he walked the stamped-earth floor—he paused and listened to a footfall. Something heavy, with soft feet, came and seemed to listen, and went away. After that the only sound was of the moths that fluttered round his lantern, and when morning came there was a track down the middle of the floor where he had paced it. He would not wait for breakfast; he wanted to gallop back into the sunshine, and would have done it; only the *tonga* ponies could not gallop, and it was a day's drive either way. So he drove on.

By midday of the second day the New York that he knew and hated seemed to have been paradise, and the only hell was here among the trees. Ommony must be the arch-administrator of hell, and Margaret Brunton, who was lost to him, the Queen of Heaven. He dreaded meeting Ommony—hated him before he heard him speak or saw him—hated himself for being such an idiot as to leave luxury and sport and company for this—and fell asleep.

It was a devil that awoke him—a devil with muddied hair that reached down to his shoulders, with a tiger's claw suspended from his neck, and barely a rag of clothing—a red devil with a long knife tied to his waist, who glowed in the setting sun that shone huge and angry in a gap between the trees. The devil tugged at him, and Burberton descended from the *tonga* like a man who dreamed. For a second he entertained a wild idea of shooting, but his guns were cased and underneath the *tonga* seat.

"Are you Burberton?" a deep, mellow voice called from among the trees. "Come along. I'm glad to meet you."

He followed the voice, and found a straight-backed man who leaned against a tree and looked like part of it; his helmet

and coat and puttees were all weather-stained, as if Mother Nature had made them too. He said nothing further, but shook hands and turned his back and led the way along a forest path. Burberton glanced back, with a thought for his guns and gear.

"Nobody steals anything hereabouts," said Ommony—who had not looked; he had heard the turn—he was a forester.

"Wouldn't dare, I suppose?"

"Wouldn't want to."

They strode along so fast that Burberton had difficulty in keeping up. Ommony went ahead through the tangled undergrowth with the gait and tirelessness of a shrimp-catcher in the surf, and the naked, mud-matted devil trotted behind, silent and tireless in his element. But the pace told on Burberton.

"How do you keep yourself from growing crazy here?" he asked, hoping to gain time by conversation.

"By thinking of the forest. Thought I would go crazy when I first came. Thought of myself—think of the forest now—keep sane."

A minute later Ommony noticed his heavy breathing and slowed down. "I beg your pardon," he said, "that was stupid of me—I forgot."

They emerged soon into a clearing, where a wood-and-mud brick bungalow stood framed in a garden, with a fence around it. There were native servants busied about the place, and on the small veranda a grizzled old man waited, who salaamed and smiled at sight of them. He looked like the Peace-God's older brother.

"How often do you see a white man here?"

"Hardly ever. Have a drink," suggested Ommony.

The old man had arranged the chairs for them on the veranda, and they sat down facing each other. Burberton studied his host at length, but Ommony seemed to have been satisfied with half a glance. If he looked at Burberton at all it was sideways—not slyly, but as a jungle denizen that watches even while it rests.

"Know Hamilton Howe at all well?" asked Burberton, bursting to speak, but at a loss for subjects.

"Yes. Had him here a month—five—six years ago. Cured him."

"Of what?"

"Not listening."

Burberton stared hard, between sips at a long cool drink. It dawned on him that Ommony was always listening.

"What do you find to listen to?"

"The forest. Stay on and I'll show you."

A string of naked, lean savages emerged into the clearing, bearing Burberton's luggage on their heads. No one spoke to them, but they filed round behind the bungalow and stowed it all somewhere; Burberton could hear the thud as the packages were lowered to the floor.

"You seem to have good servants?" he volunteered.

"They and the forest taught me nearly all I know. They were bad at first—but I learned. Now there are none better anywhere."

They kept silence then until the sun went down with Indian suddenness and the black night glowed with moving phosphorescent dots. A little breeze sprang up and the ghostly trees responded to it until the night was full of silence rendered audible, and Burberton thought that the drums of his ears would burst.

"Dinner-time," said Ommony, so suddenly that Burberton was startled. "You'll find a bath all ready in your room."

He found more than a bath waiting. His dress-clothes were unpacked and laid out for him on the bed.

"Is Ommony *sahib* married, then?" he asked the grizzled servant. The old man did not understand.

"*Memsahib hai?*'

The old man shook his head.

So he dressed himself, stiff shirt, white silk waistcoat, patent-leather shoes—and laughed at his reflection in the glass. He suspected that the whole thing was a mistake on the old servant's part, and that Ommony—in khaki, with his sleeves rolled up—would laugh at him. The laughter, he thought, might serve to break the dreadful silence.

But he found Ommony waiting for him at a snow-white dinner table, in a suit that lacked a dozen years of fashion but in a shirt that was immaculate.

"Do you always dress for dinner?"

"Of course," said Ommony. The question seemed superfluous.

It was a six-course dinner, beautifully served, and not hurried over. Ommony appeared to be astonishingly well-informed, and said nothing of his forest. Burberton

HE SUSPECTED THAT THE WHOLE THING WAS A MISTAKE ON THE OLD SERVANT'S PART.

had expected to be bored with interminable details about woodcraft and other matters of indifference. Gradually Ommony drew Burberton on to talking of America, and then he listened—keeping the monologue going by a deftly inserted question here and there.

"Up at dawn," Ommony said at last, in a momentary pause. "Better go to bed."

"What time is it?"

"Midnight."

Norman Burberton stared harder now than ever. He—the blasé, money-weary cynic—had talked, and had been interested in his own talk, for four long hours on end. And on the table between them stood a bottle of Madeira still half full. This was wizardry.

"I was thinking of leaving in the morning," he said. "I just looked in on you because I promised Howe I would——."

"Howe wrote me. I answered him. I promised him I'd keep you."

"I——"

"Try one more day—then answer."

"But——"

"You're all right—just as he was. You don't drink—you don't boast—you're intelligent—stay on—you'll be glad afterward."

"I'd go crazy."

"Try a day of it—two days—before you answer. I'll show you things you never dreamt of."

They had gone out to the veranda, and Ommony had moved himself away from the light that streamed through the open door; his voice came like a ghost's from the black darkness.

"Don't be afraid. All that—" Burberton could not see him, but he knew as well as he knew that it was dark that Ommony was stretching out his hand toward the forest—"will heal you; it won't hurt you."

"I'm not afraid of anything," said Burberton.

"Then stay."

"I see what you mean. You don't see a

white man very often—you're lonely—that's it?"

"Stay for that reason if you like."

So, with a little glow of virtue undermining his feeling of self-sacrifice, Burberton agreed to stay on for a day or two. He did it a little condescendingly and very grudgingly; and because of the darkness he failed to see the smile on Ommony's firm, weather-beaten face.

IV

Burberton never remembered afterward all the details of the month that followed. They were like a dream, between the evening of his former life and the morning of his reawakening. Ommony—lone-handed in responsibility—ruled, watched, and listened to eight hundred square miles of forest; he was part of it, as were the animals he knew, and the naked forest-helpers who seemed to understand his thoughts; and he made his guest free of all of it.

He said little at any time, but he showed untiringly; and he taught Burberton the secret of the silences, that are never silent when one listens to them. And Burberton stayed condescendingly (at first)—revolted (that was on the third day)—stayed on a little longer out of curiosity—stayed yet another week because the fancy seized him, and then—threw his heart into the thing and stayed.

Week after week they rode together under rioting waves of branches that filtered the fierce sun grudgingly through a wonder-mesh of green; or galloped boot-to-boot down twenty-mile-long glades, hand-hewn and goat-grazed to keep the fires in check. They watched the sambur feeding, nose up-wind, and came on the wild pig rooting in the clearings. The whole jungle and its occupants were an open book to Ommony, and he showed it all until the feel of it crept under Burberton's skin.

Once, three weeks after Burberton's arrival, when they had breasted a rock-and-jungle rise by a roaring waterfall, Ommony said suddenly, "I'll show you Ali Beg;" and they dismounted and crept cautiously between the boulders and lay side by side, peering through the jungle-grass.

"What's Ali Beg?"

"Look."

Careless in his strength, sun-bathed in a rock-strewn clearing, newly gorged, a tiger lay and licked himself, and Burberton, with held breath, watched him—strangely enough, without a white man's lust to kill. Then Ommony stood up head and shoulders above the grass and whistled; and fifty yards away the brute leaped to his feet and faced him, his tail swaying gently from side to side, and his huge fangs showing.

Ommony smiled back. He had no rifle in his hands. "No goats, Ali Beg!" he warned in a level voice. "Remember—leave the goats alone!"

At the sound of his voice the great, sleek brute turned and strode away, swaggering, with his weight hung down between his shoulder-blades, and not once looking back.

"He's past his prime," said Ommony. "He's getting lazy. Next he'll get stiff. Then he'll find goats easier than sambur. Then——"

He looked down, and almost from between his feet a naked rifle-bearer rose. But it was always that way; men seemed to crop up from the jungle to obey his thoughts.

"Almost seemed as if the tiger understood you," said Burberton.

"He understands that I rule this jungle, and I understand him. That's enough. There are five like him in the forest, and they mayn't kill goats or men—that's all."

He sat down and signed to the boy to bring the tiffin basket; he almost never gave a spoken order, but he absolutely never went unwaited on.

"A hundred years ago there was no forest here—nothing but a wilderness and an occasional clump of trees. It's grown twenty-five per cent. in my time."

"Feels like your forest, I suppose?"

"No. Did at first. Now I belong to it—that's the secret. I didn't know anything until I let the forest take hold of me. It gave me all that's worth having—peace—strength—understanding—just as soon as I left off hating it and put out all I had. You've got to listen to it—listen all the time; then, after a while the forest tells you, and you can use your knowledge on the forest and be happy."

"I don't doubt anything you say—but what's the use? What's the end you're aiming for?"

"Ask God and the Government! The villagers think it's all to graze their goats in, and for fuel and building poles. Our friend, Ali Beg, imagines it's his hunting ground.

"NO GOATS, ALI BEG!" HE WARNED IN A LEVEL VOICE. "REMEMBER — LEAVE THE GOATS ALONE!"

These jungle-wallahs—who know it all and tell me all they know—think I own the forest. And I know I'm its servant. Did it ever strike you that in some ways you're like Ali Beg?"

"How d'you mean?"

But Ommony was not given to repeating things.

Night after night they dined in semi-regal state, dressed as *sahibs*, lest the forest take a too strong hold on them and cause them to forget their birthright. And from dawn to dark they rode or strode through growing jungle, inspecting fire-lanes, attending to the planting of the naked places, and seeing that the goats were kept within their grazing limits.

"You see, don't you?" said Ommony one afternoon, in one of his rare bursts of speech. "You can't stop the forest growing. You can swear at it, and hate it, but it grows. Care for it, love it, stamp the fires out, guard it, and it grows better. But you must listen—always listen!"

"Why should I listen? I'm not going to start a forest."

"I know you're not. You're going back into the outside world in three days' time. Don't go like Ali Beg. Listen and remember!"

"What's Ali Beg been doing?"

"Killed three goats a little after dawn—one for food, and two out of sheer wantonness."

Some strange conceit seemed to tickle Ommony, for he chuckled to himself. "You shall kill Ali Beg—you alone," he smiled; and after that he was silent until dinner-time. Before dinner, though, he gave certain orders to the hangers-on who clustered to the rearward of his bungalow.

He was silent all through dinner, even for Ommony, who had learned to love and listen to the silences, and as usual it was Burberton who broke the spell at last.

"I like you, Ommony," he said; and it was the first time in his life that he had ever said that to a man. "I'd like to see more of you, and you've made me keen on forestry. If you'll come to America, I'll buy you a forest—a big one—and put you in charge of it, and pay you five times over what you're getting now."

"I'll tell you a little story," answered Ommony. "Listen. Once a trading company that happened to be English came to India, and won the country by the sword. Notice the parallel: once a man became a millionaire by seizing opportunity. If you go deep down to the root of things you'll find it hard to justify either of them. Well—the company grew fat and lazy, and talked about 'inalienable rights.' The country groaned, and was impoverished; the company grumbled at the selfishness of native India. Then the country mutinied. You know the history. The company was spewed out and extinguished. It left the forests bare and the people starving. It had never listened. Then England came and did listen; and look at India now."

"But you don't imagine, do you, that your Government is popular among the inhabitants? Why—they'd kick you all out to-morrow if they dared begin!"

"If we left India to-morrow do you suppose there'd be a forest here in ten years' time—or an acre under irrigation? If some of *your* rich men—the men who work, I mean—the men who listen and then give out what they've learned—were put out of business—stripped—what d'you suppose would happen? India used to be a hunting ground—for money; then it became a burden—then a responsibility, and now—man alive, it's fun! It's like a mother with her child; we feed it—it drains our lifeblood—it isn't grateful—but we get back what nothing else can give us."

"I don't quite see the parallel, as you call it. I haven't been spewed out."

"No? I wish you could see yourself as you were a month ago! You were Ali Beg. Go back and give."

"You mean give money?"

"No, you idiot! Give yourself."

Long before dawn next morning fifty or more naked jungle-coolies scattered in a semicircle through the forest; and as day broke, when the opalescent mist was lifting and the leaves were taking on a first faint glow of gold, Burberton stood alone in a clearing, breathing the cool morning air.

There came a crashing through the undergrowth. The fifty jungle-men were as silent as the tread of Nemesis; but the great striped brute they dodged and worried on from tree to tree was angry, and a tiger can be as silent as a snake or as noisy as a buffalo, just as the fancy seizes him. Ali Beg chose to give the jungle notice of his coming.

There came a pause—silence—and another crash. Then—head and shoulders

protruding through the undergrowth—the tiger came to a stand and glared, twenty yards away. There was a sound behind him—the breaking of a twig—no more, but notice of the closing in. He glanced behind him; there were fifty behind him he could not see, and one in front he could; so he came with a rush and a spring—twelve feet in the air—a flashing, furious yellow streak, that tore the wind, white-fanged, claw-tipped, and snarling. And Burberton dropped him as he came, with a straight, clean shot, up and under, that tore through the breast and backbone. He fell two yards away.

"*Bass!*" said Ommony—the word that through the East means "Enough. That ends it. It is finished."

"I'd no idea that you were near me!"

"No? Did you think I'd leave you to the mercy of a driven tiger? That was a good shot. Your nerve's in fine condition; but it might not have been. I've had him covered all the way from where they flushed him. You should have fired when he first showed—I all but wiped your eye for you."

"I'm glad you didn't. Glad he fell to me."

"Don't let his ghost haunt you, that's all."

"I'd like to stay on and get another one."

"No. One Ali Beg's enough for any man. Go now. Get back to the place where you belong. I belong here, and you don't. Pack up your trunks and go."

"Won't you change your mind and come with me?"

"I? I'd no more leave my world until my time's up than you'll care to leave yours two years from now. Go back and remember what I told you—listen, and then give."

V

The Secretary of State in India—gray-haired from forty years of worry—did tell a few friends of the visit paid to him by Burberton; but they were chosen friends, and the secret was well kept.

He offered millions upon millions. He said: "Here I am, and I'm ready. You need money—it's notorious, and I've got money; put me to work, and you can have the use of all of it!" But the Secretary shook his head.

"What we need is men," he answered.

"But—millions—think what you—what we could do with millions!"

"We could get millions in a week. We can borrow them at three per cent. We could get a tenth of what you offer from almost any Maharajah, if we'd so much as add one gun to his salute. We need the men to use the money and you can't buy them. If you want to give money there's a famine relief fund open—there are several universities in need of endowment—the trustees would be very grateful."

"Oh, I could do all that at home if I cared to. I want to work."

"Can't you work at home?"

"But why not here, if you need men?"

The Secretary shook his head. "We need men whose hearts are in it permanently," he answered. "We have to train them, and they have to start at the very beginning. You'd never do. Try your own country."

But afterward when he told the story to his friends, his verdict was: "He'll go a long way, that boy will. He's got the idea." And the consensus of opinion was with him.

The other end of the story is better known—how Burberton went back to America, and what he has done there since. Margaret Brunton said that she had loved him all the time, and nobody ever doubted her. He met her at a dance, one week after his return, and no one was surprised when their engagement was announced fourteen days later. But she, and he, both kept the secret of exactly how it happened.

"What will be your next amusement?" she had asked him, after a conversation in between two dances.

"Next? I'm going to make this country hum! I'm going to make it sit up and take notice! The old dad's business will do all right to start with, but that's going to be child's play to what follows. I'm going to pick good men and turn 'em loose to do things—make things—create things—oh, you watch! I'm going to live!"

"And are you going to marry me first?" she asked. "Or——"

That is the true, inside history of their engagement.

Don't forget to look for "Better Business." Page 17.

How it Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette

by ONE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YOU are the party aimed at. *You* who stood on the sidewalk and urged passionately that we who marched go home and wash the dishes or mind the baby.

Nobody answered you then. To be frank, you didn't say much that sounded worth considering; besides, it's not good form for a procession to indulge in acrimony. But don't you think for a moment that the forlorn little corporal's guard marching at the tail end of the first suffrage parade down Fifth Avenue didn't feel acutely every hostile taunt. It takes a good deal better man than I've met yet to face the mirth of a mob without some of it getting under his hide.

Out in the middle of Fifth Avenue's width we felt a heap isolated; it even went farther than that—we felt ostracized. Tagging after the girls—that's what we were doing; and nobody would let us forget it.

If you can go back to your kid days and remember how the gang at some time sat in judgment on you and, for alleged failure on your part to shine in the full glory of a budding male, rounded up on you, called you "cry baby," and callously bade you "go play with the girls," you'll get a little of the sensation we had out there, unchaperoned, entirely surrounded by empty asphalt, with two or three hundred thousand people earnestly cracking their larynxes calling us "sis" or "henpeck."

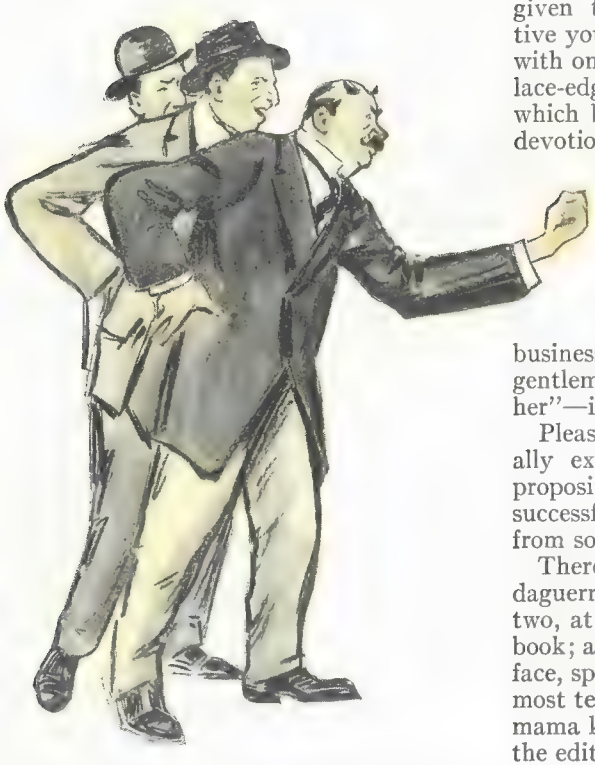
I don't want to be misunderstood—this is not going to be a defense, an apology, or a confession—merely a frank statement. After a man has lived in the same house with a suffragette for a number of years, he is likely to have a severe disesteem for all forms of excuse or apology.

Some one said once: "It's far more important that a man *make* good than *be* good, and this applies with special force to husbands."

You can safely add that to the husbands of suffragettes it applies clear through, and buttons down the back.

For while the suffrage lady has been reading, she has also been observing. She has a fuller and franker knowledge of the motives that move the world than her grandmother ever let on to have had.

Grandmother had it pounded into her, from the cradle to the finishing-school, that it would be money out of her pocket if she



ever confessed to knowledge of any human mystery deeper than the compounding of custard-pie.

Here, by way of proof, is a quotation from a time-honored volume pertaining to women:

A lady should appear to think well of books, rather than to speak well of them. She may show the engaging light that good taste and sensibility always diffuses over conversation; she may give instances of great and affecting passages because they show the fineness of her imagination or the goodness of her heart; but all criticism beyond this sits awkwardly upon her. She should, by habit, form her mind to the noble and pathetic, and she should have an acquaintance with the fine arts because they enrich and beautify the imagination; but she should carefully keep them out of view in the shape of learning and let them run through the easy vein of unpremeditated thought. For this reason she should seldom use and not always appear to understand the terms of art. The gentleman will occasionally explain them to her.

This gem of purest ray serene is from a work called

"THE AMERICAN BOOK OF BEAUTY, OR FRIENDSHIP'S TOKEN,"

published in Hartford, Conn., in 1851, and given to grandmother by a very attentive young gentleman, who accompanied it with one of those nice little, old-fashioned, lace-edged valentine letters, every word of which breathed his ardent and reverential devotion to grandmama.

Wasn't the editor grand? Can you see grandmama sitting at home alone, carefully cultivating the noble and pathetic, while grandpa hooted around town nights with the boys, finding the noble and pathetic utterly unnecessary in his business? And that little touch—"The gentleman will occasionally explain them to her"—isn't that delicate?

Please visualize the gentleman occasionally explaining some perfectly immaterial proposition and fondly hoping that he is successfully diverting grandmama's mind from some of the basic facts of life?

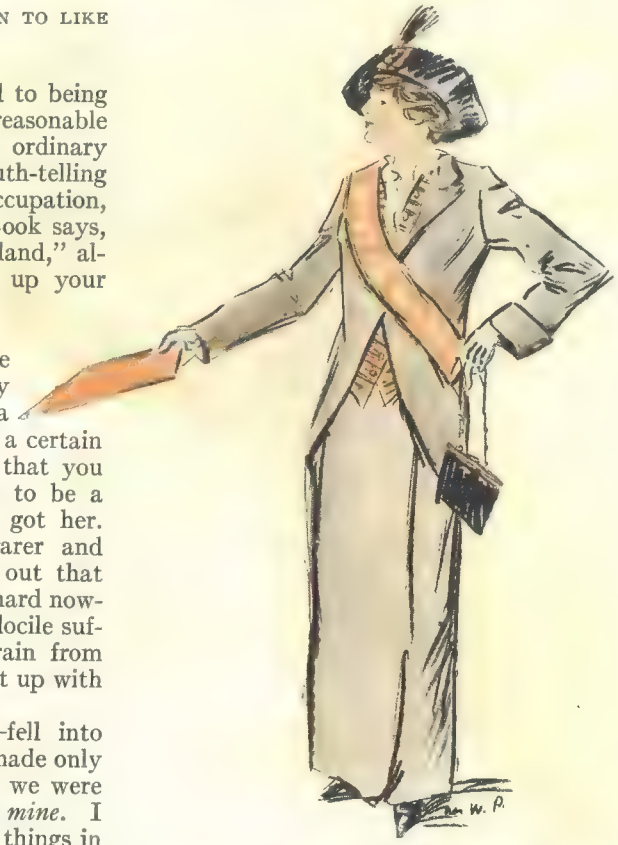
There is still extant an extremely lovely daguerreotype of grandmama, *ætat* twenty-two, at the time of the presentation of the book; and, looking into the beautiful young face, sparkling with intelligence, you are almost tempted to think that possibly grandmama knew a thing or two not set down in the editor's prescription.

At any rate, granddaughter, the suffragette, refuses to fall for "the noble and pathetic." If she has attended one of the big colleges for girls, she is likely to know just as much about art as her gentleman friend. She talks *some* before she is married, and *more* afterward, and she talks very much to the point.

Mr. Husband has got to be prepared to stand the gaff, and if he is indiscreet enough to come weaving in at three G. M, he might just as well talk straight. Those diaphanous X-ray effects in excuses are out of style. His best chance is to look the judge right in the eye and announce that he stayed out because he didn't want to come home; that he thought a little cessation of domesticity would expand his moral nature. He had better trust for protection to the fact that he has at one time rowed a boat or lifted weights—if it comes to actual physical violence; because if he starts to duck he is liable to get something for contempt of court.

So you can put it down as the first

DEALERS' ASSOCIATION DOESN'T HAPPEN TO LIKE MALE SUFFRAGE.



mile-stone to observe on the road to being a suffragette's husband, that a reasonable amount of frankness—just an ordinary quantity of common or garden truth-telling—is a healthful and exhilarating occupation, and will conduce, as the Good Book says, to "make your days long in the land," although it may possibly shorten up your "nights out" a trifle at times.

Getting a suffragette for a wife is no different from obtaining any other kind of a wife. The formula is the same in both cases. There's a certain excitement, though, in the fact that you don't always know she is going to be a suffragette until after you have got her. But that, happily, is getting rarer and rarer. The new crop is finding out that advertising pays, and it is pretty hard nowadays to pick out a discreet and docile suffragette who will absolutely refrain from confiding the fact to you, if you sit up with her long enough.

Personally, we—I and mine—fell into suffrage together and practically made only one splash; but it was long after we were married. You notice that I said *mine*. I meant it. Sharing some common things in common doesn't necessarily prevent the lady from being all yours.

We had been at a nice little dinner-party in a smart suburban town. The dinner was all it should be, with one exception: the star guest refused to perform for the benefit of the company. He was a very clever Irish lawyer, with a name for wit. He came accompanied by a rarely beautiful wife, and her efforts during the evening to have husband jump through the hoop and lie down and roll over and play dead were pathetic. Something had gone wrong business-wise during the day, and melancholia had claimed him for her own. He would do nothing but grunt and grump.

After dinner, when all were comfortable in the smoking-room library, the hostess made a last stab to draw him out. The papers at that moment were full of the first despatches telling of the astounding performances of the English militants, and the hostess said in her sweetest coo:

"Oh, Mr. Blank, do you think women should vote?"

And in a voice that carried more grouch than any previous grunt during the evening, he answered: "Of course I do, course I do; and if they hadn't been such damn fools, they would have been doing it long ago."

On the way to the station the lady who controls my destinies repeated the hostess's question:

"Do you believe women should vote?"

It was an awful question to have put to one in the darkness and mystery of a station hack. It was so sudden that, I am ashamed to confess, I dived in the hope of avoiding it.

I went down like a mud-hen, deep enough, as I trusted, to let an ocean liner go over my head.

When I came up there was the same old question with both barrels trained full on me.

Did I believe that women should vote?

What did I know about it?

Had I ever given it a single second's thought?

NOW AND THEN AT ODD INTERVALS SHE SLIDES UP IN A BASHFUL WAY AND ASKS YOUR HELP IN WORKING OUT AN INVESTMENT.

Were the things I thought were my thoughts and liked to advertise as my ideas anything more than a hazy blend of old cartoons, funny men's paragraphs, and an occasional squint at a set of spit curls on an elderly dame who seemed to be discontented with something?

I held my breath for half a minute and thought so hard that I could almost hear my mental processes.

"Yes," I said, "I do believe they should vote."

"Why?" asked the silent partner.

Well, there was the Revolution—no taxation without representation; and there was the Rebellion—no slavery, political or economic. Big wars, both of them, mighty expensive, definitely deciding the questions involved for all the people of these United States.

Then you get down to the proposition: "Are women *people?*"

I believe they must be, or they wouldn't act the way they do. Besides, it's discouraging to try to argue that women aren't people. After you've done your best, you are likely to wind up by merely proving that you yourself are either a Turk or an Ishmaelite. They are the only two varieties of humans who've ever been able to make it stick. They just say blandly that women haven't any souls, and as they believe it and convince their lady friends that they believe it, the argument bogs down right there.

Then you've got the fact that about fifty per cent. of the population is feminine and that in the minds of the other fifty per cent. they certainly represent at least half of the sweetness, truth, and idealism of the nation.

Of course, there may be an odd Schopenhauer here and there who jumps sidewise and has a fit every time he sees a skirt; but most of us aren't nearly as timid as that.

Somewhere along here it became evident that the lady wasn't going to insist on any more reasons, but was inclined to accept meekly the hereditary intellectual dominance of the male.

Lots of good men who have no intellectual objection to women's voting nurse at heart a timidity whenever they visualize the horrible results. You can see it in

many a polite, genteel citizen's eye the moment suffrage talk starts, as if he were wondering just what his own women folks would act like around the house if they knew they were as good as he was and could prove it legally.

Of course it is a false alarm. The percentage of divorces doesn't rise in suffrage states because of suffrage; and logically there is no more reason why two domestic partners who are comrades, mutually acknowledging a pleasant equality, should separate, than there is for the separation of two people of opposite sex who, condemned to live together, are striving diligently to maintain an inequality.

And isn't it quaint that the states which have given suffrage to their women should be almost uniformly the "gun" states—states where the husky male not infrequently tops off his wardrobe with a cartridge belt and a gun or two? But there is a kind of logic in it, after all, because a man with two guns ought not to be so much afraid of his wife as the man who is afraid of firearms. It is the man whose polite soul cleaves to gentle ways who is most likely to dread the possibility of being surrounded by women whom the law has pronounced his equals. To him the possibilities even of verbal rough-house seem appalling, and his gentle spirit quails.

For some odd reason the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association doesn't happen to like the idea of female suffrage, either. But this is largely, also, a case of false alarm. For in spite of the activities of the W. C. T. U., the average woman is quite prone to look on drinking largely as a masculine accomplishment, and as long as it is pursued in reasonable moderation is fairly content to have it that way; that is, she neither clamors for the booze herself nor is she insistent on wholly separating man from it; and you will find that few of the states with large feminine vote have made any determined wholesale assault on alcohol.

It is only when alcohol is arrogant and dictates politics or insidiously attempts to wreck homes or ruin young lives that the feminine vote comes across and lights on the alcoholic neck; and even then it is likely to be a measure tending to repress rather than to extirpate.

You may think that all of this is irrelevant. You may want more intimate details. But I was asked to tell "how it feels," and that's what I am trying to tell you—how it feels rather than the daily routine and whether the coffee was good this morning (which it certainly was), and whether she wears good-looking hats (which she most assuredly does).

But you have probably read in the English despatches that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so have just been arrested for leading a mob to throw bricks at Mr. Asquith's windows and are going to spend the next two years in jail in separate cells; or you may read in the American press that the

"OH, MR. BLANK," SHE SAID, "DO YOU THINK WOMEN SHOULD VOTE?"

distinguished Mrs. Blank, who lives in New York, is delivering a lecture in New Orleans, and immediately your mind conjures up Mr. Blank as a sad-eyed, lonesome, scared-looking tyke, with debilitated side-whiskers, who alternates being neglected most to death with being hustled around the house till he daren't peep.

From the outside, looking in, it may seem to you as if there isn't any inside to the home; but, honestly, there is.

Personally, I believe that a lady with a well-worn latch-key, who has healthy interests outside her home, is better company than one whose view of life is circumscribed by the four walls that the landlord refused to paper last spring. And that pretty clothes as an incidental habit are cheerier to live with than swell raiment as an engrossing topic of conversation and a financial holocaust at the end of the month.

My own pet boss doesn't know how to play bridge. When a friend urges her to learn, she always says she hasn't time. Mind you, she has time to study the economics of Australia and the politics of China; she understands the workings of the Gutenberg liquor law, and she has gone pretty thoroughly into street-cleaning problems with one of the engineers of the department. She also has time to go on long, lazy fishing trips with me, when we rustle our own grub and forget what day of the week it is. And she drives a car a lot better than the lad who draws pay for the job. But she hasn't time for bridge.

You'll say that she is either a remarkable woman or else she has me hypnotized.

All right, say it; get it off your chest.

But you are this far wrong:

She is only remarkable in this, that she didn't stop with the "finishing-school," as so many of them do: she went right on trying to learn things that were worth while, trying to get better acquainted with life, trying to economize the efforts spent in drudgery and utilize the time saved for better things, trying to stop waste in order to enjoy plenty.

I remember when her books were comparatively simple. Now I don't know where her reading is going to take her next. But I don't care. Like the bee, she brings back sweetness from every field. Solomon was eminently correct when he said—speaking of her type of lady—"her price is above rubies."

You can bet Solomon had a right to know. He perished in a gallant attempt to live with a thousand of the other kind simultaneously, and he surely had opportunities to garner experience that you and I are bound to pray will be forever denied us.

About the hypnosis—oh, well, I guess I'll plead guilty.

But the fact that your wife is striving

BEFORE SHE DARES APPROACH THE DISTRESSING FACT THAT THE GROCER'S BILL WAS FIERCER THAN USUAL THIS MONTH.

PLEASE VISUALIZE THE GENTLEMAN "OCCASIONALLY EXPLAINING" TO GRANDMAMA.

every day to become better read and more intelligently able to discuss any human subject in no wise detracts from her charm as a companion. The fact that she asks for her place in the world as a human being usually indicates a consciousness of ability on her part. And, having declared this consciousness to others, if she is any kind of a woman at all she is in honor bound to try to make good on the ability in her own home.

I will confess right here—and it may be a shock to some of you—that I do not wash the dishes in our home; nor does my wife, for that matter. I believe that something over 11,863 of you requested me to go home and wash them on the occasion of that first parade. But I never cared greatly for dish-washing, and I doubt whether my wife would let me wash them if I did. She values the dishes too highly: they are safer in the hands of a well-trained maid.

I'll make one exception. When we go camping I do it, just as I usually do the long end of the cooking; but that's because I can do things out of doors better than she can, and she knows it. In the same way, I sew on the most important buttons myself —not that she isn't a very dainty seamstress on frail and feminine fabrics; but I learned to sew on buttons on a coal-schooner, and any job of seamstressing that calls for sail twine and a three-cornered needle and a brass palm I arrogate to myself.

We share our family finances: she has her own income, bank accounts, and investments, quite independent of me. All you've got to do is to translate that into masculine terms to find out how it works. Which friend do you enjoy more — the one who is constantly coming to you begging for small sums of money and exhibiting unexpected bills, or the one who seldom discusses money matters with you, and yet who likes you well enough to go flat broke for you if the occasion arises? Lots of men and most women don't like to ask for money; but lots of men who regard themselves as good spenders, and who fancy themselves as enjoying the special beneficence of that Higher Power who is credited with loving a cheerful giver, keep their wives on what amounts to a domestic bread-line, and remain blandly unconscious of the fact.

"Economic independence" is one of the watchwords of women nowadays. The lady who has to propitiate you with an extra-good dinner and spend an hour or two currying your fur the right way before she dares approach the distressing fact that the grocer's bill was fiercer than usual this month, hasn't got it. The lady who ALWAYS gives you an extra-good dinner, who

only mentions her private finances as an occasion for mirth, and who now and then at odd intervals slides up in a bashful way and asks your help in working out an investment, *is* economically independent. She has a better time and she advertises it as such. I don't know whether it costs any more money (this is for the benefit of the hard-headed business man); but if it does, it is surely worth it.

Do you see how her declaration of principle commits her to a definite line of action in the household? She has got to keep house better than any of her women friends who are not suffragettes. She knows that they would guy her if she didn't. She has got to have better-trained help, because she has formally announced that she has executive ability. She has got to be more reasonable with them than any other woman would be, because one of the planks in her platform is that "woman is a reasoning being." She has even got to be more reasonable with *me*—she knows *I'd* guy her if she didn't.

The fact that she goes out of an occasional evening and makes a simple, logical little talk to a collection of hard-headed, and often hard-handed, men does not break up our home life. I sometimes go out of an evening myself, and I don't always have as much to show for it on my return as she does; nor am I always prepared to talk as interestingly as to where I have been and with whom I have conversed.

There is this, however, about living in the house with a woman who takes a kind, warm, vital interest in everything that is going on in the world—and you can, if you like, count it as one of the hardships of being a suffragette's husband: you have at times to force yourself to seem more intelligent than you really feel like being. There are times when the promptings of the baser nature would lead you to camp down on the sofa immediately after dinner and snore, when you've got to subdue that inclination and sit up and look bright-eyed and be just as near a nice fellow as lies within your power.

Otherwise, a certain look will come into her eye which you can't afford to have there. It is a hardship at times, I will freely acknowledge, but it doesn't leave any permanent bad results, and sometimes you are honestly surprised at how well you do behave.

There is a streak of vanity or something like it in most of us male persons that makes us piteously grateful for a kind word now and then. We are more sensitive than we are given credit for being. We all want a word of appreciation occasionally.

And when it gradually comes over you that your particular lady, in the course of her pursuit of proving that she is a reasonable being, is giving out more kind words than the average, it is calculated to put you in a frame of mind where you don't care a darn whom she wants for President as long as she continues to vote for you as a husband.

I suppose those English Militants stick in your crop more or less.

But they are running pretty true to form—only their petticoats get in their way now and then. They are not so much rougher than the last people who won the vote in England. You know the men of Bristol broke miles of windows, burned most of the public buildings in town, killed and got killed. That was eighty years ago, and all any one remembers of them now is that—

They got the vote.

And Mrs. Pankhurst:

She's a bit trying at times, isn't she? But, after all, she probably hasn't been in jail any oftener than Saint Peter, and possibly no more than John Bunyan.

I once had the pleasure of sitting at dinner in her company. A mild little gentlewoman, sad with the sadness of too much experience with the hard ways of injustice, clever though, and with a most fascinating care-worn little smile flashing at intervals through her talk. Able and willing to chat gracefully and intelligently on any topic. And yet through it all ran an undercurrent that made you feel somehow that here might be one of the great women of history, brooding over her life-work. As God sends, she sees it—mothering a race.

And it's a naughty bad lot of little boys she's trying to bring up.

Asquith has told the women things that if he were forty years younger would get him spanked.

And the politicians *are* tricky. And not always truthful. For sixty long years they've been saying with fat, comfortable, delusive smiles: "Yes, yes, daughter, right away now. Next week. Next month. Next year."

Time after time the women of England have piled up majorities that would have carried any other question through with a yell, each time to see them fade into the maze of politics. And Mrs. Pankhurst stands there sadly aloof from all the joy and comradeship, everything that makes life worth living, and says:

"Make good on your promises. Stop these lies! Or I will make your life intolerable to you from the ridicule and humiliation heaped on your heads. I can't fight you with muscle. But I will fight with my wits.

"I will spoil every sport and pastime you enjoy.

"I will keep this one subject—justice to women—always and eternally before you until you tell us the truth.

"I will stop at nothing but harm to human life. In all the turmoil and rioting *we* shall be the only sufferers."

Is it any wonder that the man who runs England fears her, that thousands follow where she leads, that they subscribe seventy-five thousand dollars in a single afternoon?

Of course I'm glad my wife hasn't got her job.

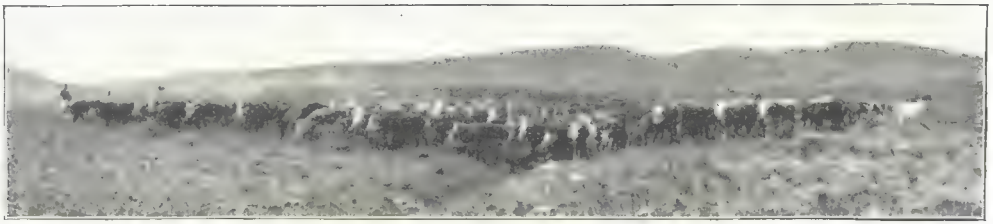
But then I'm glad my wife hasn't got Moll Pitcher's job, either—she of Revolutionary fame. Mrs. Pitcher's work was rough—and besides, *Mister* Pitcher is dead.

A great many people fear that giving a woman her honest equal rights in the world's work is bound to make her act mannish, even if she doesn't go to the length of militancy. My experience is that so far as it has been tried out it merely makes her act a little more like a gentleman.

Of course there will be occasions when a frank difference of opinion between equal partners will get animated. It may be conducted on both sides with what you might call "verve" and "vivacity," although at that it probably will not actually make more noise than when on similar occasions Mr. Domestic Tyrant issues a ukase to Mrs. Domestic Dove, or, God defend us, on those other and worse occasions when Mrs. Henry Peck hands out the final word to Henry.

But, after all, it's only part of the rugged game of life and likely to be a mighty interesting part at that, as any one who has ever chummed with a wise lady will readily admit; and it isn't as black as your fancy would paint it, because, as hinted before, if you have ever lifted weights or pulled an oar, there is always back of any domestic disagreement the serene inner consciousness that if worse comes to worst, you can wind it up suddenly, take a handful of papers, and go down and explain to the judge just why the officer has charged you with wife-beating.

Of course, if your early training hasn't fitted you for an active life, and you know that, if it comes down to brass tacks, the lady can lick you, you are up against it. All you can do, my brother, is to pray—pray fervently—that suffrage may never come; but with all due regard to Napoleon's remark about God being on the side that has the heaviest artillery, I'm afraid you lose.



The TRUE AMERICAN HERDSMAN

by HASTINGS MacADAM

MEAT is not only dear but, relatively speaking, scarce. According to the latest Government figures there were 36,030,000 beef cattle in the United States January 1, *1913*, whereas January 1, *1907*, there were 51,566,000.

A meat shortage is a fact and presents a problem which must be treated, like all other problems, at the root. In this case that means the source of supply. Several constructive plans of solution have been proposed; some are in their tentative beginnings; one—and here's our little story—is in full and promising operation.

The idea is simply this: That the American Indian, native of the Out-of-Doors, almost the sole remaining owner of huge tracts upon which large flocks may be grazed, should again become, as he was at first, the great American Herdsman.

And why not!

It is President Wilson's opinion that the men who have studied and mastered scientific agriculture are the ones who will conserve the future of an America that is certain to double in population. The President has called several such men to Government positions. And prominent among them is the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Cato Sells—lawyer, banker, agriculturalist, and scientific stock-man.

Mr. Sells has had a wide experience in his field. While living in Iowa he served many years as a trustee of the Iowa Agricultural College; and since moving to Texas six years ago he has been put on nearly all the agricultural boards of that state.

On the second day after the new Commissioner took office, last April, he ordered a complete invoice made of every horse, mare, and stallion, every steer, heifer, and bull, every sheep and goat, and all the mules and burros on the Indian reservations.

To prepare an invoice dealing with the principal property of 300,000 Indians living on 30,000,000 acres of widely scattered lands was indeed an enormous task. The results, compressed to totals, for all reservations, are contained in the following startling table.

Note the well-nigh unbelievable contrast between the average value of the Indian animal and of the farm, or bred-up, animal:

Animals on reservation.	Number.	Present average value.*	Average of "farm stock" at present market prices.†
Horses	689,847	$22.50	$130.00
Cattle	228,214	24.95	55.00
Sheep	1,451,309	1.87	4.00
Goats	319,521	1.25	3.00
Mules	7,325	40.00	140.00
Burros	20,161	5.00	10.00

The figures on the average value of the Indian animals are to some extent misleading. In isolated cases, breeding-up has been begun, with the result that certain Indian stock now brings high prices. But an examination of the figures shows that thousands of acres of prime Indian lands serve merely to graze thousands of unsalable native ponies, scrub cattle, goats, and burros.

*Extreme winter or late spring storms would reduce these averages.

†Quotations supplied by C. L. Davis, stock expert of the Indian Bureau at Washington.

The economic crime may be easily illustrated: It costs as much to feed a worthless animal as it does a good one; the Indian pony, highly interesting in Indian "literature," is nothing less than a public charge. Yet this same pony, crossed with a Percheron, makes a good animal. So, too, does a scrub heifer crossed with a Hereford bull.

The Commissioner found that the male animal in the Indian herds has been almost universally low-grade. In many cases he discovered that the male stock has been quite insufficient in number for the size of the herd. The majority of the herds needed almost a complete regeneration both of the "he-stuff" and the "she-stuff." Mr. Sells was convinced that if the present native male breeding stock could be replaced with approved breeds, the same number of livestock would be worth, within five years, at least double their present value.

Of course each reservation presents a separate problem. Broadly speaking, however, the invoice justified two conclusions:

First, that the very best grazing lands in America, where used by Indians at all, are devoted in large part to "scrubs" that give little or no profit.

Second, that the lands, when not used by the Indians, have either not been used at all or have been overused at ridiculously low rentals by white lessees. Abuse of grazing land by overuse is no less an economic crime than its misuse by worthless stock.

REBUILDING THE HERDS

By way of beginning an improvement, Commissioner Sells issued the following orders:

Prohibiting the sale of any heifers whatever.

Requiring elimination of all the old or low-bred bulls, rams, and stallions, the bulls to be fattened and sold.

Providing that all subsequent leases to white cattlemen be made for short time and revocable, with a view to placing Indian herds under Government supervision on the lands as soon as possible.

The essential feature of the program, after the above orders were issued, was the purchase of the new animals.

Congressional action was not necessary: if the Indian Commissioner had the confidence to use the money, the funds were available. For many of the Indian tribes have large tribal savings which are under the control of the Indian Commissioner. And those lacking cash have lands and timber that are first-rate security for loans.

His experience as a banker had convinced Commissioner Sells of the absolute soundness of high-grade livestock as an investment security; he assumed the responsibility and, during the last six months, has bought right and left for the Indians.

This scheme of constructive reorganization promises not only double returns to the Indian, but a double contribution by the Indian to the nation's food supply. And "*these Indian grazing lands, together with the agricultural lands in Indian ownership,*" Commissioner Sells declares, "*will safely carry several times the number of livestock now on them.*"

GOOD *LIVE* INDIANS

With practical instruction and a few good object lessons, Indians soon become quite proficient as stock-men, particularly with horses and sheep. In the cattle industry the Indians become expert riders and ropers, but require white foremen. They take great pride in their equestrian feats, and in all prominent contests of the United States and Canada Indian horsemen are found competing, on equal footing, with white men.

Where undisturbed by other stockmen, Indians train their range herds to a control which white men can not duplicate. They will hold large numbers on a given range, see that they get water, shift them as conditions may require—and this without the herds showing restlessness or tending to scatter.

As shepherds, the Indian families of the Navajo country care for their herds with fidelity almost unknown elsewhere. During the lambing season the whole family stays with the flocks, and the lambing percentage is unusually high, regardless of the weather conditions.

"It is not only possible," says Indian Commissioner Sells, "but entirely probable that the Indians will become the foremost herdsmen of America. The situation presents a business and industrial opportunity, the successful working out of which will go a long way toward solving the meat problem."

IN A LITERARY SENSE HELEN DIDN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN. BUT AS A HUMAN BEING SHE WAS A SHEER JOY.

MAJOR BRONQUARD *of the Army*

by

LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "THE MOTORMANIACS," "THE ADVENTURER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I DON'T suppose there is any little coterie anywhere that hasn't a pivot—and our pivot down on East Eleventh Street is Nelly Winder.

It is rather remarkable, when one thinks of it, that social pivots are not always the nicest looking nor the cleverest nor the best-off; they simply have the pivot-faculty, and collect people around them as suns do stars—only, of course, with much more discrimination. Nelly is well along in the thirties; her sensitive, pale face shows the wear and tear of a not too successful life; except for masses of reddish hair, and a voice whose cadences are apt to linger afterward in the memory, her beauty is all within. She is a slight little person, with a bubbling laugh, tender, charming ways, and a preference for bright silk stockings and men.

Nelly is an animal-painter by profession, and no matter at what cost of money or time she always has an annual canvas in the Academy. I often wonder whether people would not be more tempted to buy them if she stayed nearer home in her choice of subjects. But Nelly, when she becomes Eleanor Whitworth Winder and goes officially, so to speak, before the public, always chooses some fearfully remote animal for her ambitious work: "Giraffes at Play," or "Coiled Cobras," or "Cow Hippopotamus Defending Her Young," and that kind of thing.

Perhaps this is in revulsion from the daily grind of painting pet dogs and cats, which is really what she lives on. People who won't look at a hippopotamus, or pass "Giraffes at Play," or cobras, coiled or otherwise, with the utmost indifference, bring her all manner of dogs and cats (not to speak of Shetland ponies, goats, tortoises, parrots, white mice, and marmosets) to be painted, at prices from twenty-five dollars up.

But don't get the impression that Nelly rolls in luxury; it takes a lot of dogs and cats to pay for a nine-hundred-dollar studio; often there are hard times in that gaunt old room, with no animals about save a certain "Wolf" that nobody wishes to paint, either "At Play" or "On the Doorstep," or in any other way—and then Nelly's sweet, pale face grows paler, and she has to give up her sixty-cent dinners at Tony's and the jolly round table where we all gather together after the day's work is done.

Oh, but here I am running on about Nelly when I ought to be telling you about Helen Dacie, who, after all, is the real heroine of the story and ought to come first.

When I first knew Helen some four or five

years ago, she was one of the handsomest young women you could imagine: a tall, willowy, splendid creature who descended in our midst like a breath of her own Rocky Mountain air, and seemed to put us to shame with her exuberant vitality and pink-and-white freshness.

Why she wanted to come to New York to live in a hall bedroom and write silly little stories for the magazines is a mystery to me yet. It certainly could not have been for any lack of chances in Utah—chances of getting married, I mean; you could have put Helen Dacie in a desert and been quite sure that the next day the horizon would be dark with arriving young men. Nor was the incentive due to any talent, for the lovely, big darling was as innocent of it as a babe unborn, and in a literary sense didn't know enough to come in out of the rain. But as a human being she was a sheer joy, with a craving for affection and friends, a warmth, humor, and responsiveness that made her irresistible.

I dare say it was lucky for all of us that she so soon met her fate in Robert Erth and put us in the second place where we could like her all we wanted to without worrying. It was almost love at first sight between the two; and as she played fair and gave him her whole undivided heart, our own were soon pit-a-patting along again quite normally.

It was strange she should have pitched on Rob, for he was rather a quiet, serious fellow, and not at all of the type one would have expected to attract her. Perhaps it was his pleasant manners, or his somewhat tall and austere distinction, or his unmistakable air of moving in good society. Rob was the sole one of us who possessed a swallowtail and "went out." As a young architect, just back from the Beaux Arts, he was keenly alive to the need of pushing his way socially; as he often said, and always with a little bitterness, it was not what you knew, but whom you knew that counted in his business.

At that time he was making twenty dollars a week as a draftsman in an architect's office, though to look at him you would have thought it was double that at least. Rob put a wonderful lot of thought into his expenditures, bought everything at bargain sales and out of season, and knew how to clean his own gloves and ties with gasoline, as well as numberless other little makeshifts and economies he had learned in Paris. He had certainly taken it to heart that a good appearance is invaluable to a rising young man.

Of course, it had to be an indefinite engagement. Helen earned barely enough to keep her, and Rob, as I have said, had nothing but that twenty a week to bless himself with. But they were both young, both deeply in love, and on Rob's side, at least, there was talent and determination. We took it for granted, in the easy way people do—about other people's engagements—that it would soon come right, and never thought of criticizing Rob for tying up the best years of Helen's life. On the contrary, we felt very kindly and sentimental toward them both, and liked them all the better for their courage.

It was Rob, always thrifty and resourceful, who engineered the plan of Helen's living with Nelly Winder. Not only did he not like Helen's boarding-house, nor the commonness of the people she was forced to come in contact with there, but their evenings together in the common sitting-room were much too public for Rob's taste. Will Hampden, who was the only one of us who disliked Rob, and who, like all cartoonists, had a jeering streak in him, said it was to save Rob spending any money on her in taking her out, and that he wanted to do his spooning on the cheap. But nobody ever paid any attention to Will's carping comments, and to the rest of us it seemed a very good idea.

Nelly certainly welcomed it, and installed Helen—cot, typewriter, desk, and little mission bookcase—on an overhanging balcony in the studio, which had previously been littered up with old canvases and trunks. Here, like another Blessed Damozel, Helen looked down from the bar of Heaven, or busied herself in clacking out "filler" for a syndicate.

It was piffling stuff, this "filler"—"Rocking-Chair Talks," "Over the Knitting Needles," and that sort of thing; but the syndicate liked it six dollars a column worth and radiated weekly duplicates of it all over our happy land. When it was any good at all it was lifted bodily from our after-dinner talks at Tony's; when it wasn't it was original. Nature had created Helen to be the mother of heroes—not to strain her back and dim her eyes over a typewriter. I think she was getting pretty sick of it

THE MAJOR TOLD BROKENLY HOW HE AND SPOT HAD BEEN THROUGH THREE CAMPAIGNS TOGETHER—COMRADES FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

herself; realized the futility of her girlish ambitions; looked forward with womanly longing to a cozy little home with Rob.

A year passed—another year—and still they seemed no nearer getting married. Helen went on an evening paper for a while, made good money while she was at it, and then broke down quite miserably and had to creep back to the balcony—and "filler." The yellow press eats young women alive and then spits out the bones; it takes men, and tough men, to stand the grueling, and even they don't last any too well. Helen returned, the ghost of her blooming young self, and was never really well again—got spells of dyspepsia, lost much of her exquisite coloring; worst of all, had to wear huge, round spectacles to read with. That was what the city had done for this young goddess of the woods.

Meanwhile Rob did not seem to be advancing appreciably nearer to a hearth and home. He still dressed immaculately, still "went out," still spent two evenings a week in the studio, with the lights turned low and Nelly discreetly busy elsewhere. A perpetual engagement seemed to suit him very comfortably, though perhaps it was unfair to criticize him, considering how little he let us know of his circumstances. He was working now with the Whalley Construction Company, and he smoked twenty-five-cents cigars regularly.

Another year passed and still there was no sign of the engagement ending as it should. Rob joined a fashionable club on Forty-fourth Street, and occasionally took Helen to the theatre in a taxi instead of strap-hanging for ten cents. He had grown even sprucer and better groomed, and looked very prosperous indeed in his big fur coat. Helen confided to Nelly that she was almost ashamed to be seen out with him—the contrast made her feel so shabby and uncomfortable; and it was hard on Rob, she said. But there were some of us who thought it a sight harder on Helen. Some pretty hot things were said about it at Tony's, and none hotter than the Major's.

It was odd how Major Bronquard came to be one of us—a story in itself. He dropped out of the blue one day with an injured fox terrier in his arms, begging Nelly to paint it before it died. The poor little beast was so far gone that the Major had to hold its head up, weeping copiously as he did so; and of course, Nelly, painting away at her easel for dear life, had to weep too; and the Blessed Damozel, disturbed at her "filler" by all this noise and snuffling, had to lean over her railing and add more tears to the general flood.

The Major told brokenly how he and Spot had been through three campaigns together—in Cuba, the Philippines, and China, and how the little dog had licked the blood from his face as he had lain wounded at Tien-Tsin throughout a dreadful night. They had been comrades for sixteen years; "had gone through hell together, and seen men die all around them;" once when the Major had been nearly knifed by a Moro, Spot "had flown at the fellow like a little lion."

It was a very affecting business, and the two women warmed to the Major, and all the more as he seemed so abjectly poor. He could not pay the whole twenty-five dollars for the picture, and asked permission to settle the debt by five-dollar monthly instalments, promising in the meanwhile to leave the precious "portrait" as security. Nelly would willingly have let him off altogether and made him a present of it, but the Major chose to regard this offer as almost an affront, and peace was not restored until he was allowed to count out the first five dollars from his frayed old pocketbook.

Poor Spot died the next day in the studio, and his little body was taken away, wrapped in newspaper; but the Major, sympathetically invited back to dinner at Tony's, made such an agreeable impression on us that he was pressed to join us regularly, which ever afterward he did.

He was a vigorous, erect, fine-looking man of forty or so, with stubbly, grayish hair, a bristling mustache, and a manner curiously deprecatory and out of keeping with his soldierly appearance. We found out afterward, as the Major gradually revealed a most winning and kindly nature, that this was due to the immense respect he had for all of us. Our names were printed in papers, magazines, and exhibition catalogues; Hy Davies's new book was billed in the subway; every garbage can, from the Battery to the Bronx, announced Wesley James Post as the author of that "dramatic knockout," "For Better or Worse." We were all geniuses to the Major.

That we should stoop in the heydey of our dazzling careers to befriend a retired veteran and welcome him in our midst,

apparently evoked in the Major a most painful sense of his own mental inferiority. Years of poverty, no doubt, had contributed to lessen his own good opinion of himself; poverty cheapens a man in his own eyes; and the Major was pitiably poor—so poor that he could not dine at Tony's, but only dropped in afterward for black coffee.

Hal Vetter, who was in the New York Seventh and tremendously military, said he simply couldn't understand it; that the Major, if his own account of himself were true, ought to be most comfortably off with his retired pay. Hal's only explanation was that he must have got into trouble and been cashiered.

"That could explain why he hasn't any friends," said Hal. "That might well be the reason why he hangs out at a fifth-class boarding-house, and looks after the furnace and washes the windows as part of his keep" —which, as we knew, was what the Major did.

But we went on liking the Major just the same, respecting his reticence and associating him with some mysterious disgrace; we were not very censorious people at any time, and our only real abomination was the commonplace. Here was a man who had been through a thousand extraordinary experiences, and as writers and illustrators we took him unquestioningly to our bosom. His tales of battles were wonderfully vivid and illuminating; he had an eye for the picturesque, for the salient, vital, and humorous; many a time he held us spellbound, listening to him. Whenever we murdered anybody in a story we read it to the Major for his expert criticism; no crime was complete, so to speak, without his cooperation.

One evening as we were in Nelly's studio, celebrating the sale of her "Tapir Trumpeting in Morass" to the Nephonsic Museum of Natural History—a most unheard-of piece of good fortune—the Major, reaching hurriedly for his handkerchief to forestall a sneeze, jerked out a big, fat roll of yellow-backs! There was a cry at the sight of it, for it was half an inch thick, and Helen, who had snatched it up from the floor, cried out: "The Major's struck it rich! The Major's struck it rich!" And then, tearing off the rubber band, she showered the table with twenty-dollar bills.

For a moment there was a hubbub of excitement, of slapping the still-sneezing Major on the back, of congratulations, noisy and fast. But the Major, instead of looking pleased, turned as red as a beet, and sat there wiping his nose with an air of extreme humiliation.

"It doesn't belong to me," he said at last, as he was being invited to give us a dinner somewhere, with champagne and lobster à la Newburg. "Or rather I owe it all to the Metropolitan City Bank." Then, as we all stared at him in wonder, he added, still as if he wished the floor might open and swallow him up: "If you want me to I'll tell you all about it."

I'm afraid we were all too consumingly curious to have much consideration for him; at least we took him at his rather faltering word, and pressed about him with an eager consciousness that we were going to hear something intensely dramatic. As writers we simply had to hear that story or—burst.

"My brother Tom held a fine position in the Metropolitan City Bank here," began the Major. "His mind became unhinged and he did a very terrible thing—shot himself; and then it came out there was a shortage in his accounts. Of course, he had never meant to take the money; there never yet was a Bronquard who was a thief; Tom was the soul of honor—a high-bred American gentleman through and through—and it wasn't his fault that something went wrong in his brain. Why, even the coroner's jury appreciated that; brought in a verdict of temporary insanity—cleared his reputation of the least stain. But it was a lot of money—twenty-eight thousand odd dollars —and I said I would take it on my own shoulders to repay it. Of course, it meant giving up the army—an officer has to keep up appearances. Everybody tried to dissuade me from leaving; talked of quick promotion ahead and all that—a ruined career; I received a warm, personal letter from Major General Henry J. Forrest himself, urging me to remain. But I got out; it was a debt of honor, you know, and had to be paid; no Bronquard could let his brother be called a thief—let him lie in a d-d-dishonored grave."

The Major stopped and began to gather the notes together with a trembling hand; he seemed afraid to meet our eyes and kept his own fixed on the table; I think he had no perception of how much we were moved, and was mortified that his voice should have quavered and broken. To us, at that moment, his frayed cuffs, his threadbare

coat, his bent and grizzled head took on a touching nobility, and perhaps we were nearer tears than he.

Nelly's eyes were wet with them as she told him to go on. "We want to know all about it," she said with tender insistence. "Don't stop here when we are all terribly worked up and excited, and oh, so sorry for our dear Major."

"There is nothing to be sorry about," returned the Major with a suspicious gruffness. "A bit of hard sledding—that's all. Luckily I wasn't married, and it was lucky for me, too, that I had a little property I could turn into cash. I determined to come here where nobody knew me, and where I could scrimp and save without attracting attention—live as cheaply as possible and turn over nearly the whole of my retired pay to the bank. I've cut down the debt to nine thousand dollars now, and I've only to keep on going the way I have to be out of the woods in a few more years."

Looking back on it, I can almost see two different and entirely distinct Majors—the one before we knew his story, and the one after. Before we knew it, we saw him as rather a humble creature, with a dubious past, and a slightly exaggerated courtliness that, in contrast to his appearance, often made us smile. I'm afraid that we even made him the object of many of our jokes and treated him with a somewhat contemptuous affection. But afterward we raised him to the highest pinnacle in our esteem, and he became in our eyes what he really was—a man of heroic constancy. He felt the change and mellowed with it. Before, if any stranger joined us at table, the Major might get introduced or not—just as it happened. But now he was invariably presented as "Major Bronquard of the army," and the words were said with an impressiveness that commanded the newcomer's attention.

You must not think—while I have been running on about the Major, and covering almost another year of our intimacy with him—that Rob Erth's engagement to Helen Dacie had done anything but mark time. Rob continued to monopolize Helen's society, brought her an occasional box of candy or a bunch of violets, and there the matter seemed to rest indefinitely as far as he was concerned. Will Hampden observed cynically that it was the most perfect case of platonic friendship he had ever seen; little Davies called Rob a vampire, and said he had invented a new way of killing women; even Nelly's long-tried loyalty began to waver.

Helen herself was pining visibly; had grown thin and worn; had that drooping look one associates with disappointed women. When a single word on her part would have brought the thing to a head, the one way or the other, you might have thought she would have said it—that she would have confronted Rob with the frank alternative of take me or leave me. But Nelly said that was our crude masculine way of regarding the matter; no nice girl could possibly take such an attitude; besides, Rob was not nearly as well off as he looked and wouldn't be in a position to marry "for a long while yet."

When we demanded to know exactly what he *did* earn, Nelly had to confess her complete ignorance, and as Rob's champion got rather a set-back. "I am simply trying to be hopeful about it," she said, sighing. "But of course, it's a miserable business and is breaking Helen's heart."

One evening there was a party of us gathered to celebrate Edwin Haley's return from Chicago. As our rising poet, Edwin had been called there for a week to receive the homage of the West and be lionized within an inch of his life. It was an inspiring and triumphant story—limousines at his disposal day and night, gorgeous dinners with liveried footmen, poems read from daises amid scenes of unparalleled splendor and enthusiasm, would-be hostesses fighting to secure him, and beautiful young things in droves mobbing him for autographs. It was a poet's dream come true.

Edwin kept us in roars of laughter at the recital of it all. It was a hilarious dinner, and the only thing that marred it in any way was that Rob and Helen should leave it in the middle, to keep a theatre engagement somewhere. I thought Edwin looked at them a little oddly as they both rose, but I was unprepared for the change that came over him as soon as they had disappeared through the revolving doors. His face turned as black as a thunder-cloud and, leaning forward as if to take us all into some mysterious confidence, he told us he was "mad all the way through."

I SHALL NEVER FORGET HIS EXPRESSION AS HE SAT THERE TURNING THE MATCH-HEAD OVER IN HIS HAND. "GAD! I WOULD RATHER STAND UP AND BE SHOT!"

"I would like to take that fellow Rob and choke him," said the Lion of Chicago, gritting his teeth. "It was all I could do to sit here and be decent, knowing what a damned hound he is."

Naturally—and breathlessly—we wanted to know what he meant.

The Poet gritted some more; Edwin's expression when he is not pleased is very wonderful; just then he looked as if he were trying to swallow a door-knob.

"You know how coincidences happen," he went on at last. "You know how we daren't do things in fiction that rise up and hit us in real life. Well, I happened to make friends in Chicago with a man who had tried to engage Rob eight months ago, and who had offered him—what do you think? Three thousand dollars a year and a contract! And what did Mr. Rob do but hold the offer open till he had jacked up his people here to give him the same. I saw the letter he wrote about it, so it is no guess or anything, but a FACT. *Bob Erth has been making two hundred and fifty dollars a month for practically the last eight months.* And after nearly a four years' engagement he keeps silent about this raise—doesn't let Helen nor anybody know that he has got it; and he has been doing that for eight months, mind you—EIGHT MONTHS! For unmitigated, cold-blooded selfishness, I've never heard the match of it. As long as he can spoon on a sofa and avoid the least responsibility, he is willing to let this engagement go on forever. The next chance I get I am going to tell Rob straight out what I think of him."

"No, don't do that, Edwin," said Nelly, gravely. "It's an awfully serious thing to come between people."

"Keep out of it, Eddie," said Will Hampden. "Nelly is right, and you know she is."

"Then, do you mean we are to fold our hands and do nothing?" roared the Poet. "Sit here and watch her fade off the earth? See her robbed of the most precious things in life—youth, health, hope, everything—and just twiddle our thumbs? Helen can't do anything. She is the victim of her own delicacy and forbearance; she doesn't know how to *make* a man marry her, and wouldn't if she could."

"That is true," said Nelly. "She is far too proud to hint and scheme, and put Rob in a position where he couldn't evade the issue. The trouble about Helen is that she is a lady and Rob's a cad."

"Well," said the Poet, "the question is—what are we going to do?"

"Tell her about Rob's two hundred and fifty a month," volunteered Hal Vetter.

"It will half kill her if you do," protested Nelly. "She is miserable enough already without being wholly disillusioned."

"But Rob couldn't very well help marrying her then," said Will Hampden. "It would be calling his bluff with a vengeance."

"Helen isn't the kind of girl who calls bluffs," returned Nelly, with a touch of disdain at the phrase. "She would be so hurt and crushed and disillusioned that she mightn't marry him at all."

"No high-spirited woman would," put in the Major. "She would feel cheated and degraded and give this stuffed clothes-horse the mitten."

"And a darned good thing, too," ejaculated Hal Vetter.

"Except for her breaking her heart afterward," exclaimed Nelly.

There ensued a lull in the conversation while every one, in silence, seemed to be grappling with the insoluble problem.

"The most irritating part of it," said the Poet, leaning back reflectively and breaking the lengthening pause—"the most irritating part of it is, that none of us gave Rob any competition at the beginning. We just allowed him to walk off with her, and so he never realized what a prize he was getting—just wafted her away while we acquiesced meekly like a lot of ninnies. If only he had had a husky rival like Will Hampden or Hal Vetter, with their big feet treading close on his heels, he would probably have married her inside a year."

"That's the whole affair in a nutshell," agreed Nelly. "He didn't value her because he got her too easily—and kept her too easily. If she had flirted or carried on, ah! what a different Rob it would have been! That 'keeping him guessing' may be a dreadful commonplace, but it has hurried on lots of marriages. But Helen is one of those idealizing, good-as-gold girls that put a man on a soap box, nicely cretonned, and then kneel down and worship him ever afterward."

"Of course, that is the reason why she has been so little run after," said Will Hampden. "There isn't any girl so little worth talking to or trying to make an

impression on as one of those soap-box worshipers. It isn't alone that she is engaged; it is something far more subtle than that—and the moment you detect it, off you sheer, no matter if she is a raving beauty."

"Which all goes to show how stupid we have been," said the Poet. "What a corking thing it would be for one of us to throw himself into the breach and give Helen the rush of her life; go at it lickety-split; jounce Rob off his soap box and get him into the ring, fighting for his life."

There was a wild outburst of approval at the suggestion. Even the waiters turned round.

"We'll do it!" exclaimed the Poet, tremendously carried away. "We'll bring Rob to book within a week—have him on his knees, pleading, begging, imploring Helen to marry him. Nelly, take out five of those matches, and we'll all draw lots."

At this there was a sudden subsidence of enthusiasm; whole minutes of protest and entreaty—a dragooning, headstrong poet on one side, and four cowering, demurring resisters on the other. But Edwin roared down all opposition; managed to be both pained and brow-beating at the same moment; unloosed on us like a pirate captain quelling a mutiny. We didn't want to draw lots; we didn't want to pledge our respective words in advance that we would "play fair;" shudders ran up and down our spines—yet we all ended under Edwin's thumb.

The drawer of the shortest match was to be "it;" and Nelly, with malign humor (as it turned out afterward) had cut them all down to snippets, so that there was a mighty clatter when the Poet—nobly drawing first—pulled out what we thought was the fatal one. I must say he took his supposed fate like a little man, and never quailed or tried to back out as we laughed and laughed at seeing the tables so quickly turned.

We were so convinced this was the case that I had not the slightest fear as I gazed along Nelly's thumb and tightly closed index-finger, and chose one of the little protruding match-heads—thinking only it was rather stupid of her to go on with the drawing when the result was already known to all of us. Imagine my astonishment—my horror—when I pulled out a stick even shorter than Edwin's, and held it up to the shrieking company! The Poet and I exchanged horrible grins. What if Chicago could have seen him then!

Will Hampden followed next with a safe draw. Hal Vetter did the same, then little Davies, with the exasperating antics of a professional humorist, to the unbounded joy of every one save myself. Finally he insisted on being blindfolded with a napkin; then, trembling in every limb, and having to have his hand guided, he at last drew out—the longest match of any!

The Major was now my only hope, and his attempt to renig at the last moment struck me as simply abominable. He looked flustered and ill at ease; said he was beginning to doubt if it were what a gentleman ought to do; protested that he was too old for such foolishness, anyway, and wanted to recall his plighted word. But the Poet went at him hammer and tongs; roared louder than ever, while we roared too; expatiated on the enormity, the dishonor, the utterly indefensible contemptibleness of such a withdrawal at the last moment. The Major collapsed. With an air of wanting to get out of the limelight as fast as possible, he reached over for the last match.

It was the shortest of any. The Major was "it."

I shall never forget his overcome expression as he sat there, turning the match-head over and over in his hand. "So I have to make a holy ass of myself," he said at last. "Gad, I would rather stand up and be shot!"

I doubt if any one but the Major would have kept his word. It is so easy to promise things at a jolly dinner and really believe that you are going to do them—and then slip out of them the next day. But the Major was one of those simple souls of whom real heroes are made; his word was his word; he neither shrank nor hedged. His principal misgiving, indeed, was whether he was acting "quite as a gentleman should," and, reassured on this point, he set himself to wooing Helen with an ardor and perseverance that kept us in fits of silent laughter.

It was impossible to tell what Helen thought of this extraordinary change in the Major; apart from surprise, I think she was both touched and pleased a little; the Major had a charming way with women, and his laughing, exaggerated courtship—his deference and compliments—showed him no tyro at the game.

But it was Rob's perplexity that caused us the keenest joy; Rob simply couldn't understand it. With his head on one side and

an air of mingled incredulity and astonishment he would regard the Major as he might some strange, new, unpleasant animal in a zoo. Then little by little he grew cross.

Of course, we only saw a little part of what was going on. It was Nelly who told us of the Major's frequent visits at the studio, and of the occasional clashes between him and Rob. She was immensely pleased—said everything was working like a charm. Helen, emboldened by the Major at her back, was showing a good deal of spirit under Rob's recriminations. "You would hardly know she was the same girl," said Nelly. We seemed to notice a change in Helen ourselves; if Rob sulked it merely caused her to turn with the more animation toward the Major. Her looks improved. It is good for a woman to have a little competition for her favor.

There was only one thing lacking to make our satisfaction complete—Rob seemed no nearer the marriage point. But Nelly was positive it was surely coming; dwelt on his increasing sullenness and jealousy; implored the Major to "keep it up." Yet Rob, in spite of all this goading, remained exasperatingly obstinate.

Meanwhile the Major toiled like a galley-slave at the oar, and whenever he seemed to slacken his efforts or lose heart we prodded him on. The Poet opened an account for him at a florist's; little Davies handed out passes for the theatres; Will Hampden contributed some dainty stationery with blue edging—nothing was left undone, in fact, that could in any way help the Major in his pretended wooing. Yet Rob still held back; still kept those thin lips of his tightly closed; sulked and scowled as if somehow the fault was all Helen's, and he himself was a deeply ill-used young man.

I guess none of us will ever forget that Christmas Eve, when, after all this delaying, indecision, and hanging back, things suddenly began to happen with vigor and despatch. I ought to explain that Christmas Eve was our gala night at Tony's, where, with the help of a few sprigs of holly, a withered, tinselly little tree in the middle of the table, and unlimited quantities of a very sticky, dizzy white wine, we were supposed to be repaid for a year of sixty-cent devotion.

Well, there we were—six or seven of us—waiting rather impatiently for Nelly, Helen, and Rob, who were late, and much put out that the Major, with his usual reluctance to be beholden to anybody, had sent word at the last moment that he would not join us till later in the evening. Not being a regular diner, he said he did not feel entitled to Tony's hospitality.

After an interminable waiting, with still no sign of the absentees, we decided to sit down and begin without them. We were just doing so when Nelly hurried in, all alone; and in the ensuing bustle of taking off her wraps, seating her in her place, and wishing her the appropriate things of the season—and being wished them back with great vivacity—we learned that neither Rob nor Helen was coming. This was astonishing enough, but not as astonishing as Nelly's next remark as she glanced nervously around the table.

"Thank God, the Major isn't here," she said.

Her intonation was so peculiar—her pale, care-worn face so full of impending disclosures—that a shiver of suspense ran through us.

"Nelly, tell us—has Rob come to time?" demanded Edwin breathlessly.

Nelly nodded, though with none of the satisfaction one might have anticipated. "Got refused," she said curtly.

Refused!

The word sprang back to her from every side. Refused! What could she mean?

"She is lying down at home crying her eyes out," Nelly continued, a little incoherently, and looking ready to burst into tears herself. "Oh, it was awful to be stuck there painting a confounded cat, and unable to leave. I heard everything; I couldn't escape it! She appears to have known for a long time that he was well enough off to marry, and has seen secretly what he really is—called him a self-centered miser, with a heart as cold as a stone. Yes, that's what she said to him, and oh!—'You have kept me in a dungeon for four years without any air or light or happiness or hope, and now at last I'm going to unlock the door and escape.'

"Then Rob said: 'With your old scarecrow of a Major, I suppose?' and tittered in that sneering way of his, though his eyes were blazing and he looked ready to kill her. There she blazed too, and said: 'Why shouldn't I love the man who has saved me from you?' "

"Oh, God, what have we done!" exclaimed the Poet, raising his hands in dismay.

"YOU HAVE KEPT ME IN A DUNGEON FOR FOUR YEARS WITHOUT ANY AIR OR LIGHT OR HAPPINESS OR HOPE."

"That wasn't in the bill at all," added Will Hampden, with a rueful laugh. "Who would have thought of her falling in love with old Bronq!"

"But there is more than that," cried Nelly. "You haven't heard the biggest piece of news of all; it's so paralyzing you'll hardly believe it; Helen carefully saved it up to the end and then threw it at Rob with a *bing* that almost knocked him senseless—hit him in the one place where he could really be hurt."

"It must have been a bottle of red ink over a new eighty-dollar suit," giggled little Davies.

Nelly ignored the interruption; but she evidently found a provoking pleasure in keeping us on tenterhooks.

"Think of my having lived with her all these years and not knowing her any better," she exclaimed. "I wouldn't have believed she had a thought in her head I didn't share. There never were closer chums than Helen and I, and yet she had been keeping this from me for months."

"Keeping what?" we all demanded in a babel of exasperation.

"Only that her uncle died almost a year ago and left her the biggest cattle ranch in Utah," she returned. "Helen's rich!"

In the uproar that followed only the Poet's voice could be heard above the din: "But why in the name of goodness did she keep it a secret?"

"Just to put Rob to the test," she answered, as we quieted down. " 'You would have married my big ranch quick enough,' she said to him. 'And when I thought of that I couldn't bear to tell you about it. I still half believed in you—still cared for you a little—so I thought I'd put my ranch in my pocket and wait and see.' "

"And how did Rob take it?" asked several excited voices in almost the same breath.

"It was like seeing somebody struck by lightning," said Nelly. "His face seemed to wither and turn a million years old; his mouth opened and shut, but not a word came out of it. Then he did the only decent thing since his engagement—put on his coat and left. If I had not known what a pig he has been all these years I should have wept for him."

"It's the Major I feel like weeping over," observed the Poet. "What an awful mess we have got him into."

"Mess?" cried Hal. "That isn't how I would describe winning an awfully nice girl with a fortune."

"You don't know Bronq," said the Poet, seriously. "He is the kind of man to be horrified at the situation—unutterably ashamed and conscience-stricken."

"He'll hate it," agreed Nelly. "I don't envy the person who has to tell him the truth. But he has to be told, and somebody here to-night has to tell him."

"Let's hope he cares too," said Will Hampden. "It wouldn't surprise me if he did—a little."

"And what will he do to us if he doesn't?" demanded the Poet, ruffling his hair and appearing very much perturbed. "Bronq is one of those quixotic, morbidly honorable people whom it is hell to take liberties with. He never wanted to go into this thing; held back with all his might; had a finer perception than we had that it was wrong to fool with women's feelings. Yet we shoved him right into it, and now he will hold us responsible. Good Lord, what a pack of cads we are all going to look!"

"Somebody has to tell him—we are all agreed on that," said Nelly. "We had better hurry up and decide who it is to be."

"Oh, I will," said Edwin wearily. "I've got you all into this—it was my own idiotic idea—and so I suppose I will have to try and get you out, or at least bear the horrible odium and disgrace."

This important matter settled, some one gave a fresh direction to the conversation by recalling Helen's cattle ranch and the extraordinary change in her circumstances. We had been so preoccupied with the Major that we had almost forgotten this exhilarating news. We returned to it again with fresh wonder and enthusiasm. That the fortune should come in the form of an immense ranch, with cohorts of cowboys in wide hats and jingling spurs—galloping horses and snow-capped peaks—seemed infinitely more impressive than a mere agglomeration of stocks and bonds in a safe deposit. Being Helen's, it was to a delightful extent ours also; we knew how eager our pale, pretty Cinderella would be to share her new-found joys with her chums. Our little coterie, with the exception of Rob, who had always been more tolerated than liked, was nothing if not clannish.

So we talked and talked, and made rapturous plans, and built a fairy-tale house on Park Avenue, with a private theatre and a

swimming pool, and traveled in our own private car to Utah, and disported ourselves generally in a most lavish and princely manner, mourning only for one thing—that the sweet giver of it all was absent in that darkened studio and so little happy in her affluence that she was crying there, desolate and alone.

The Poet, it must be said, was not very happy either, and kept looking over his shoulder toward the door in the most obvious apprehension. The shadow of that coming interview was already on his soul; while we rode over the sparkling slopes of the Rocky Mountains he stuck moodily where he was—at Tony's.

Finally, in a sudden flurry of snow and draft the Major strode in, with his old cavalry cloak picturesquely wrapped about him, glistening with white and wet. He was in the jolliest humor, and as he came toward us with smiling face and outstretched hand I could not help thinking how distinguished and soldierly he looked, and understood almost for the first time and with a queer shock of surprise how easily it might be possible for a girl to care for him.

There was a movement to make room for him; Tony came hurrying up with the coffee-pot; everybody wished him a Merry Christmas, and the greeting was returned right and left, with a hearty grasp of the hand. Then as if by a common impulse a deadly silence settled on the table. We all stared covertly at Edwin; and Edwin, twiddling bread-crumbs into pills, stared fixedly at the cloth in front of him.

"Where's Helen?" asked the Major, with a shade of disappointment in his voice. Then, noticing Rob's absence, he added: "Off together, I suppose?"

The Poet looked up. "Off separately, Bronq," he returned, with a faint stress on the middle word. "Rob came to time this afternoon, and Helen—refused him."

"Refused him!" repeated the Major, staring.

"Said she preferred you, Bronq," said Edwin, with a mirthless little cackle of a laugh. "That plan of ours was a good one, but you seem to have overdone your part of it."

I doubt if any of us breathed as the Major sat there silent, and so stricken and grim that our hearts were in our mouths.

"I hope this isn't a joke," he said at last, in a deeper tone than was his wont. "I hope you are not trying to make a buffoon of an old friend in order to laugh at him in your sleeve?"

"Bronq, it isn't a joke—it's true, every word of it!" exclaimed the Poet. "Tell him, Nelly—tell him."

Nelly, with a sort of gasp, as if something stifled her speaking, reached out her hand and clasped the Major's on the table. "Oh, we are so ashamed we don't know how to look you in the face," she cried. "But Helen has taken it all seriously—told Rob straight out that she cares for you—and Major, she does, she does!"

The Major's chair went back with a jump, and an instant later he was on his feet. "Where is she?" he demanded. "If she is serious, so am I, and the sooner she knows it the better. Do you think I would let a girl like Helen get past me if I had a ghost of a chance? Do you think I am going to sit here and be sympathized with as if I wasn't the happiest man in the world? Nelly, is she at home?"

"I left her sobbing on the sofa," said Nelly, trembling with agitation. "Here, take the key—she'll never let you in without it."

The Major grabbed the key as if it would let him into heaven; the rest of us, now all on our feet, rushed to put him into his cloak, got him his hat, handed him his cane and miserable old woolen mits. There wasn't any leave-taking to speak of; it was a Marathon of one, with us all helping.

In the course of half an hour, while we were still tremendously worked up and full of suspense, the telephone rang in the adjoining room, and Tony came running in to say that: "Miss Dacie wanta dat fellow you call the Poet on de wire."

Then more agitation and excitement, mercifully cut short by Edwin's quick return.

"Helen wants to ask a favor of us," he said. "When we go over and congratulate them, nobody must say a word about the ranch. She is saving up the news of that until to-morrow, by way of a Christmas present to the Major; and meanwhile"—and here the Poet burst out laughing—"old Bronq is talking of another long engagement!"

SOCIALISM:

PROMISE *or* MENACE?

A Debate between

MORRIS HILLQUIT

and

JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN. D·D·

Editor's Note:—This is the fourth topic of the debate. The first number contained the outline, by each contender, of the points to be discussed; the second covered the Socialist Indictment; the third explained and attacked, in turn, the Socialist State. Now comes the Philosophy of Socialism—outlined and dissected.

Perhaps we ought to emphasize here the fact that the above subdivisions are those determined by the two authors themselves, quite without disagreement, as the natural ones. From the reader's point of view this is most advantageous, since it means that the contenders must argue the same points in each issue, and that within the course of the series the whole range of Socialism will have been covered.

IV

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIALISM

BY MORRIS HILLQUIT

THE Socialist movement is supported by a set of social and economic doctrines which, taken together, constitute its "theory" or "philosophy."

The theory occupies a large place in modern Socialism. It lends scientific sanction to the movement, formulates its aims, and aids in the shaping of its methods. But with all that, its importance is not paramount. Socialism is not identified with its theoretical doctrines in the same sense as a school of abstract philosophy or science. The Socialist movement did not spring from a philosophical doctrine, and its fate does not depend entirely upon the correctness or incorrectness of any of its social theories. Socialism is a movement of living human beings. It is directed toward definite economic and political ends, and was engendered by concrete social conditions rooted in modern society. The Socialist philosophy takes the movement as it finds it. It analyzes its causes, defines its goal, and maps out its course. But it does not create it any more than astronomy creates the planetary system.

Following the course of the practical

movement, from its first faltering steps in the beginning of the last century to its present state of vigorous maturity, the Socialist philosophy has passed through many phases of development until it has reached its modern definite aspect. As in all other lines of thought, the evolution was accomplished by a host of students and thinkers, each contributing his mite to the general store of knowledge and thus accumulating the material from which a great synthetic mind could erect the solid structure of a scientific system.

In the case of Socialism such a master-builder appeared in due course of time in the person of Karl Marx, a German scholar of unusual attainments, whose principal activity extended from the forties to the eighties of the last century. To Karl Marx, his associates and disciples, belongs the credit of having stripped theoretical Socialism of its original fantastic and visionary garb, and having built up a system of Socialist philosophy on solid and realistic foundations. This system, popularly known as *Marxism*, is the accepted philosophy of modern international Socialism, and I shall now attempt to sketch its main outlines.

THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

The corner-stone of the modern Socialist philosophy is its theory of social evolution. The conception of social development as a process of gradual and logical growth is comparatively new to human thought. Until about the eighteenth century history was generally regarded as a succession of accidental events, mostly brought about by the arbitrary will or whim of the high and mighty of the world—the kings, warriors, and priests. But the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth brought a radical change in all domains of human thought and knowledge. Aprioristic theories were discarded; speculation gave way to research, and the sequence of cause and effect was sought in all natural phenomena.

Ultimately this scientific method was transferred from the natural sciences to the field of social research, and by the middle of the last century the new "social science" was fairly established. It was generally accepted that human society is subject to certain laws of growth and development, and that all social institutions are fashioned by definite causes operating within society.

But what are the factors determining the course of social development and the elements fashioning the social and political structure of society? These were the main questions which agitated the minds of the adepts of the new science. Karl Marx was the first to answer the momentous question fully and clearly.

"The form, contents and changes of every social order," declares the founder of the modern Socialist philosophy, "are determined by the economic basis upon which such society is built." Let us examine this theory more closely.

Frederick Engels, the friend and collaborator of Karl Marx, formulates it in the following concise language:

"The production of the means of sustenance of human life and the exchange of the things so produced form the basis of all social structures. In every society known to history the manner in which wealth is distributed and the people divided into classes depends upon what is produced, how it is produced and how the products are exchanged. From this point of view the final causes of all social changes and political revolutions are to be sought, not in men's brains, not in men's better insight into eternal truth and justice, but in the changes occurring in the modes of production and exchange. They are to be sought, not in the *philosophy*, but in the *economics*, of each epoch."

In the literature of continental Europe, this theory is known as the *Materialistic Conception of History;* in English it is designated by preference by the apter phrase, *Economic Interpretation of History.*

THE BREAD-AND-BUTTER BASIS OF POLITICS

The somewhat fragmentary formulation of the doctrine by Engels and its still terser statement by Marx have subsequently been amplified by both, and further developed by their disciples. As the theory is understood and interpreted to-day, it is exceedingly simple and may be illustrated by a familiar example.

Under normal circumstances the first care of the individual human being is to assure his material existence—to gain a livelihood. The manner in which he makes his living (his trade, calling, or economic state) determines to a large extent his income, habits,

associations, and notions—his station in life, mode of life, and view of life. A similar rule holds good for aggregations of human beings organized in societies. The first instinctive or conscious endeavor of every nation is to provide the means of its material sustenance—to produce wealth; and the manner in which it produces its sustenance ultimately determines its form of organization, division of work or functions, and its notions of right and wrong—its politics, social classes, and ethics. The government, social relations, and morals of a nomadic tribe will naturally differ from those of an agricultural people, a slave-owning community, a feudal society, or an industrial order, and in each case they will adopt the forms best suited to the preservation and advancement of the prevailing economic interests.

It is not contended that the economic mainspring is the sole motive of national life and action. Idealistic notions and intellectual or moral conceptions often acquire the force of important and even guiding factors in the progress of civilization; but as a rule such notions and conceptions are themselves primarily engendered by material conditions.

THE "CLASS STRUGGLE" DOCTRINE

As against the hostile forces of surrounding nature, and sometimes also as against other nations competing for the same bounties of nature, the economic interests of each nation are harmonious and entire. But within the nation itself no such general harmony of interests exists. As soon as a society advances in its economic development to the point of division of labor, its members split into different groups of separate, often antagonistic, economic interests. The contending-interest groups constitute the "classes" of society, and the main division among such classes is created by the possession or non-possession of property. The possessors are the privileged and ruling classes of society; the propertyless inhabitants constitute the inferior and dependent classes. The members of each of such social divisions are united in their economic interests and are antagonistic to those of opposite economic interests.

The dominant classes always strive to maintain and fortify their economic advantages, while the dependent classes instinctively or consciously endeavor to better their social position by curtailing the power and privileges of their exploiters. The Marxian Socialists contend that the resultant conflicts between the opposing classes in each civilization constitute the main substance of the recorded history of the nations.

True to the method of economic interpretation, the Marxist does not ascribe the causes of the modern social evils to a "faulty" arrangement of society or to the "unrighteousness" of the ruling classes or individuals, nor does he seek to evolve a remedy from the depths of his own wisdom. He maintains that both must be found in the economic structure of modern society, in our methods of producing and distributing wealth, and he proceeds to analyze the mechanism of our industrial system. It is significant that the *chef-d'œuvre* of Karl Marx, the "Bible" of modern Socialism, is not a speculative philosophic or moral treatise, but a dispassionate, scholarly work on political economy, entitled "Capital."

The character of modern wealth, Marx argues, differs from that of the wealth of former ages. It is not represented by slaves or serfs, nor even principally by land or agricultural products. Modern wealth consists mainly of an accumulation of privately owned commodities and of the instruments used for their production and distribution. Wealth in this form is *capital* and its owners are *capitalists*.

The ultimate object of capital is to produce and exchange commodities and thus to increase its own volume—this is the substance of the industrial process. All industrial wealth is created in that process and all industrial profits are derived through it. But since all commodities exchange for their full values, no accretion of wealth can arise from the process of exchange, and the source of all accumulations of industrial profits and wealth must therefore be found in the process of production. Let us try to trace it.

THE "SURPLUS VALUE" THEORY

Marx adopts the classical "labor theory" of value, *i.e.*, the theory that the value of a manufactured commodity is determined by the quantity of average social labor required for its reproduction. This doctrine was formulated by the great classical economists Ricardo and Smith, and was generally accepted at the time when Marx wrote

his "Capital;" but in the hands of the founder of modern Socialism it led to a new economic discovery entirely unforeseen by its original promulgators.

Since the value of all manufactured commodities is measured by the aggregate amount of labor* embodied in them, the capitalists could make no profits and accumulate no wealth if they were to pay back to the workers in the shape of wages or salaries the full equivalent of their aggregate labor, *i.e.*, all manufactured wealth. It is therefore evident that as a matter of fact the money wages of the workers represent less than the full equivalent of the products of their labor. How are wages determined, and how are profits made?

NO AMOUNT OF PERSONAL GOOD FEELING CAN REMOVE THE CONFLICT OF INTERESTS BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE SO LONG AS THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM PREVAILS.

"Labor," answers Marx, "in the present system is a commodity, and is purchased by the manufacturing capitalist in the open market, in the same way as raw material or machinery—on the basis of its market value." The market value of labor is established substantially in the same manner as that of any other commodity—by the cost of its production. In the case of labor this formula means the equivalent of such quantity of food, clothing, and other necessaries of life as will enable the worker to rear offspring, to maintain his health, and restore his working power from day to day according to the established standard of living.

Thus if the necessaries of the working man's life per day can be produced in six hours of average social labor time, his average wages will represent the portion of his labor equivalent to six hours, and if he works ten hours, the product of the remaining four hours will go to his employer. The portion of the labor product which the capitalist thus retains for himself Marx styles "surplus value."

The "surplus value" of the employing capitalist is by no means his clear profit. From it he usually pays rent to the owner of his factory site or interest to the banker who advances his operating capital, or both. Thus all forms of capitalist revenue, rent, interest, and profits depend ultimately on the production of "surplus value," while the workers depend for their living on wages. Since wages and "surplus value" are derived from the same source—labor employed in the production of wealth—it is evident that the portion of the one is relatively smaller as that of the other is larger.

Hence arises a constant conflict of interest between the capitalist class and the working class over their respective shares of the product, and that conflict underlies all class struggles in modern society. In normal times it smolders under the surface, and expresses itself in the instinctive efforts of the worker to save and conserve his sole valuable possession —his labor power, to "loaf on his job," as Dr. Ryan expresses it, and, on the other hand, in the endeavor of the employers to secure the maximum labor from his "hands" for a given wage—to "speed up." It is also at the bottom of the endless bickerings over wage scales and working hours, of the predilection of the manufacturing capitalist for the labor of women and children and of the workers' opposition to these forms of cheap labor.

The more acute stages of the ever-present conflict of interest between employer and worker find expression in the "labor disputes" which have become inseparable from our industrial order, the frequent and extensive strikes, boycotts, lockouts, and blacklists.

Nor is the modern class struggle entirely confined to the economic life of the nations. It always influences and often determines their politics as well. The respective attitudes of the contending political parties toward capital and labor are among the most vital issues in all modern political platforms, and the practical handling of the problems arising from the conflict of the two economic categories often constitutes the main feature of administrative policies and politics.

*The term "labor" as employed in Marxian economics comprehends all kinds and grades of work required in the process of producing and distributing wealth—mental as well as manual, and the work of management and direction as well as that of execution. In that sense the labor of the active capitalist produces as much as that of a hired employee rendering similar services, and his compensation for such labor is quite distinct from the workless income on his capital.

The struggles between capital and labor are not based on lack of mutual understanding or on personal hostility between the capitalists and the workers. The private relations between an employer and his employees may be very cordial, and both sides may even be unconscious of the conflict of their interests; but that conflict is nevertheless firmly and fatally imbedded in their economic relations, and no amount of personal good feeling or harmony can remove it so long as the capitalist system of production prevails.

SOCIALISM A LABOR MOVEMENT

The economic antagonism between capitalists and wage-workers is not limited to their immediate every-day concerns: it extends to their ultimate and more vital social interests.

The capitalist owes his ability to extract "surplus value" from the worker and thus to amass profits and wealth to the fact that he owns the tools without which no wealth can be produced. The worker is forced to surrender a substantial portion of the fruits of his toil to the capitalist because he possesses nothing but his labor power, and that possession is worthless without the modern tool. The private capitalist ownership of the tools or instruments of production is thus at once the source of the capitalists' strength and of the workers' weakness; and while it is in the interest of the former to maintain the system, the salvation of the latter lies in its abolition.

Socialism, which advocates the abrogation of private ownership in the instruments of production, is thus the logical philosophy and social goal of the working classes.

This deduction from the analysis of the existing economic system is one of the most important practical results of the Marxian philosophy. It served to transform Socialism from a vague humanitarian and classless ideal into a practical economic and political movement of the working class.

The Socialists of the beginning of the last century assumed that all social shortcomings were due to a "faulty" organization of society caused by lack of social intelligence, and that society would be reorganized on a "rational" and "just" basis as soon as men, and particularly those in power and authority, could be made to realize the faults and iniquities of the prevailing order. Hence the early Socialists addressed themselves to the conscience of mankind in general and to the generosity of the wealthy and powerful in particular, trying to convert them to their views by arguments and exhortation and by "practical demonstrations," *i.e.*, the establishment of experimental "socialistic" communities.

Thus Charles Fourier, the great French Socialist of the primitive or "utopian" school, made a public appeal to the men of wealth to furnish him with the means of founding a model community, and every day during the last ten years of his life he went to his house at noontime with the regularity of clockwork, expecting the visit of a sympathetic millionaire in response to his appeal. Robert Owen, Fourier's illustrious English contemporary, even went so far as to submit his plans of industrial organization of society to Czar Nicholas I. of Russia and to the Congress of Sovereigns at Aachen.

The philosophy of Karl Marx introduced a radical change into the situation. It asserted the doctrine that the workers could not hope for substantial relief from the ruling classes, since the capitalists can not give up the private ownership of the tool without committing economic suicide. It taught the workers that they must depend on their own efforts for their social salvation. Marxism thus substitutes enlightened class consciousness and consistent class action on the economic and political fields for the inarticulate class instinct and one-sided activity of the purely economic organizations of labor and the purely propagandist efforts of the early Socialist schools.

In its general character and immediate promise Socialism is thus primarily a movement of the working class. But in its practical operations and ultimate benefits it is by no means restricted to the wage-workers alone.

While the capitalists and wage-workers are the most important and best defined interest-groups or classes in modern society, they are not the only classes. Between them and alongside of them there are numerous and important economic groups usually designated by the general term "middle classes." These consist of small farmers, manufacturers, and merchants; professionals or "free practitioners" of all callings, such as physicians, lawyers, writers, artists, and clergymen; and "intellectuals"

directly employed by the capitalist class, such as superintendents, accountants, and clerks. The direct economic interests of many of these classes are more closely allied with those of the workers than of the capitalists, and in the social struggles of the classes they may frequently be found siding with the former.

Furthermore, while the working class would be the most direct and immediate beneficiary of the contemplated Socialist transformation, the benefits of the latter would ultimately accrue in a very large measure to mankind at large. It is not the aim of Socialism to put the workers in power over other classes of society, to supplant one dominant class by another. Since wage labor represents the last form of economic dependence and exploitation, the victory of the workers in the pending class struggle must result in the abolition of all classes —the economic emancipation of the entire human race.

IT IS NOT THE AIM OF SOCIALISM TO PUT THE WORKERS IN POWER OVER OTHER CLASSES OF SOCIETY. THE VICTORY OF THE WORKERS MUST RESULT IN THE ABOLITION OF ALL CLASSES.

THE TREND TOWARD SOCIALISM

In the process of evolving an ever higher civilization history often selects one social class as its chosen instrument. The capitalist class in the period of its militant youth was such an instrument of civilization in demolishing the antiquated feudal system; and the Socialist working class is the instrument of an impending superior civilization in striving to abolish capitalism and to usher in the higher order of cooperative efforts and general enjoyment. It is this larger aspect of the Socialist movement which attracts numerous persons outside of the ranks of the wage-working classes. For while a class as such can never act in opposition to its direct and immediate economic interests, the individual often is guided in his sympathies and actions by the broader consideration of ultimate public benefit.

One of the fundamental propositions of the economic interpretation of history is that the form of society at any given time can not be changed unless the economic development has made it ripe for such change. To complete his case, the Socialist theoretician must therefore prove not only that it is in the interest of the working class to introduce the system of Socialism, but also that it has the power and ability to do so, and that the current of economic development favors such change.

The Marxian Socialist contends that the requisite conditions for the transition to Socialism are ripening within the framework of modern society, and that the working class is fast developing the ability to effect the change.

By the inexorable laws of its own evolution Capitalism gradually wipes out the individual factor in production and management. The machine and factory system make production a social and cooperative process, while the large corporations and trusts organize the management of the industries on broad national lines. And the laws of capitalist development are still at work, busily undermining the very foundation upon which the system rests. The competitive warfare fattens its victors and destroys its victims every day. Every day capital and economic power concentrate in the hands of an ever-narrowing circle of industrial and financial interest groups.

In the United States we can already point out a small number of combines and individuals who together control the main sources and products of the national wealth. This process has proceeded with gigantic strides within the last twenty-five years. What heights will it reach a quarter of a century hence? Will one great money octopus be allowed to fasten its greedy tentacles on the life and existence of the hundred million inhabitants of the country, or will the nation develop a power of sufficient strength and intelligence to free itself from the menace by reorganizing society on a new and sounder basis?

The Socialists assert that the Socialist movement of the working class is developing into such a power. The ranks of the workers are steadily extending, their numbers are

rapidly increasing. The process of capitalist concentration results among other things in the elimination of the independent small producers and traders, who are forced in ever-increasing numbers into the state of dependent "salaried" employees, and the cohorts of industrial wage-earners are further augmented by accretions from the farming population, whose life becomes more and more precarious.

The story of this irresistible movement is writ large in the records of every decennial census. Nor is the growth of the working class to be measured by numbers alone. The workers advance steadily in social intelligence, in the spirit of revolt, and in political wisdom and power. This is the real significance of the tremendous growth in recent times of the Socialist, trade-union, and cooperative movements, and of the "socialistic" and "semi-socialistic" measures of all modern legislatures. The growth of the Socialist and labor movement keeps pace with that of capitalist concentration and power, and the time is bound to come when these two main and contending factors in modern civilization will be forced into a trial of strength.

Which will prevail? The small group of the "interests" or the large masses of the workers?

"The workers, beyond a doubt," answer the Socialists. For the power of the ruling classes is purely artificial, and is based on the tolerance, ignorance, and apathy of the masses. It can not survive the awakening of the populace; it can not continue against their opposition.

AN EXPLODED PHILOSOPHY

BY DR. RYAN

CONCERNING the relation and importance of the Socialist philosophy to the Socialist movement, I am in substantial agreement with my esteemed opponent. While economic Socialism is not necessarily dependent upon the fundamental theory elaborated by Karl Marx, it has historically been made to rest upon that foundation, and not upon another. That basis, therefore, that "set of social and economic doctrines, . . . lends scientific sanction to the movement, formulates its aims, and aids in the shaping of its methods." Yes; and is mainly responsible, as we shall see hereafter, for its ethical, religious, and other non-economic doctrines and affinities.

In the words of Mr. Hillquit, "the cornerstone of the modern Socialist movement is its theory of social evolution." And the core of the theory is the doctrine of historical materialism, or economic interpretation of history, or—to adopt the title that seems to me most precise and suggestive—economic determinism.

According to its original formulation by Marx and Engels, "the form, contents and changes of every social order" and "all social changes and political revolutions" are determined, caused, shaped, by economic factors, by the methods of proprietorship, production, and exchange. Later on the theory was so modified by Engels as to admit the influence of political, legal, philosophical, and religious factors (see Seligman, "The Economic Interpretation of History," pp. 142, 143; N. Y., 1902).

Nevertheless he continued to hold that the economic factor was the decisive one *in the last instance.* This implies that the determining influence of the non-economic social factors is all derived and instrumental, not original and independent. Consequently the extent and direction of their causal action is ultimately governed by the economic factor, just as the operation of the hammer upon a nail or the saw upon a board is produced and regulated by the carpenter. Inasmuch as he was a philosophical materialist, Engels could not logically admit that non-material and non-economic factors, such as religion and ethics, were capable of exerting any *original* and *independent* force or causality. Therefore, his modification of the theory of economic determinism does not mean as much as an uncritical perusal of his words might lead one to infer. It merely makes explicit what was from the beginning of the theory implicit, namely, that non-economic factors do exert a real and important, though secondary and derived, influence upon social evolution.

This revised but not *essentially* changed form of the theory is the one apparently accepted by my opponent. While he admits that "idealistic notions and intellectual and moral conceptions often acquire the force of important and even guiding factors in the progress of civilization," he maintains that "the manner in which it [a nation] produces its sustenance *ultimately* [italics mine] determines its form of organization, division of work or functions, and its notions of right and wrong—its politics, social classes, and ethics."

Now it is undeniable that economic conditions do exercise a large influence upon social life, ideas, institutions, and development. Discerning men no longer think that a nation's history can be written in terms of its spectacular events and its great warriors, diplomats, and statesmen. To know adequately the life and achievements of a people we must study their social institutions, and among the latter a very large part is taken by economic institutions. If the economic factor had played no rôle in the Protestant Reformation, the American Revolution, the making of our Constitution, our Civil War, and the Irish struggle for self-government, the history of these events would have been vastly different.

THE EXAGGERATED "ECONOMIC" INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

To-day almost all our *political* problems and activities are entirely or fundamentally economic. Even the ethical notions of men vary considerably according to their industrial interests. Consider, for example, the different moral judgments passed respectively by employers and employees upon the strike, the boycott, the closed shop, judicial injunctions, and the definition of fair wages and fair profits.

To admit and insist that economic conditions very largely influence the politics, morals, and even the religious life of peoples and social classes is, however, to fall far short of the Socialist position. Whether he be a philosophical materialist or not, the average Socialist magnifies the rôle of the economic factor beyond all plausibility. Particularly is this true with regard to religion and ethics. Witness the extravagant and fantastic attempts of Kautsky and Loria to "explain" the origin and subsequent history of Christianity on purely economic grounds, and the crude and superficial efforts of so many Socialists to reduce all vice, crime, and sin to economic causes and motives.

"THE 'CLASS-STRUGGLE' DOCTRINE"

That phase of the theory of economic determinism which we have just been considering describes the *general* causality of the economic factor. It deals with the influence of economic conditions and changes upon other social conditions and changes. There is, however, another phase of the theory which has to do with the manner in which the dominant economic factors operate within the economic field, and bring about social evolution. According to this part of the theory the method or instrument through which changes in the social structure of society are effected is the class struggle.

Hence economic forces operating through the class struggle are the primary determinants of all social evolution. It was in the light of these two sides of the economic-determinism theory that Marx and Engels wrote in the "Communist Manifesto:" "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles."

Obviously this sentence contains an enormous amount of exaggeration. The great international wars, the rise and growth of Christianity, the development of education, law, science, and invention, were only feebly and remotely determined by struggles between different economic groups. This is a fine formula for the simplification of history, but it ignores too many inconvenient facts. In Mr. Hillquit's acceptation of the theory, class struggles appear as the "main substance of the recorded history of the nations." Even this statement will not stand the test of a comprehensive review of historical events.

Even when we confine our attention to the purely economic field, we see that the class-struggle doctrine unduly simplifies the relations and exaggerates the antagonisms of the different economic classes. The latter can not, as so many Socialists would have us believe, be properly reduced to two, capitalists and "workers." Indeed, Mr. Hillquit enumerates under the general designation of "middle classes" several economic groups, such as small farmers, manufacturers, and merchants, the professional

classes and the salaried classes. However, he maintains that their economic interests are "often more closely allied with those of the workers than of the capitalists." "Often," perhaps; certainly not always.

But my opponent contends that the main division among these classes is created not so much by economic occupation or function as by "the possession or non-possession of property." Even this basis of division does not yield material for a class struggle of any great importance.

Professor Streightoff estimates that there are about twenty-four million individuals in the United States who possess some income-bearing property other than government and corporation securities ("The Distribution of Incomes in the United States," p. 146; N. Y., 1912). Combining with this number those persons who own the latter two kinds of securities, and making a liberal allowance for duplications, we seem to be warranted in putting the total number of income-bearing property owners at a majority of the forty-two million persons whose age is twenty years and over (Census of 1910). Between these and the propertyless minority an active or economically important conflict is quite unlikely. Should one arise it would evidently not terminate in the way desired by the Socialists. The possessing section is too numerous and too powerful.

Finally, if the line of cleavage is to be drawn, as many Socialists contend, between those who get their living *mainly* from wages and those who derive most or all of their incomes from capital, the conditions of a genuine struggle would still be wanting, because a very large proportion of the former division would refuse and do refuse to become involved. They do not believe that their interest lies in that direction.

Class divisions based upon divergent economic interests are an indisputable fact. In his recent work entitled "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States," Professor Beard of Columbia University has shown that the Constitution was not the work of altruistic and doctrinaire political scientists, but of the personal property and creditor classes. In writing it they zealously protected their own interests against the interests and designs of the merchant, mechanic, farmer, and debtor classes. But it happened that their interests were, so far as the making of a constitution was concerned, in harmony with the broad principles of economic and political equity.

In our time the average member of a legislative body *primarily* represents not an abstraction called his entire constituency, but the economic class with which he is most closely affiliated. Hence the practical need of each class to have its own representatives in every legislature. Numerous other instances of the influence of class sympathies and class interests upon social and political life will readily occur to the intelligent observer.

But the man who tries to see things as they are will realize that the number of economic classes can not usefully nor correctly be reduced to two, and that a very large part of the population is not definitely aligned in a single class conflict. There exists, indeed, a certain sort of class struggle between *a large section* of the wage-earners and *a large section* of the capitalists; but other large sections hold persistently aloof, or engage in it only feebly and intermittently, and even then not uniformly on the same side. Hence the struggle, such as it is, is much less general, less intense, and less uniform than it appears in the average Socialist picture.

"THE 'SURPLUS-VALUE' THEORY"

The proposition that labor does not get the full equivalent of its product is in one sense a platitude, and in another sense unprovable.

It is a platitude inasmuch as it states that labor does not obtain the whole of the product created by present labor combined with capital, or "crystallized labor." It is unprovable inasmuch as it implies that capital contributes to the joint product only sufficient utility or sufficient value to replace the capital, and that all the remaining value of the product is the creation of present labor. Since the product would not have come into existence at all if either capital or labor were wanting, and since every part of it is due in some degree to the action of both, to determine how much of the product is specifically attributable to either factor is quite as impossible as to find out what proportion of the animal has come from either parent.

Wherefore Marx's "new economic discovery" turns out to be the discovery either

of the obvious or of the undiscoverable.

The statement that wages are determined by the cost of maintaining labor in conformity with "the established standard of living" is under one aspect unimportant, and under another aspect untrue. It is unimportant because it does not necessarily imply that the scale of living of the laborer is unreasonably low, and because it is true of other than the working classes. "The established standard of living" is quite elastic and relative. For a large part of the workers it means a reasonable and comfortable existence, and often includes savings and investments for the future. Their "established standard of living," interpreted in this broad sense, absorbs all the incomes of the great majority of those who are not wage-earners.

> THE PROPOSITION THAT LABOR DOES NOT GET THE FULL EQUIVALENT OF ITS PRODUCT IS A PLATITUDE, AND UNPROVABLE.

On the other hand, the statement in question is untrue, inasmuch as it asserts that wages are in all cases strictly *determined* by the established standard of living. The latter is an effect rather than the cause of most of those incomes which are above the cost of bare subsistence.

In a word, the whole Marxian surplus-value theory is a pedantic and mystifying formulation of things which are either obvious, unprovable, unimportant, or untrue. It does not explain economic facts, nor contribute to the study of economic justice, nor indicate the trend of economic evolution.

In the division of a product already in existence, the interests of labor and capital are opposed, inasmuch as a greater share to the latter (including the business manager and the landowner) will mean a smaller share to the former. The fact is, however, that the division is made before the product comes into being. Within certain limits the terms of the division may decide not only the proportion of the product that will go to each recipient, but the total amount that will be available for distribution. An attitude of good-will on both sides, particularly on the part of the employer with regard to wages and other conditions of the labor contract, generally results in a larger share for both parties. Therefore the antagonism between them is neither so fundamental nor so extensive as represented by my opponent and Socialists generally.

From the fact that the capitalist takes a part of the product of industry it does not follow that the laborer should seek to abolish the régime of private capital. The inference is not logical, nor is Socialism "the logical philosophy of the working class." The flaw in the inference is the assumption that Socialism would be able to give the laboring class better conditions than are attainable under the present system.

The truth that the progress of the working class depends mainly upon their own united efforts was not discovered by Karl Marx. As the history of trade-unionism attests, it was fairly well known to the laboring people even before the rise of modern capitalism. In England and the United States the trade-unions have done far more to diffuse this knowledge than have the Socialists. The influence of the latter in educating the laboring people need not be denied, but over against it must be set the fact that Marx and his followers have exaggerated the power of the workers, minimized the assistance obtained and obtainable from other classes, and led the wage-earners whom they have captured into a blind alley.

"THE TREND TOWARD SOCIALISM"

a. As Described and Predicted by Karl Marx.

"In proportion as capital accumulates," said Marx, "the lot of the laborer, be his payment high or low, must become worse" ("Capital," I. 406, 407; Humboldt Edition). With regard to the middle classes, both Marx and Engels thought that "the small tradespeople, shopkeepers, and retired tradesmen generally, the handicraftsmen, and the peasants—all these sink gradually into the proletariat" ("The Communist Manifesto," p. 26; Kerr's Edition). In my opponent's statement of the concentration theory, these two phases are passed over in silence; yet they were fundamental in the

forecast of Marx and Engels. How far have they been verified?

Between 1853 and 1893 (The "Communist Manifesto" appeared in 1848) real wages increased in Great Britain 88 per cent.; in France, 81 per cent.; and in the United States, 85 per cent. (Professor Bowley in the *Economic Journal*, viii. 488). In his second article of this series, Mr. Hillquit admits that, "on the whole, life is more propitious to-day, even to the masses, than it was at any time in the past."

The middle classes have likewise refused to make good the Marxian prediction. Between 1851 and 1891 England's population increased but 30 per cent., while the number of her families in receipt of from £150 to £1,000 annual income was enlarged by 233 per cent. According to Mr. Chiozza Money, the number of persons receiving from £180 to £700 per annum in 1904 was more than twice as large as the number of families getting from £150 to £1,000 in 1891. The population of Prussia doubled between 1854 and 1894, but the number of persons obtaining above £150 annually was multiplied seven times. Eduard Bernstein, the Revisionist Socialist from whose "Evolutionary Socialism" (pp. 46, sq.) most of these figures are taken, declares that the other countries of Europe "show no materially different picture," and that the members of the possessing classes are increasing both absolutely and relatively.

THE MARXIAN PREDICTION JUSTIFIED

In the United States we have unfortunately no definite statistics regarding the numbers of persons in receipt of any particular range of incomes, or in possession of particular amounts of property. For our present purpose the most significant available figures are the following: Between 1875 and 1911 the number of savings-banks depositors quadrupled, while the population merely doubled; from 1880 to 1905 the wealth of the country increased two and one-half times, but the amount of savings-banks deposits three and three-quarters times; the average size of farms fell from 206 acres in 1850 to 138 acres in 1910; and between 1900 and 1910 the proportion of our agricultural land in farms of more than 1,000 acres decreased more than six and one-half per cent. (See Bulletins of the Census of 1910.)

Although the wage-earners have shown no tendency toward progressive deterioration, nor the middle classes toward progressive disappearance, has not the concentration phase of the Marxian prediction been justified? "The large capitals beat the smaller," said Marx. Is the bulk of the world's wealth and capital becoming concentrated in the hands of fewer and fewer great capitalists and combinations?

Since the middle classes, the owners of medium amounts of productive property, are continuously increasing, it would seem that the question just asked ought to be forthwith answered in the negative. And this answer would be correct on the whole; however, it needs considerable qualification, owing to the different conditions and tendencies in different parts of the industrial field.

In agriculture, as we saw above, the tendency is away from instead of toward concentration. The large American farms are breaking up, and the smaller farms are rapidly increasing. The same movement is going on in Europe. From a brief but comprehensive citation of statistics Bernstein concludes that "in the whole of Western Europe . . . . the small and medium agricultural holding is increasing everywhere, and the large and very large holding is decreasing" (op. cit., p. 71).

In the field of distribution the department store and the mammoth wholesale concern have in some places gained on the smaller establishments; yet the small retailer is everywhere increasing faster than the population (cf. Sombart, "Verein für Sozial Politik," 1899).

In manufactures, the concentration prediction has to some extent been verified. The proportion of the total product turned out by very large manufacturing establishments, and by combinations of many establishments under a single management, has increased in practically all progressive countries. In the United States this process has moved faster and farther than elsewhere, especially during the last fifteen years. Every decennial year since 1840, except two, has shown a considerably greater increase in the amount of capital than in the number of establishments. Between 1904 and 1909 the proportion of the total output coming from establishments having a product of one million dollars' worth or over increased nearly six per cent., while the proportion

turned out by all the smaller establishments suffered a decrease.

Nevertheless, we must note two mitigating circumstances. First, the number of the smaller establishments and the amount of business done by them continue to grow absolutely, thus showing that the absorption of them by the great industries is still in the distant future. In the year 1909 fifty-six per cent. of the manufactured products of the United States were turned out by concerns having an annual output of less than a million dollars' worth. Second, concentration of industry is not the same as concentration of capital ownership. The joint-stock company has made possible a great diffusion of property titles in industrial concerns. As a consequence, the number of shareholders in our railways and manufacturing concerns is increasing faster than the concentration of capital, and faster than the size of the business establishment (cf. Streightoff, op. cit., pp. 35, sq.).

b. As Seen by Mr. Hillquit

Like most other intelligent Socialists of to-day, my opponent recognizes the exaggerations of the theory of concentration as formulated by Karl Marx. Hence he says nothing about the impoverishment of the working classes or the disappearance of the middle classes. Nevertheless, he believes that the concentration process moves steadily forward by the inexorable laws of capitalist evolution. "Every day capital and economic power concentrate in the hands of an ever-narrowing circle of industrial and financial interest-groups. In the United States we can already point out a small number of combines and individuals who together control the main sources and products of the national wealth."

Apparently my opponent has in mind not merely the combination of many corporations into a few great trusts, but the substantial *control* of a large part of the entire industrial field by a small number of financial concerns, through such devices as interlocking directorates and the monopoly of credit accommodations. The magnitude assumed by these phenomena during the last quarter of a century suggests to him the conclusion that a great industrial and financial oligarchy will in the near future either dominate completely the lives of the people, or be overthrown by Socialism.

And yet there is a third alternative. The great industrial trusts have all been organized within the last fifteen years, practically without interference or regulation by the Government. As I observed in my last article, it is by no means certain that these combinations are really efficient and economical. Professor Meade and Mr. Brandeis think that, as compared with concerns of moderate size, they are inefficient and wasteful. In the opinion of Professor Taussig, "it seems certain that in the ordinary manufacturing industries, even in those where large-scale operations prevail, nothing but a precarious and limited monopoly can result" ("Principles of Economics," ii., 432). All our available experience tends to show that the maximum of efficiency, whether in a single establishment or in a combination of establishments, is reached long before the concern becomes a monopoly. Our great trusts have not been produced merely by superior efficiency. They have been built, at least in part, upon many forms of special privilege, and upon predatory methods of competition.

To assume that the Government is powerless to check and destroy these abnormal combinations and monopolies through the abolition of special privilege and the restoration of fair methods of competition, is hasty and unwarranted. The thing has never been seriously or intelligently attempted. Unless all present signs fail, the right kind of effort will be made under the administration of President Wilson. If it should prove futile and wasteful, the State will have to recognize and encourage these combinations. It will have to regulate them, even to the fixing of maximum prices. If this method should in turn fail, the State can itself become a competitor in that

TO ASSUME THAT THE GOVERNMENT CAN NOT DESTROY ABNORMAL MONOPOLIES THROUGH THE RESTORATION OF FAIR METHODS OF COMPETITION, IS UNWARRANTED.

part of the industrial field occupied by the trusts.

Not until all these devices have been thoroughly tried and found wanting will there be sufficient reason for asserting that economic development leads inevitably to the control of industry by a few great combinations, and thence to Socialism.

That indirect form of centralization which consists not in complete *ownership*, but in interlocking directorates and a monopoly of credit, and which seems to enable a few powerful groups of men virtually to dominate a large part of the economic life of America, is even more recent than the development of the trusts. The assumption that it can not be prevented or adequately controlled by action of government is even less warranted than in the case of the latter. Here, again, I would advise my opponent to "wait and see."

THE WORKERS THEMSELVES DO NOT WANT SOCIALISM

The second factor upon which Mr. Hillquit relies to bring about the Socialist reorganization of industrial and political society is the rapidly increasing power of the working class. "The process of capitalist concentration results among other things in the elimination of the independent small producers and traders, who are forced in ever-increasing numbers into the state of dependent 'salaried' employees, and the cohorts of industrial wage-earners are further augmented by accretions from the farming population, whose life becomes more and more precarious."

Now, this "elimination" of the small manufacturer and dealer is a very slow and relative process. While the large concerns are encroaching upon the territory of the smaller, the latter are increasing absolutely. In the field of merchandising the small dealers are probably growing quite as fast as the urban population. Moreover, the displaced small independents become receivers of salaries rather than wages, and consequently more closely affiliated with the capitalist class than with the proletariat.

As to "accretions from the farming population," we find that between 1900 and 1910 the number of farms in the United States increased at the same rate as the rural inhabitants, while the increase in the number of farmers who owned the land that they tilled was only three per cent. less than that rate. Since farming has never been so prosperous as in recent years, the majority of those who abandon the rural regions are not driven to do so because life there is becoming more "precarious," but because of the lure of the city, with its real or fancied opportunities.

With regard to the magnitude and growth of the laboring class in America, we have unfortunately no definite or satisfactory statistics. While our wage-earners and salary receivers combined undeniably constitute a majority of all the persons engaged in gainful occupations, they are not a very large majority. In all probability they do not aggregate more than seven-tenths. Were all the voters among them to unite at the ballot-box they could undoubtedly introduce, for the moment at least, a régime of Socialism.

But there is no likelihood that they would all thus unite. A considerable section of them can never be convinced that Socialism is feasible; another large section will continue to oppose the project on religious and moral grounds; a third numerous group hope to become independent business men under the present system; while a fourth section, including the majority of those who receive salaries rather than wages, will never believe that Socialism, even if practicable, would be economically and otherwise better for *them* than the conditions and advantages that they enjoy under the present régime.

Although it is probably true that the laboring class in the wide sense here defined is increasing faster than the independent farming and business classes, this increase will probably be more than neutralized by the improvements in their condition that are certain to come through social legislation, and through participation in the ownership of productive property.

Even in the more moderate statement of my opponent, therefore, the reasons for an irresistible "trend toward Socialism" are neither clear nor convincing.

AN APRIORISTIC AND FATALISTIC PHILOSOPHY

It was the opinion of Engels that the two main doctrines of the Marxian social philosophy, economic determinism and surplus value, had converted Socialism from a utopia into a science. The average Socialist

never wearies of assuring us that his beloved system is founded upon the inexorable conclusions of science, not upon mere utopian aspirations.

In truth, this so-called scientific basis, this philosophy that we have been examining, is not scientific at all. It is for the most part an a priori concoction; for it is the product of a misuse of the deductive method, an a priori theory of reality, and a partial analysis of experience. It represents an ingenious but unsuccessful attempt to force the facts of economic and social life into the Procrustean bed of a priori theory. We must remember that its elaborator, Marx, was a student of philosophy, a disciple of Hegel, before he became a Socialist. His method always remained that of the metaphysician rather than the scientist. Professor Simkhovitch calls him a "nineteenth-century materialist in the garb of a thirteenth-century schoolman." If he had said a "fifteenth-century schoolman" he would have been more accurate and suggestive; for the subtleties in which Marx so often indulges call to mind scholasticism in its decadence.

Marx's bad use of the deductive method is well illustrated in his discussion of value and surplus value. By arbitrarily eliminating the factors of utility and scarcity, he rigorously concludes that the one element common to all commodities in exchange is labor, and therefore that labor is the sole determinant of value. By reasoning logically from this false premise, he concludes that capital contributes to the product only sufficient value to reproduce itself. His discussion of these subjects and of many others gives the impression of a man dealing with a world of abstractions, a world made to order, not the actual world of industry that we know.

His a priori theory of reality and his inadequate analysis of concrete fact are evident in the theories of economic determinism and the class struggle. A priori he held to the Hegelian doctrine of social evolution through the clash of contradictory elements terminating in a final and absolute synthesis; observation led him to an exaggerated notion of the class struggle; therefore, he seems to have concluded, the final synthesis is Socialism, and Socialism is inevitable. A priori he believed that all that exists is matter; observation assured him that the economic factor is extremely important in social life; therefore, he seems to have concluded, economico-material forces ultimately and necessarily dominate and determine all social processes, ideas, and institutions.

Because of its a priori materialism the Socialist philosophy is fatalistic. As expounded by practically all its prominent advocates, it makes the economic element the finally original and decisive element in social life, and excludes the reality of spirit. It does not attribute our economic evils to a "faulty" arrangement of society, but to the inexorable operation of economic forces and economic evolution. In the mind and imagination of the thoroughgoing scientific Socialist, the social evolutionary process seems to be a huge and unrelenting mechanical movement which can not be checked by any mere action of human beings. Hence he refuses to become discouraged when the term that he sometimes sets for the arrival of Socialism has gone by, or when his prophecies concerning the trend of industrial forces are falsified by the logic of events. He blithely replies that he was mistaken as to the exact time, but that he is quite certain of the inevitable outcome.

Faith, not science, is the soul of the Socialist philosophy; but it is faith suspended in the vacant air.

REBUTTAL BY MR. HILLQUIT

ON THE whole, my opponent's reply is stronger in admissions than in denials. The main foundations of the Marxian philosophy, as I have outlined it, consist of the Economic Interpretation of History, the Class-Struggle doctrine, and the theory of Surplus Value. Let us see how my opponent deals with these propositions.

Dr. Ryan recognizes that economic conditions "exercise a large influence upon social life, ideas, institutions, and development"; that "almost all our political problems and activities are *entirely or fundamentally* economic," and that "even ethical notions of men vary considerably according to their industrial interests." He claims,

however, that the Marxian Socialist "magnifies the rôle of the economic factor beyond all plausibility." This criticism would be vastly more illuminating if he would or could inform us at what point the economic factor loses its efficacy as a propelling cause in social development.

It is true that he condemns the efforts of Achille Loria and Karl Kautsky to analyze the economic factors which in their opinion led to the origin and determined the growth of the Christian religion as *extravagant* and *fantastic*, and that he characterizes the alleged inclinations of "so many" Socialists to reduce all vice and crime to economic causes as *crude* and *superficial;* but these adjectives come more properly within the province of rhetoric than the category of proof.

THE "LIMITED" CLASS STRUGGLE

With similar candor Dr. Ryan admits that "class divisions based upon divergent economic interests are an indisputable fact." He even concedes that "there exists 'a certain sort of' class struggle between a *large section* of the wage-earners and a *large section* of the capitalists," and goes so far as to accept the purely Socialist view that the average member of the legislature represents the economic interests of the class with which he is most closely affiliated, and to indorse the practical Socialist conclusion that each class (consequently also the working class) must have "its own representatives in *every* legislature."

What remains of his opposition to the Marxian view of the class struggle seems to me to be based partly on a misunderstanding of that view and partly on a faulty estimate of the social forces at work in modern society.

> EVERY WAGE-WORKER IS ALREADY DEEPLY INVOLVED IN THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

Socialists do not attempt to reduce the number of existing economic classes to two, as erroneously assumed by Dr. Ryan. The existence of "numerous economic-interest groups between and alongside of capitalists and wage-workers" was specifically pointed out by me in the main paper on this subject. What the Socialists, however, do claim, is that the two last-mentioned classes are the most important factors in modern society, and that the conflict between them constitutes the dominant issue in modern society and tends to determine the ultimate alignment of all other classes.

But Dr. Ryan assures us that the conditions of a "genuine class struggle" would always be wanting, for the reason that a very large portion of the wage-workers "would refuse, and do refuse, to become involved." In reply to this I take the liberty of reminding him that the class struggle is not a polite social function. It issues no invitations and accepts no declinations. The "class struggle," in the Marxian interpretation of the term, does not necessarily involve overt, conscious, or violent conflicts—it signifies an antagonism of economic interests, created by the inexorable conditions of capitalist production and not by the will or disposition of individuals; and in this, the only true sense of the term, every wage-worker is already deeply involved in the class struggle.

Dr. Ryan's assertion that the class-divisions in the United States "do not yield material for a class struggle of any great importance" must be taken to mean that the majority of the population are economically interested in upholding the present system of private Capitalism, and would therefore oppose the Socialist plan of coöperative production. In support of this contention he quotes Mr. Streightoff, who is alleged to have made the discovery that "about twenty-four million individuals in the United States possess some income-bearing property other than government and corporation securities." Mr. Streightoff himself does not make his claim quite so strong. He says:

"There are probably nine millions of individuals receiving some returns on savings accounts, and upward of five millions indirectly obtaining profit from participating life-insurance policies. About five million persons possess agricultural land and perhaps as many more hold residential real estate."

Mr. Streightoff's figures are somewhat exaggerated and misleading. According to the census returns of 1900 only 3,653,323 farmers owned all or part of their land, and

the estimate of five million owners of residential real estate is quite arbitrary. Moreover, a considerable portion of farm owners probably appear again as owners of "residential" real estate, and the possessors of the two classes of property undoubtedly comprise a large part of the savings-bank depositors and policy-holders. Mr. Streightoff seems to appreciate the inconclusiveness of his figures, and sums up his speculations in one terse and telling sentence: "To attempt to estimate the distribution of income from property would be absurd."

ABOUT 23,750,000 PERSONS MAY BE REGARDED AS POSSIBLE CANDIDATES FOR ENLISTMENT IN THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

But Dr. Ryan takes the estimates as proven truths, adds the full figures, elevates every individual who chances to have a dollar in a savings-bank or to carry a small insurance policy to the rank of an owner of "income-bearing" property, and with one bold stroke of the pen creates twenty-four million property-holders outside of the uncounted millions who possess government securities and securities of corporations. If our population were so overwhelmingly capitalistic as these figures would indicate, this country would indeed offer little room for class struggles.

But what are the facts?

According to the census of 1900 the total number of persons, ten years old and over, engaged in gainful occupations in the United States was a little over 29,000,000.

Of the persons engaged in manufacture 5,373,108 were classified as "wage-earners," while 708,738 were designated as proprietors and firm members. According to the Report on Manufactures of 1909, 63.2 per cent. of the manufacturing establishments produced less than $20,000 per annum, while the remaining 36.8 per cent. produced upward of $20,000. Let us classify the proprietors of the former as "small producers" or "middle-class" manufacturers and those of the latter as "large producers" or capitalists. On this basis we obtain approximately 254,810 capitalists and 447,928 members of the middle class in the manufacturing industries.

For the 10,472,011 persons enumerated under the two heads of "Domestic and Personal Service" and "Trade and Transportation" the census does not give a similar division by classes, but the sub-enumerations of specific occupations furnish a tolerably reliable guide to the economic status of the persons engaged in them.

Thus we may consider as capitalists all persons designated as bankers and brokers, officials of banks and companies, and wholesale merchants and dealers. To the hybrid middle class we may relegate all small independent business men, such as barbers, hotel, restaurant, boarding-house, livery-stable and saloon keepers; retail merchants; "hucksters and pedlers," and even undertakers; also all individuals engaged in professional and semi-professional service, including free practitioners, clerks, bookkeepers, foremen, commercial travelers, agents, soldiers, policemen, and housekeepers.

The column of "wage-earners" will be made up exclusively of hired manual laborers.

The agricultural population consisted of 10,410,877 persons. Of these about 4,530,000 were "farm hands" or other hired laborers, while the remainder consisted of "farm operators." Only 527,637 farms had an area of 260 acres or more. We will assume that each of these farms had a separate owner, and will consider such big-farm owners as agricultural capitalists, classifying the owners or cultivators of the smaller-sized farms with the all-embracing "middle class."

On this basis we reach the following class division of the active American population:

Capitalists:	
Manufacturing and Mechanical	254,810
Trade and Transportation	189,675
Farmers	527,637
Total	972,122
Middle Class:	
Manufacturing and Mechanical	447,928
Trade and Transportation	2,242,397
Domestic and Personal Service	790,834
Professional Service (all)	1,258,538
Farmers	5,880,877
Total	10,620,574

Wage-Earners:	
Manufacturing and Mechanical	5,373,108
Trade and Transportation	2,334,892
Domestic and Personal Service	4,789,823
Farm Laborers	4,530,000
Total	17,027,823

To complete our calculations we must add the "unemployed" of both classes, capitalists and wage-workers. To be generous with the former we will assume that one-third of their total number follow the sole and exclusive vocation of being idle, while two-thirds are engaged in some "gainful" occupation—thus adding another 500,000, in round figures, to their numbers. On the other hand, the number of wage-earners enumerated in the census is based on the "average" actually employed on specified days, and does not take into account the workers temporarily or permanently without jobs. Since the number of persons unemployed during some time of the year amounted, according to the same census, to no less than 6,468,964, it is safe to add an average of 1,500,000 to the column of wage-workers.

Thus the total number of American capitalists does not exceed in round numbers 1,500,000; that of the "middle classes" may reach about 10,500,000, while the number of wage-workers must be conservatively estimated at about 18,500,000.

TWENTY-THREE MILLION POSSIBLE SOCIALISTS

Of the 30,500,000 persons figuring in our estimate, only 1,500,000 are unquestioned beneficiaries of the capitalist system and interested in its continuation; 18,500,000 are its victims and economically interested in its abrogation. Of the remaining 10,500,000 persons, designated as the middle class or classes, the majority are in revolt against the existing system. More than a third of the American farmers are mere tenants, whose lot is often worse than that of the wage-worker, and the greater part of the farm-owners are exploited by the mortgagees, railroad companies, and other capitalist agencies almost as much as the wage-worker. The professional men and "salaried" employees likewise feel the burdens of economic pressure weighing on them ever more heavily under Capitalism. It is safe to assert that at least one-half of the persons embraced within the general category of the "middle classes" are justly dissatisfied with their conditions.

Adding these to the number of the wage-workers, we obtain about 23,750,000 persons, or about 78% of the entire active population, who are materially interested in a change of the present economic order and may be regarded as possible candidates for enlistment in the Socialist movement.

Dr. Ryan admits that the economic dependents constitute a large majority of the population and have it within their power to bring about a "régime of Socialism" by united action; but he consoles himself with the placid assumption that they would not make use of that power, for various reasons. The assumption is quite unwarranted in view of the steady and rapid growth of Socialism and other radical economic movements in all advanced countries of the world.

THE "MYSTIFYING" SURPLUS VALUE

Toward the Marxian theory of Surplus Value Dr. Ryan is less conciliatory than toward the doctrines of Economic Determinism and of the Class Struggle. He dismisses it summarily as "a pedantic and mystifying formulation of things that are either obvious, unprovable, unimportant, or untrue."

Dr. Ryan's own theory of the origin of wealth is stated in the following terse sentence: "Since the product would not come into existence at all if either capital or labor were wanting, and since every part of it is due in some degree to the action of both, it is quite impossible to determine how much of the product is specifically attributable to either factor." Let us examine this seemingly plausible statement.

Every modern commodity or "product" is created by the concurrence of three factors—raw material, machinery, and human labor. It is the first two factors which my opponent comprehends under the term "capital." Now raw material and machinery are themselves "products" created by the application of labor to objects found in a "raw" or "natural" state in or on the earth, and in the last analysis every commodity thus owes its existence to the free gifts of nature plus various succeeding processes of human labor, manual or mental. If by his assertion that capital and labor are equally required for creating the product Dr. Ryan merely intends to say that under the present system the capitalists

have monopolized the resources of the earth in their original or "raw" form as well as in the more perfected form of modern machinery, and that labor is helpless without that monopolized "raw" material and machinery and must yield part of its fruit for their use, he states what is truly "obvious;" and if he means to imply that there exists some mysterious active factor in production known as "capital," and independent of natural resources and instruments of work, he states what is obviously "untrue."

THE MARXIAN SOCIALISTS CLAIM THAT THE WORKER'S SHARE IN THE TOTAL PRODUCT IS STEADILY DIMINISHING, AND THAT HIS SUBSISTENCE GROWS EVER MORE PRECARIOUS.

It is not claimed that Marx discovered the very patent fact that the capitalist's ownership of the instruments of production enables him to exploit the worker. It is the formulation of the mode and process of such exploitation which constitutes Marx's politico-economic discovery known as the theory of "surplus value."

Dr. Ryan takes exception to the part of the surplus-value theory which holds that wages are determined by the cost of maintaining the worker in conformity with his established standard of life, on the ground that such standard is quite "elastic and relative." So it is, and so is practically every other social standard. The Socialists are the first to recognize this undeniable truth, hence their constant efforts to raise the standard of the workers' life. But apart from the slight and slow oscillations, the "*established* standard of life" of a specified class of people is a tolerably concrete and measurable factor, as we will readily perceive by a comparison of the lives and requirements of the American mechanic and the Chinese laborer. And it is quite as unprofitable in this connection to speculate whether wages first determined the standard of life or vice versa, as it is to try to establish the chronological priority between the hen and the egg.

OUTSIDE OF THE ISSUE

The Economic Interpretation of History, the doctrine of Class Struggle, and the theory of Surplus Value thus constitute the main features of the Marxian philosophy and are generally accepted by all its adherents. But within the ranks of the Marxists themselves there have recently developed two divergent schools of thought. The older school of "orthodox" Marxians has for its spiritual head the well-known Socialist writer Karl Kautsky, while the newer school or "revisionist" or "neo"-Marxian is represented principally by the Socialist member of the German Reichstag, Eduard Bernstein. The controversy between the two contending schools turns, among other things, on the merits and interpretation of a brief passage from Marx's "Capital," which reads substantially as follows:

"Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital who monopolize all advantages of this transformation (the economic development of capitalism), grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation and exploitation of the workers; but with it also grows the revolt of the working class, a class always increasing in numbers, and disciplined, united and organized by the mechanism of the process of capitalist production itself. . . . . Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist shell, which is burst asunder."

The "revisionist" Socialists deny that the general condition of the working classes shows a tendency toward progressive deterioration; they maintain that the wage-workers are not increasing in numbers as fast as Marx predicted; that they do not absorb the "middle classes," and that the latter have lately taken a new lease of life by changing their economic form and function—disappearing as independent small business men, but reappearing as stockholders and officers of large corporations. The "revisionists" finally deny the alleged tendency of capital to concentrate in the hands of a "constantly diminishing" number of individuals.

On the other hand, the orthodox Marxians, while they are ready to admit an absolute process of improvement in the lot of the worker, claim that his condition is one of relative social and economic deterioration, that his share in the total product is steadily diminishing, and that his subsistence grows ever more precarious. They maintain that the progressive process of transformation of the middle classes from independent producers or traders into salaried employees tends to alienate them more and more from the capitalist class and to couple their fortunes with those of the wage-earning classes, thus substantially justifying Marx's prediction. And finally they contend that while the predicted concentration of capital has not been materialized in the shape of an ever-decreasing number of wealthy individuals, it has been brilliantly fulfilled through the concentration and control of capital in the hands of the powerful modern trusts and business combines.

Personally, I am inclined toward the "orthodox" view, but I purposely omitted the controversy from my introductory statement of the Socialist philosophy for the reason that it is a big and complex subject which can not be conveniently or adequately discussed in the columns of a popular magazine, and for the still stronger reason that the subject is entirely foreign to the present debate. The controversy between the "revisionist" and "orthodox" Marxians is an internal affair of the Socialist movement. Its determination may influence the Socialist tactics and methods, but it does not affect the general Socialist viewpoint or the ultimate aim and objects of the movement.

The best proof of this assertion is the fact that Eduard Bernstein, whom Dr. Ryan cites as his principal authority, is and remains an active and militant Socialist. If the facts and figures so elaborately compiled by Dr. Ryan on the subject above indicated be sustained, they support the position of the "revisionist" Socialist, Eduard Bernstein; if they be disproved, the position of the "orthodox" Socialist, Karl Kautsky, is vindicated; but in no event do they offer any solace or comfort to the anti-Socialist, John A. Ryan.

REJOINDER BY DR. RYAN

IN HIS rebuttal my opponent declares that I have not specifically supported my contention that the Marxian philosophy exaggerates the social importance of economic factors. Such specific proof could not be given, owing to lack of space, and need not be given, inasmuch as the subject will come up again in the articles on morality and religion. It seemed to me that the mere statement of Kautsky's theory of the development of Christianity, and the theory that all vice, crime, and sin are due to economic causes, was a sufficient refutation of these extraordinary views.

Here I shall simply call attention to two important and incontestable facts:

First, the authentic documents which describe the rise of Christianity show no trace of an industrial or social reform movement; and, second, the most typical and widespread vices, crimes, and sins, such as intemperance, unchastity, lying, calumny, indolence, revenge, violence, and greed, permeate *all* classes in approximately the same degree, and would continue in any form of society that could be devised.

In connection with the first of these points I would call attention to the brief but convincing refutation of Engels's explanation of the Protestant Reformation and of Calvinism, given on pages 34-41 of Professor Simkhovitch's recent work, "Marxism versus Socialism."

THE OUTLOOK FOR A GENUINE CLASS CONFLICT

I am reminded by my opponent that the class struggle "is not a polite social function, ... but an antagonism of economic interests, created by the inexorable conditions of capitalist production." But the antagonism between the buyers and sellers of labor-power no more implies a struggle for the *overthrow of the wage system* than the similar antagonism between the buyers and sellers of goods means a contest to abolish the system of economic exchange. In the American trade-union movement the majority are quite well aware of the antago-

nism of interests existing between themselves and their employers, but they are contending for higher wages and other improvements in their economic condition, not for the destruction of Capitalism. Should this contest for better conditions within the present order continue to be successful, they may refrain forever from making the conflict so intense or carrying it so far as Mr. Hillquit assumes and hopes.

The inference that the class struggle must go to this extreme is not warranted by the mere fact of interest antagonisms. Both parties may find that they have a common interest in maintaining the present system, just as the buyers and sellers of goods realize that exchange is better than independent and isolated production. My opponent's forecast of a class struggle for the overthrow of Capitalism is based, not upon tendencies experimentally evident in contemporary industry, but upon an apocalyptic theory of those tendencies. It is a lingering echo of that Marxian aprioristic fatalism and utopianism which had a vision of economic determinism leading inevitably to concentration of capital, impoverishment of labor, social revolution, and final reconciliation of the warring elements in the golden age of Socialism.

INDUSTRIAL WAGE-EARNERS ONLY 34 PER CENT.

Turning from theory to statistics, Mr. Hillquit questions Professor Streightoff's and my own estimates of the number of persons who own income-bearing property in the United States. While he points out that the census of 1900 reported only 3,653,823 farmers (in 1910 the number was 3,948,722) as owning all or a part of their farms, he fails to note that the census covers only farmers, farm operators, not farm owners.

It reports only those owners who are also cultivators, paying no attention to those rural proprietors who are not themselves engaged in farming. According to the same census, there were more than two million tenant farmers. Now it is entirely probable that the majority of the owners of the rented farms were not themselves farm operators, and therefore do not appear in the census figures. When these are added to the 3,948,722 cultivating owners (census of 1910) the sum will undoubtedly reach 5,000,000. Moreover, this number omits entirely the hundreds of thousands of owners of rural land which has not yet been brought under the plow.

If my opponent's objections to the other items in Professor Streightoff's estimates have no sounder basis than the one just examined, they may be summarily set aside. That many owners appear more than once in the different totals I have already admitted; but I insist that when all reasonable deductions on this account are made from the grand total of 24,000,000, and when the remainder is increased by the "uncounted millions who possess government securities and the securities of corporations," the final result may be put quite conservatively at 22,000,000. This is a majority of the persons in the United States whose age was twenty years and over in 1910. It will stand as a reasonable estimate until it is overthrown by specific statistics and arguments.

Mr. Hillquit submits an analysis of the census report of 1900 on "Occupations," from which he deduces the following conclusions:

Capitalists	1,500,000
Members of Middle Classes	10,500,000
Wage-Earners	18,500,000

> THE ECONOMIC GRIEVANCES OF THE FARMING, SALARIED, AND PROFESSIONAL CLASSES MEAN NOTHING MORE THAN A NEED AND A DEMAND FOR REFORMS.

To these estimates I would take only a single exception. Of the four and one-half million farm laborers in the census tables, 2,366,313 are described as "members of family" ("Occupations," p. xxiii). At least one million of these are surely more akin to the middle classes in ideas and condition than to the wage-earners. When we transfer them to the former division, we have 11,500,000 members of middle classes, and 17,500,000 in the wage-earning class.

Probably the most painstaking attempt

to discover from the census tables the relative strength of the different economic classes is seen in two articles by Isaac A. Hourwich in Volume XIX of the *American Journal of Political Economy*. The writer is, I believe, a Socialist. According to his computations, the total number of wage-earners is a little less than sixteen million (p. 205), or a little more than half the number of persons in all gainful occupations. As Mr. Hourwich took no account of the unemployed, his estimate of the number of wage-earners proves to be about the same as that of Mr. Hillquit, when the latter is corrected by eliminating one million members of farm families.

However, Mr. Hourwich estimates the number of *industrial* wage-earners, that is, the manual workers engaged in urban and strictly capitalist industries, at a little less than ten million. In his view only these are likely to become actively engaged in a working-class movement. The other six million wage-earners, together with the salaried classes, the professional and quasi-professional classes, the agents and the traveling men, are grouped by him under the head of the "public," or the middle classes. His conclusion as to the relative strength of the three great economic groups is: industrial wage-earners, 34.8 per cent.; the public, 31.3 per cent.; entrepreneurs, or the business class, 27.7 per cent.

Professor Commons arrives at a very similar conclusion. In his opinion, only one-third of the adult males of the country are available for a class conflict, nor are the other two-thirds likely to be drawn into it in the near future. (*The American Journal of Sociology*, May, 1908. Cf. the excellent analysis of the situation by Simkhovitch in "Marxism versus Socialism," pp. 216-224.)

THE RAPID GROWTH (?) OF SOCIALISM

These estimates of the proportion of our industrial population which is likely to be drawn into an active class conflict conform much more closely to the facts than does the view of Mr. Hillquit. The economic grievances of the farming, salaried, and professional classes, and the growth of "radical economic movements," upon which he relies, mean nothing more than a need and a demand for *reforms*. At present they do not express nor consciously include a desire for Socialism. The various groups of persons who feel these grievances are "possible candidates for enlistment in the Socialist movement" only in the sense that all things are possible. Not until their demands and hopes for social reform within the present system have been proved futile will any important percentage of them become *probable* candidates for Mr. Hillquit's movement. His faith that they will sooner or later reach this position is, of course, based upon his hope that mere social reform will fail. This is a purely a priori assumption.

Concerning the "steady and rapid growth of Socialism," which is another element in the foundation of his faith, there are many signs that it has already received a serious check. The numerous desertions from the organized movement in more than one country of Europe, but especially in Germany, and even in the United States, the bitter internal dissensions created by Syndicalism, I.-W.-W.-ism, and other elements, and the better education of the public with regard to the real nature, aims, and affinities of Socialism, are some of the more important facts which point to this conclusion.

SURPLUS VALUE ONCE MORE

Of course, I never had any intention of denying that capital springs ultimately from the union of labor and the raw material of nature. In passing, I would observe, however, that the "crystallized labor" in capital is not the labor of the men who now work with the capital. Hence *their* labor has not created the whole product. My real point was that Marx's assertion is unprovable, to wit: "The means of production never transfer more value to the product than they themselves lose during the labor process." ("Capital," i. p. 116; Humboldt Edition.) The contribution of the two factors, labor and capital, to the product can not possibly be distinguished. Consequently we have no means of knowing how much of the product's value is due to either present or "crystallized" labor.

Not the fact, but the "mode and process," of capitalist exploitation, says my opponent, constitute the "discovery" in the theory of surplus value. Yet the mode and process have always been quite as obvious as the fact itself. The statement of the "discovery," either in my opponent's pages or in

Part III. of the first volume of "Capital," merely amounts to this: Since only a part of the product of industry is needed to support the laborer in conformity with his established standard of living, the capitalist takes the remainder because he has the power to take it. The truth in this formula was surely quite as obvious to intelligent men before the days of Marx as it has since been to those who have never read a line of "Capital."

The "established-standard-of-living theory" is frequently so presented in Socialist propaganda as to imply that the worker gets only a bare subsistence. Of course, this is not true, nor did Marx himself ever include it in his statement of the theory. In the second place, wages are not always regulated by the standard of living. When wages are forced up by a strong labor-union, or down by a commercial crisis, they become with reference to the standard of living cause instead of effect.

Mr. Hillquit is right in his statement that the "revisionist" controversy is outside the issue in this debate. Hence I did not bring it in. I barely alluded to it in connection with the name of Bernstein.

To that part of the Marxian theory about which the controversy rages I did, however, give considerable space. I wanted to discuss the Socialist philosophy in its entirety as expounded by Marx, rather than confine myself to a version from which all the troublesome and controverted elements had been tenderly expurgated.

While the most concrete and appealing part of the Marxian philosophy is the theory of the class struggle, the most vital and popular element of the latter is the prophecy of "increasing misery." It supplies the ordinary Socialist, "the man in the street," with an easily grasped reason for his indictment of the present order, and for his faith in the near approach of the Collective Commonwealth. It still plays an important part in the Socialist propaganda, is still in substance accepted by the majority in the Socialist movement.

Take away this prophecy, and the class struggle becomes "Marxism with Marx left out." Convert this prophecy into the statement that the working classes are advancing less rapidly than the capitalists, and that the middle classes are becoming salary receivers, and you make the class struggle, perhaps not a "polite social function," but a sham battle, a sort of social wrist-slapping contest. You have taken out of the class-struggle theory all those emotional, catastrophic, and revolutionary features which have always exhibited it to its faithful disciples as the pledge and the prelude of the imminent fall of Capitalism.

HAS IT ALL BEEN IN VAIN?

In the opinion of my esteemed opponent, the facts and figures that I have marshaled against the increasing misery doctrine tend to support the position of Bernstein, the Socialist, but give no solace or comfort to Ryan, the anti-Socialist. Were I combating the Socialism of Bernstein, I should not, indeed, make use of these data. Neither would he employ them in defense of Socialism. He has used them not as an advocate but as a *critic*. Are they not quite as effective in the hands of any other critic? While they do not overthrow the entire Socialist argument, they are good and pertinent against the majority of Socialists. For the majority, like my opponent, are still "inclined toward the orthodox view."

To Kautsky, the most authoritative of present-day Socialists, these facts and figures seemed to have a tremendously ominous significance. "If they are true, then not only is the day of our victory postponed, but we can never reach our aim. If capitalists are on the increase and not the propertyless, then development is setting us back further and further from our goal, then capital entrenches itself and not Socialism, then our hopes will never materialize." ("Protokoll des Stuttgarter Parteitags," 1898, p. 128.)

Moreover, the Socialism of Bernstein—for, as my opponent triumphantly reminds me, the revisionist leader remains "an active and militant Socialist"— does not differ appreciably from the program of the advanced social reformer. It is a sort of denaturalized and devitalized Socialism, as may be seen in his book, "Evolutionary Socialism."

It would seem, then, that the refutation of the theory of increasing misery is well worth while.

The February instalment of ***"Socialism: Promise or Menace?"*** *will debate the subject of Socialism and Morality.*

A Fresh Start

by Emerson Taylor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER

FOR the first hour he enjoyed, just as the chaplain said he would, his renewed acquaintance with the cool autumn air, the color of the sky and the trees. But his mood changed when he became aware of the faces of the men and women.

They all knew what he had been doing, and where he had been. The very newness of his ill-fitting clothes betrayed to them the secret he had prayed to keep. He felt the yellowish pallor of his sunken cheeks, the short cut of his hair, as if they had been the brand of some terrible disease. It was as hard to bear the pity he was sure he saw in some of the eyes that met his, as the ridicule or disdain he saw in others. Some persons avoided contact with him. Crossing the ferry, an idle messenger-boy winked at him knowingly; and Kennedy got up and moved away, shaken—he who a year before would have talked up to anybody in New York. Such cruel eyes as met him that bright morning! Now he hated them with the hate of a wolf for the hot iron, snarling; again he was afraid of them—shrinking back from their regard, limp and trembling, mutely asking for a chance.

And if strangers were so terrifying, what might he not expect from the look of his old friend, who had told him to call "at the first opportunity"? What if Harmon reproached him, advised, harangued about repentance? He feared what he might do just then to any man who asked him if he was not sorry, if he believed "it paid," who might even be clumsy in his well-meant kindness. But——

"Got any money?" Harmon inquired crisply.

Probably it was because Harmon was a very busy man that he had compressed their interview into five minutes. He asked the man about his health; he repeated his assurance as to taking him into his employ; he told him something about his new duties—and that was all. He was extremely busy. Or was he astonishingly tactful, divining what was expected of him? No, he was kind. Better yet, Kennedy concluded, he was merely sensible.

"A little," the man replied, fighting back the cunning which urged him to declare himself penniless. "They—the Society gives a man some clothes and a dollar or so, when—it's over. It isn't very much."

"No harm in starting small, though—eh?"

"No, sir." His year-long habit of promptly agreeing with his superiors, with the Powers That Be, of whatever sort, was strong upon him. "I've got to start all over again, I guess." Then his head came up. "But I'm going to make good, Harmon." He wanted so hard to make that speech sound just as he had planned it should—like that of certain stage heroes he had seen, such as the erring son, or the love-touched, awakened cow-puncher, who, toward the end of the play, makes the audience feel weepy—he speaks with such a thrill of manliness under his frank confession of wrongdoing. But he failed, somehow. He was conscious how thickly he spoke, how stupidly. On his lips the words sounded like the cheapest bravado; and he was wretchedly grateful to his old friend for passing them over quite negligently.

"Just buck up, Kennedy—that's all." Harmon shifted his chair a little, as if he desired to turn back to his work. "Er—no more shiftlessness, old man, eh? That was your trouble—doing the foolish thing instead of the wise one." He hurried over this, as if it were an unpleasant duty or an empty form prescribed by custom. "Now! Here's five dollars." He stripped a bill from the slim roll in his pocket-book, extended it, then drew it back abruptly. "Tell you what," he added, with a smile which told of his real delight in doing what was whimsical just for its own sake. "See how well you can spend this, will you? I'm not afraid it'll go for rum, or—that sort of thing; but——"

"No, sir," came the answer positively.

"Exactly. *That's* not *your* trouble. I'd be more afraid of your spending the five on a ticket to the opera," he laughed, "or on mining shares at fifty cents apiece." The sudden allusion burned the man like caustic. That had been the root of the trouble a year ago—a call for more margin, the desperate need of getting money overnight. "Shiftlessness!" added Harmon, with a smile that soothed the hurt. "Now suppose you account to me for every cent of this—just how you spend it," he suggested. "Make things go far—and effectively. That's the point, for *you*. Get me?" He had quite turned away now, to his desk. Kennedy stood up. "Eight-thirty sharp to-morrow," Harmon reminded him. "I'll be here to show you where to take hold. Good-by."

They shook hands. Harmon's grip was different somehow even from the chaplain's, good man as the latter was. It warmed one more.

"I'll show him," the man promised as

"YOU *LOOK* LIKE A SAILOR—*YOU* DO!"

he walked out into the street. "Not one cent for anything but necessities."

He readily conjured up a vision of presenting himself at the office next morning with a new savings-bank book, in which should be entered most of the money now glowing so comfortingly against his heart.

"That would show I didn't intend to miss any more chances," he said to himself gaily. He calculated swiftly. A dollar would cover his lodging and two meals. Two more would—ah, it was great fun planning things out like this! On Saturday, he had been told, he would receive a full week's pay, though he would go to work only on Thursday. A good sort was Harmon! The man raised his head and saw the sky; he called on God's throne to witness his intentions! "Not a cent to be wasted; never again the waste of a minute!"

Fantastically there came to him a recollection of the legend on the face of a clock in the barber-shop he used to frequent:

"Make Every Stroke Count As I Do."

A year ago he had laughed at that legend; now it recurred to him like one of the Commandments, with the difference that it was more important to him. In the meantime he could walk about a little, for the bank he had in mind would be open till four o'clock. He had plenty of time.

"Great Scott, how *good* it all feels!"

The friendly roar of the street, the sweep of the tide-like crowd, the chance he had to smile with a lot of his fellows at a comical advertisement in a druggist's window, even the thrill of terror which ran through his marrow as, in company with a white-faced woman, he dodged an automobile—the whole of it was like wine to him. Free again! Once more like the rest of the world—better than many, since *he* had paid his penalty. Free to hurry, to linger, to rest, to go on again, to right, left, straight ahead. Free of the measured-out day—so much work, so much sleep, so much rest, so many ounces of food, never more, never less.

Instead of a stone and steel corridor, the long vista of the street was ahead of him; the doors on either side opened into shops and dwellings, not into cages. There was nobody watching him—watching every minute of the time. There was a bluecoat on the corner to laugh with, if he chose, instead of a gray warder to flatter and cajole—a warder with his secrets and his keys. Free! The word seemed ludicrously short and slight to carry all the weight of its meaning, thought Kennedy quaintly. But then love and hate are short words too.

The waiter in the little restaurant groaned at his order.

"Raw oysters, picked-up codfish, apple tapioca, and a lemonade," he repeated as if in a dream. "What ye doin'—payin' an election bet?"

"Keeping a promise to myself," said Kennedy. "I've been where I couldn't get those things for over a year. At sea," he added, flushing through his pallor.

"You *look* like a sailor—*you* do!"

"One thing I hope I never will look like is a waiter in a restaurant," the man returned with cheerful briskness, and felt better. "Two things I don't ever want to see again are corned-beef hash and baked beans," he added placidly.

He ate the queerly assorted food greedily, in the intervals of trying hard to realize that he had all the time he wanted and that there were people round him. You pick up a great many odd fashions when you are living mostly alone and silent—habits and manners which attract attention elsewhere, or, worse, of which you become aware yourself, when you are in the world again. He just saved himself from piling up his dishes. It took some effort to leave his place at table a bit untidy, as if that were his usual way. For a year he had known that to break one of the rules for neatness meant punishment by a gray man who carried death in his pocket. How good it all was!

"I suppose I might have made out with a piece of pie and some coffee," he mused with a little stab of conscience. "But it's only once—the first chance. Got any pipe tobacco?" he asked the waiter.

"We've no call for anything but cigars!" that worthy returned negligently. "Try next door, maybe."

No cigars for him! They were allowed cigars on legal holidays. A corn-cob pipe was what he wanted, and some navy plug.

Close by he discovered a very promising shop, and walked in. On one side were stacks of newspapers, gaily covered magazines, near them a pile of those detective-outlaw-office-boy-hero stories, which look so interesting till you come to read one. Stony-looking candy, wooden-looking tobacco, and some fly-specked stationery filled a show-case, the whole supervised by a man who, in better days, might have been

"IT AIN'T SO HARD, MAYBE, IF YOU'VE NEVER *BEEN* FREE."

an unsuccessful pawnbroker. The air of the place was heavy with the scent of ill-kept bird-cages. On a shelf, in a row of tiny coops, canaries twittered insanely; a red-crested parrot, hanging head downward from his bar, uttered wise saws in his secret and savage language. On the counter, by the show-case, a gray squirrel with frightened eyes ran round and round his whirring wheel.

"Fifteen cents," announced the proprietor, when Kennedy had made his deliberate and luxurious choice. "Haf a match?"

He had filled his pipe very slowly. The hot rankness of it had been like new breath in his lungs.

The squirrel lay still a moment, then whisked into the narrow wire box beside his wheel. He limped a little, holding up a forepaw.

"Lame, is he?" He was smoking very hard indeed.

"Hiss paws, dey ged a liddle sore, running on der wires. But you can'd *do* nodding for him. Don'd you want a bird now, mister? Ganary? Real Harzer rollers, dose are."

"Stay in those little cages all the time, do they?" He was not looking at the birds, however; he was turning over the leaves of a detective story.

"Sure."

"But—maybe they've been that way always." The tone was between doubt and hope this time.

"Sure."

"It ain't so hard, maybe, if you've never *been* free."

"Chenuine Harzer rollers," the other insisted patiently. "Sure Nice for der liddle ones."

The squirrel lay still in the musty straw that carpeted his cage. You would have thought him frightened, if you had not thought him tired and sick.

"Nice ped for der childrens—yes?" the

proprietor began again, but hopelessly, he feared. He was no purchaser, this white-faced man who stared so hard but so furtively at the caged squirrel and the birds. But habit had made it impossible for Meyer to talk to a visitor as if he were anything else. "*Hinauf!*" he cried, tapping the bars of the cage. But the tiny beast lay still, his flanks heaving like those of a miniature cart-horse. "Ach, he iss lazy this morning."

"How long's he been in there?"

"One year, most. Ach, very tame now."

"Good Lord!"

"I sell him to you sheap, mister." The look he liked was coming in his visitor's face, Meyer thought. He took a chance on it anyhow. "Eh? For less than he cost me." He shook his head sorrowfully. "Fife dollar?" he insinuated. "I don't want him."

The man drew a long breath. Very gently he smoothed the little captive's sleek gray head with his forefinger.

"A whole year!"

He set his jaw hard. For a moment he was silent, his chin on his breast. Meyer's head was on one side; his slender hands sketched a gesture of hopeless resignation.

Then the man's head came up. "Give you three-fifty."

"Dere's de cage," Meyer observed.

"A quarter."

"Take him," said Meyer. "But I tell you I lose money."

He walked and walked.

The Park was too full of people; and once more they had the look of enemies. There were boys about, too. Near by were the jails where they kept wild animals. He whispered encouragingly to his small friend through the paper which Meyer had twisted round the cage and wheel. He carried his burden very carefully and craftily, so that nobody should suspect what he had there. Somebody might come upon them unaware —the law, perhaps. One can never tell about the law.

In his heart the man carried the burden of him who feels that in spite of appearances he is doing right, the dogged conviction that, whether or no, the thing must be carried through. If later there may come a certain delight, at first the feeling is one merely of stubborn determination tinged with hopelessness. Farther and farther, till at length they came to a group of tall old chestnut trees, full of opening burrs.

"Home!" he whispered, opening the door of the cage. The catch had rusted a little. "No dream. It's true, boy." For the prisoner blinked, hesitated, almost drew back. "See! Look up yonder——"

He dropped to his knees, watching delightedly, his tired eyes bright again. Across the grass went the captive, with that queer, creeping gait which makes the tree-dweller appear so awkward on the ground; a little scamper at full speed; a halt to view the land.

"Shoo—!" The man waved his arms. "Top floor for you, son."

Something like gray light flashed to the nearest tree-trunk and behind it. The man thought he caught a glimpse of a tiny form up among the rustling leaves; he thought he heard a little chuckle and a chatter. He stamped the cage into a shapeless tangle.

Supperless, he smiled in his sleep in the bunk at the ten-cent lodging-house. . . .

"And then," he said, looking Harmon straight in the eye, speaking very calmly, "I paid three-seventy-five for a squirrel in a cage."

"I see," said Harmon.

"He had been there in his cage for a year." The man was not apologizing, not seeking to excuse himself. He was merely relating facts, quite without expression. "That took all you gave me. I—er—I think I've accounted for all of it. And——" He broke off, sighed shortly, waved his hand. "Oh, I'm guilty!" he smiled. "Get it over with quick—will you?"

Harmon rose from his chair. "Come in while I show you where to take hold," was his answer, as he led the way into the main office.

If you looked through this number for one of those exciting adventures of the Marquis and his friend in pursuit of a priceless diamond, we are sorry you were disappointed. With apologies for its postponement, we announce that the next *"Sorcerer's Stone"* story will positively appear in the February issue.

By the way, keep a sharp lookout in that February number for *"The Violinist,"* by the Irish novelist and playwright, G. A. Birmingham, author of *"Spanish Gold"* and *"General John Regan."*

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

presents.

MR·GEORGE M·COHAN

in an original character-sketch. entitled.

"GEORGE M·COHAN"

IS GEORGE MICHAEL COHAN
a joke or a genius?
Or a high-brow in disguise?

Once Broadway would have unhesitatingly affirmed the first angle of the present problem. Of course he was a joke. He would soon be laughed back to Fourteenth Street, where he belonged. But the date of this emphatic conclusion is some musty moons back in the history of things theatric.

Since that time Cohan and his plays have gathered for himself and his partners a round four millions. Probably half of this, as royalties and profits of the author and producer, passed through—I say, passed through—the pockets of George Michael. Half of that half, say, or a bulging million, is believed to hesitate within easy reach of the nervous fingers of this dapper young man. Even Broadway long ago conceded that the man who has done more to advertise it than any other single person is at least a *kind* of genius.

When we in sober second thought remember that Georgie Cohan did not see the inside of a schoolroom after he was eight years old, nor often enough before to remember now how to set a stage for one; that he never looked a private tutor in the eye; that since the childish day when he made his stage début upon a donkey in a Wild West parade he has been lammed about from corner to corner of the country in the itinerant show business; and that in spite of all, he is what he is, we agree that his career does exhibit elements explainable upon no other hypothesis than a superendowment of birthday gifts.

Yet just as the town is comfortably settled in that opinion, all flesh begins to creep with the horrid suspicion that George

THE COHAN THAT WAS. IN "THE YANKEE PRINCE."

has been fooling us; that he is by no means a joke, and by right standards no genius, but merely a high-brow.

Cohan came up from Fourteenth Street ten years ago with "Little Johnnie Jones"—with bells and the thump of the big bass drum, with songs that twiddled the ear, with action that was full of slap and bang, and some dances and posturings of the star that were supposed to be highly diverting. But Broadway coldly refused to be diverted. Why, bless you, it was freakish! It told a connected story, however improbable; the songs were somehow a real part of the play, instead of just being intruded like the plugs of fat in a larded tenderloin; and amid the songs pistol-shots rang out, blood flowed, women screamed, villains ground their teeth, and heroes slapped them in the face with their gloves—all according to the traditions of no musical farce, but in the exact stride of the bucket-of-blood type of melodrama.

Through it all capered Cohan, with clownish dances, with nasal melodies, with a manner that was cock-sure, flippant, "fresh," and a play of humor that was horsy.

Broadway sneered at "Little Johnnie" and it snubbed little Georgie.

Cohan's experience had been such that he knew a snub when he got it; and if he had misconceived his audience, there was no misunderstanding the statements in the box-office. But while the folks in front were looking him over, he was, in turn, looking them over. He noticed what in his production made people laugh—what made them laugh hilariously, and what gave them delicious, spine-refrigerating thrills; also, what cracked naught but yawns.

After two short weeks Cohan took "Little Johnnie" out to the one-night stands, where, each midnight after the performance, he sat down to rewrite the play and each morrow tried the new version on the next town. In a fortnight he was satisfied and came back to take Broadway by storm. It could no longer refuse or resist him. He had found its funny-bones and was tickling them all at once.

Successful innocence, reciprocated love, impugned honor, triumphant vindication—old, old, *old!*—were the elements of the story. But there was an accident in the play—its appeal to patriotic sentiments: American jockey winning English money—loving American maiden—English guile plotting ruin of American lover and incidentally breaking heart of American girl.

The dramatic value of this set of sentiments was a great surprise to Cohan, but its lesson was not lost. It led him to create situations in which national feeling was aroused to the highest pitch, when at the proper moment he rushed the flag upon the stage, and stood beneath it, singing, cheering, waving, with such an unctuous, infectious enthusiasm that his audiences invariably joined in the chorus and were often swept to their feet, drowning the stage with cheers.

And, never missing a cue from an audience, George met this very evident desire for debauches of patriotic enthusiasm by designing flag songs and flag ballets and

flag choruses, and indeed whole flag plays —"George Washington, Jr." "The American Idea," and "The Yankee Prince"—in all of which, no matter what else happened, George or somebody else was there waving the flag.

Cohan appeared deliberately to capitalize patriotism. He made it bring him dollars. He alluded to himself as the Yankee Doodle Boy, and it began to be humorously remarked that the whole Cohan family was eating off the American flag.

After "Little Johnnie Jones," Cohan marched to the music of fife and drum from one success to another. "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" made a triumphant progress up and down that famous street and over the face of the country, earning for its author and producer a half-million of dollars. "George Washington, Jr." was also successful.

But immediately thereafter Cohan's self-confidence stepped upon a banana-peel. He wrote a straight non-musical farce called "Popularity;" but the name was all there was to that part of it.

This failure, however, may have been one of the best things that happened to Cohan, for the trouble with the piece was in danger of becoming the trouble with Cohan. In "Popularity" the hero was an impossible upstart, of whom the public would have none. Cohan's heroes had all been of this smart-Aleck type. Cohan himself, with his sudden riches, his loud clothes, and his cock-sureness of bearing, gave evidence of developing an ego as overweening as that of his hero.

He seemed to lack refinement. True, he pleased his down-stairs audience as well as his gallery; but his down-stairs audience had an up-stairs heart in it. The people who laughed with Cohan were not quite the same people who were pleased by John Drew or moved by Mrs. Fiske or delighted by Maude Adams.

No doubt Cohan saw all this. Perhaps the failure of "Popularity" helped him to see it more clearly. Perhaps it struck in and tutored somewhat those personal tastes which, according to his critics, stood sadly in need of schooling.

Anyway, from about this time forward his clothes became less noisy, his manner of life less ostentatious, and his performances showed here and there eliminations that marked an awakening sense of those eternal

THE COHAN THAT IS. IN "BROADWAY JONES."

fitnesses which are the essence of good taste.

But do not think his muse molted so much as a single feather during this period. "Fifty Miles from Boston" followed "Popularity" and succeeded greatly, as did two flag-waving shows that came next in annual procession. Then Cohan, who is a determined chap, turned to again with "Popularity," rewrote it, sandwiched it with songs, studded the stage with chorus girls, stuck Raymond Hitchcock in the center, and called it "The Man Who Owns Broadway."

It made an enormous success. It was the author's crowning defiance to fate. He had made his place. Every year he would write and produce a play which would be a better piece of target-practise than the previous one, though the main elements of the new could be forecast from the most successful features of the last. And the people would go to see the new play and laugh

uproariously and come away admiring the piece, the lyrics, the cast and all—but most of all the author and producer, Cohan. George had ceased to be an individual. He had become an institution.

Yet the judicious continued to grieve sadly. He was cheapening art, he was commercializing patriotism, he was lowering standards and setting a bad example to youth. He was a clever dancer, a combination of juvenile and eccentric comedian, a talented farceur. As a stage craftsman he was a juggler with but few tricks in his bag. As a genius, therefore, Cohan was to be admired for his virtues and forgiven for his faults. This was the state of mind, say, about 1910.

But this conclusion had no more than sat itself down with folded hands and complacent skirt-smoothing satisfaction, than a dramatization by Cohan of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" appeared and put things all awry. This play was no farceur's job.

"Wallingford" as a series of sketches presented pitfalls. It involved difficulties of selection and construction, it required niceties of adjustment to keep this pungent creation of George Randolph Chester's entertaining without becoming insufferable. It went upon the boards as straight, well-constructed satire. It was neither a work of creative genius nor a jumble of showman's tricks, but mere intelligent application of the principles of stage technique and an intimate knowledge of the public tastes. And it was not to be carried by Cohan's stage presence—he was not in the cast.

Yet the merits of the piece are not to be exaggerated. Had this been the work of any one of a dozen playwrights, it would have attracted no more than congratulatory notice. But—it was done by this slap-stick, flag-waving comedian! Broadway admitted surprise. Still, Chester, it explained, had supplied the ideas.

But a year ago last autumn came a play at the Cohan Theatre, with Mr. Cohan in the title part, and no jig and no dance, not a song, not a flag waving anywhere—just a comical and sentimental story that developed and moved along and finished, depending for the effects upon bright dialogue and a legitimate sequence of situations in which suspense, humor, sentiment, and satisfaction were combined in pharmacopæic proportions. And despite the omission of nearly everything that people had learned to expect in a Cohan play, the piece was a howling success.

"I have never seen a New York audience laugh more in a first act," wrote one critic. There was a quite unanimous agreement that in this first act Cohan had written a surprisingly good drama; there was also a tolerable concurrence of judgment that the rest of the play was unable to live up to the high level of the first act. As a whole, however, it was a delightfully good piece of entertainment for a very human kind of people.

But the other surprising feature was that Mr. Cohan, the actor, had advanced as much in his art as Mr. Cohan the playwright. He played his first act with a discretion, a reserve, and a sense of artistic values as far from slap-stick eccentricities as "Broadway Jones" was from "Little Johnnie Jones." In this new rôle, too, Cohan appeared to carry his old following with him at the very same time he was winning a hearty and ungrudging tribute from the judicious whom, hitherto, he had pained so much.

"Cohan has a deeper note in him, after all," these more thoughtful ones were saying. "We may begin to expect something from this fellow."

But cynical old Broadway reasoned it out quite differently. "Cohan's ankles are getting weak, so he had to write a play that cut out dancing."

Now, however, Broadway's brow is deeply wrinkled. One of the hits of the autumnal equinox was "Seven Keys to Baldpate," described as a two-act farce, the same being a dramatization of Earl Derr Biggers's novel of that name. As I write, all New York is trying to see "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and to see it first. Those who get inside find themselves treated to a unique kind of enjoyment—a frank comedy of situation and dialogue that makes them laugh, an odd undercurrent of satire that tickles their mental appreciation, and every little while a thrill—the good old thrill of melodrama that puts a pleasant tingle into the blood. If they have read the book on which the play was based they find that something peculiar has happened to it. The blood-and-thunder of it has become a parody on blood-and-thunder that somehow keeps all of blood-and-thunder's eternal

MR. COHAN WRITES IN DRESSING-GOWN AND SLIPPERS. THIS IS A CHARACTERISTIC WORK-ROOM ATTITUDE.

appeal. Its romance and excitement have been preserved, but through some subtle change of treatment they are no longer outlandish romance and excitement that have to be swallowed with an apology to our intelligence. We swallow it with a laugh—in the same breath we are given a thrill and an excuse to smile at ourselves for being thrilled.

It is all a splendid joke that we are allowed to have a share in playing on ourselves; and we go away with that expansive, self-satisfied feeling which comes of supposing ourselves not only to have been tickled immensely, but to have enjoyed the exhilarating mental exercise of grasping certain subtleties of the author's and turning them to cachinnatious account by the exercise of our own fine faculties of perception. In other words, we feel we have been permitted to help the author make his play succeed, which, from the workshop point of view, is the supreme technical achievement.

A lot of people who think they know begin to whisper: " 'Seven Keys' is the best piece of craftsmanship put on the New York stage so far this season." Such a judgment may be effusive; but anyway it is a bit of work of which no playwright with a first-class mind need be ashamed.

But what makes Broadway's brow to wrinkle is that the name of the dramatist who so successfully presents "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is the name of this jokester —Cohan. Yet thinking back a year to "Broadway Jones" and back two years to "Wallingford," and then back ten through the flag-waving musical shows, the critics come upon a sequence that begins to be suggestive.

With this latest play in mind we are forced to conclude that behind the mask of the farceur and under the spots of the harlequin Mr. Cohan has been hiding something we did not see, harboring designs of which we were not aware, and nurturing ambitions which are worthy of our very high respect.

Still, if we take a look into Mr. Cohan's brief but interesting past, we will find that his life has never been entirely without the hint of an entirely worthy future

Shortly before the Centennial, Jerry Cohan married Helen Costigan of "Costiganville," in the cabbage-patch of Providence, Rhode Island. Jerry was an actor, and Helen a dark-eyed, lively girl who had no such thing as stage ambitions; and yet for eight-and-thirty years they have gone up and down the country in the theatrical profession, and during all that time have managed to preserve and build up a domestic life as sweet and beautiful as may be found in the annals of American homes. I sat and talked with them about their boy the other day in a hotel in Boston: Jerry with his fine, ruddy face, his snow-white hair and gentle dignities of manner; Helen without the slightest trace of the artificial, with a "comfy," mother-like look, and the vivacities of an Irish girlhood still clinging about her like a fragrance. Both appeared healthy, happy, contented—both were inordinately proud of their son and his achievements.

"Oh, he is the boss of the family now," chuckled the father contentedly.

"Just as he is of the stage," laughed Mrs. Cohan. "We have to play our parts exactly as he wants them. You know George has a funny habit, when he is on the stage, of repeating every word of the play. You look at him and know his lips are silently forming the words you are uttering. You dare not miss or change a syllable."

"I can't even slip a cough over on him," declared the father with another happy chuckle. "He makes the play and it has to be as he makes it."

With this odd little confidence at the beginning I heard the story of George from his cradle. There was a sister, Josephine, very near George in age, and the parents designed neither of the children for the stage. George was to have a musical education. The instrument chosen was the violin. The boy was moody, secretive, unmethodical, imaginative, unindustrious, but with powers of concentration when it came to doing the things he wanted to do. He even developed a rare precocity. At six or seven he was getting something resembling music from his instrument; at eight he was playing second violin in an orchestra. He early developed a money-getting faculty, and at nine he was pedling songs to the audiences before which his father and mother played, and was allowed to keep the money.

He developed great ambitions. He was always singing snatches of songs which he boasted were his own composition. He took it for granted that his was to be a stage career, and also that it would be a flatteringly successful one. He saw himself easily leading the world. He was always drawing posters announcing himself as "George M.

MRS. GEORGE M. COHAN AND HER CHILDREN.

Cohan, The Boy Wonder, Supported by an All-Star Cast," and then would come the enumeration of the cast, in which George would put the name of every star whose name was known to him. He would have Joseph Jefferson as his leading man, Nat Goodwin doing stunts, Mary Anderson as his leading lady, Clara Morris doing the heavy, and Helen Modjeska as the flower-girl. But Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

George's sister Josephine believed in him from the first, devotedly treasuring all these penciled show-bills, and is said to have them now in bales; but unfortunately for the purposes of this article, she is in Australia, and none of these interesting documents is accessible for reproduction.

At about twelve or fourteen his mother was distressed by the amount of money the lad always seemed to have. He explained that he made it writing songs and selling them to vaudeville performers. For one dollar he would make an old song better. For two or three he would write an entirely new one. But father and mother were slow to attach much significance to this jingle habit of their restless, uncommunicative boy; and it was not till they saw laid upon the stand of the orchestra leader of their own company the published sheets of "Venus, My Shining Star," bearing the printed name of their fourteen-year-old boy as author, that it occurred to them that the vagaries of this odd child might have an artistic and a bread-and-butter importance. All doubt of the latter vanished a year later when Jerry Cohan had an insurance premium to meet and nothing wherewith to meet it, and little George, then fifteen, walked his father proudly down to Spalding & Gray, his music publishers, drew two hundred dollars on his royalty account, and handed it over for payment of the premium. It was in this year that he wrote "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby," a song sung around the world.

Neither George nor his sister Josephine can remember learning to dance, but they both began to appear at a very early age with father and mother as the Cohan Family, or The Four Cohans, frequently in one-act sketches which the elder Cohan adapted from the French.

George had plenty of magnetism, and there was a dash of eccentricity about his work, even in these early days, which seemed to give his every action zest and pungency. He was unreliable at rehearsals, counseled much with himself, worried father and mother and stage-managers into hysteria; and then when the time came went on and got away with whatever he undertook. He had enormous self-confidence and yet wilted instantly if for any reason he failed to "get the people in front."

IN THE EARLY DAYS AT PROCTOR'S.

From his eight-year-old days when he played second violin in the orchestra, he had formed the habit of studying audiences curiously. An audience was the first book George Cohan ever learned to read. It remains to-day the freshest, most interesting and instructive volume he has ever thumbed. He reads it yet with

the old zest and still finds surprises with the turn of every page.

The tender age of the children kept the Cohans long out of New York, but the moment Josephine's sixteenth birthday hove in sight and there was no longer fear of Mr. Gerry's Society, they ventured in. But disappointment concealed itself in their baggage. Nobody in all New York wanted the

AT SEVEN COHAN'S PARENTS STARTED HIM AS A VIOLINIST.

GEORGE M. COHAN AND HIS DAUGHTER GEORGETTE, BOTH AT THE AGE OF SIX.

Cohan Family—nor The Four Cohans. The dancing of Josephine, however, did commend itself. Koster & Bial put her on alone, but gave her as much salary as the whole family would have expected. This kept the wolf from the door, but it made no fame for the Cohan family. And the family instinct in them was strong. You can not understand George M. Cohan, nor Jerry, nor Josephine, nor Helen, if you do not understand that bigger than the individual weal was the family success. They had a common purse and a common ambition. George especially was restless under these conditions, and it was a smashing blow to his personal pride to find that in all the big town no manager wanted him.

Somewhere along in here the fifteen-year-old boy had added to his craft of song-writing that of sketch-writer for vaudeville artists. The advertisement of Henry Michael appeared in *The Clipper*, the official journal of the variety business of that day. "Henry Michael" was Georgie Cohan all dolled up in a *nom de plume*. And "Henry" enabled George to make a very good living. He would take a man's order at night; he would deliver the finished sketch in the morning. And the sketches usually went very well.

But George was not content with supplying vehicles for others. He knew what the feel of an audience was; he wanted to be at

THE FOUR COHANS' JERRY J., HELEN F., GEORGE M., AND HIS SISTER, JOSEPHINE.

the front, taking and giving across the footlights. It was in his blood. It had to come out.

The Four Cohans were soon on the road again. New York had slapped them in the face. They were out with Hyde's comedians, Hyde & Behman managing, Helen Mora the star, McIntyre and Heath and The Four Cohans the supporting wings. The Cohans were appearing in one of the father's adaptations, and Josephine and George each had a dance turn within the four corners of it. But George did not like his part; he crabbed it all the day long, and finally, solely in order to relieve himself of it, wrote a sketch called "The Professor's Wife," with a part in it that suited him, and demanded that it replace the other.

There was friction with the management about changing a sure thing for something untried. But there was a passionate, wilful boy, sixteen years old,

cock-sure, and stubborn to deal with, and the piece went on for one trial, in St. Louis.

"Never play anything else," gurgled Behman from the front as the curtain went down. "That piece is a wonderful hit."

This was the real beginning of George M. Cohan, playwright. "The Professor's Wife" fed and clothed the Cohan family for three or four years better than it had ever been fed and clothed before. When this wore out, George wrote "Money to Burn," and when its profit was done to an ash, followed with "The Governor's Son," another one-act skit which did well in vaudeville.

One experienced theatrical manager, observing this succession of successes, began to believe deeply in young Cohan. That manager was Louis C. Behman of Brooklyn, the man who had so quickly and emphatically approved of "The Professor's Wife." "Write a play and I will produce it," he said to George one day.

George met this opportunity by elaborating "The Governor's Son,"

ANOTHER FOUR COHANS: GEORGE M. AND HIS FAMILY.

his one-act variety sketch, into a three-act musical farce. The piece opened at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where its producers got little out of its reception but the desperate courage to move up-town to Thirty-fourth Street, where "The Governor's Son" was speedily disinherited of all prospect of public favor. Nothing remained but "the road," where the play scored moderately, but in the end left Cohan hanging helplessly on the lowest rung of the ladder of fame.

However, he did not despair. Around 1903 there was a very cocky young chap strutting on the Rialto who had a large "tank-town" experience, several kinds of talent, and the memory of certain dreams which appeared to have lost their seat checks. He was twenty-six years old. He had seen that the play business was at least sixty per cent. gamble and he had yet to get his hand upon a winning number.

Something took him to a picnic at Staten Island. A ball game grew out of the gathering. Cohan was the catcher, Sam Harris was the pitcher. Harris had also been in the theatrical business with Al Woods and Paddy Sullivan, the late Tim's brother, producing melodrama in the popular-priced houses—pieces like "The Fatal Wedding," "For Her Children's Sake," and—you know the rest; but neither pitcher nor catcher had ever seen the other before.

However, by the time Harris's shoots had flattened a few of Cohan's fingers the battery had begun to get rather chummy with itself.

"I am a star, but need a manager," confided the catcher to the pitcher as he went over and handed him the ball after Sammie had walked a batter.

"I am a manager but need a star," reciprocated Sammie after covering the home plate when George let a low one go by him.

"Have you got any money?" queried Cohan anxiously, as they sat side by side waiting for a turn at bat.

"Nothing like it," confessed Harris. "Have you?"

"Not a bone," deposed George.

"Well, you get out among your friends and dig up all the money you can," proposed Harris, "and I'll find a theatre."

"You're on," declared Cohan, as he cakewalked to the plate, bat in hand.

That bond of air, compacted there upon the baseball diamond between Harris, a Hebrew, and Cohan, a Hibernian of Hibernians, has been strong enough to last ten years. They have produced unnumbered plays, managed theatres singly and in circuits, and conducted all the manifold details of a vast and complicated business, pocketed some losses and divided some millions of profits, all without the scratch of a pen between them. Harris looks after every detail of the business end of their enterprises; Cohan concerns himself solely with the creative, imaginative, and histrionic side of the combination. They trust each other implicitly; they fit each other rarely. Theirs is indeed not a partnership but a friendship.

Perhaps this is the place to say that Cohan's life is pegged clear round the circle with friendships and affections. It was not more for judgment than for friendship that Behman offered to back George in a play. He liked Cohan and Cohan liked him.

The people in his companies and organization are usually the best people in the world for their respective assignments, but they also are invariably people that Cohan likes. In all this side of his life he is still a boy playing childhood games, with his favorites specially honored.

He keeps his people with him long. George Parsons, his leading man, has been with him seven years; Eddie Dunn, his press representative, has been embroidering phrases about the Yankee Doodle Boy for at least ten years; Bert Feibleman, his personal representative, and Francis Hope, as long. Jack Welch, Dan McCarthy, and Sam Forrest, factotums, all in responsible positions, have been with him for years. Tom Lewis, the character comedian, has been with him off and on for a decade, and it is common talk that he scores his best successes only when playing with George Cohan and in parts he has written for him.

This same steadfastness of affectionate nature explains his attitude toward his father and mother. His critics have complained at times that it was bad taste to exploit his whole family in his plays, that it was done like the waving of the flag, with a canny sense of box-office value. But this has not troubled George.

The four have all been pals together; they stormed the barns together; they came into New York together and suffered the chill of neglect together. In George's first

success, "The Professor's Wife," they all appeared together. Of course, when Josephine married Fred Niblo, though she later played engagements with the rest of the family, this meant that sooner or later she must go her separate way. Still, she is playing in Cohan's successes, in Australia. The rest of the Cohan family sticks together.

When George writes a play with a part in it for himself, he writes one for his father and one for his mother. The first time he ever made a curtain speech his tongue stumbled about for a moment in great embarrassment, and he said: "I am very glad you like our little play. I thank you. My father thanks you. My mother thanks you. My sister—" But the audience broke into roars of laughter in which Cohan covered his embarrassment by joining, as he beat a hasty retreat. From that day to this he has never made any other curtain speech.

Out of this loyalty of disposition grow Cohan's charities. Any case of genuine distress will move him to open his purse, although he is rather astute at recognizing imposture. But when the distressed one is some old associate whom Cohan has liked, or some one who in the past has helped him, the generosity of his heart is manifested in surprising ways. His admirers are always telling of the long list of his pensioners scattered widely over the country, and never fail to conclude with the story of how he handed a prominent actor when sick and discouraged a check for ten thousand dollars, with no strings attached.

Nor is Cohan ostentatious about these things. Within the week in which I write he paid the hotel bills of a fellow artist in distress. He had an awfully good chance to tell me he had done this thing, for the case came up in our conversation; yet I learned later and quite by accident from the lips of another how he had responded to this S. O. S. call upon the theatrical high seas.

It looked strange in this cold age to see a man of thirty-five peck his father, a man of sixty, squarely on the lips when he entered his dressing-room, but that is what I saw Cohan do, and I was told it was his daily habit.

The fact is that the man is a simple, human fellow. If at one time adulation turned his untutored head, is it strange? Or strange that the criticism of the judicious greatly hurt his pride? Some men who come up from the bottom are coarsely proud of their limitations. Others are rendered timid and sensitive. Before the footlights Cohan laughed when the critics scorned, but in private perhaps he grieved a little, too.

At any rate if he was ever in private life the uppish, snobbish vulgarian he played in some of his first successes, that time must be well behind him now. I found Mr. Cohan a gentleman, soft-spoken, courteous, modest, almost shy, quite willing to talk about himself, but with no note of boasting and no sign of self-satisfaction. He impresses one as a man who in the course of his career has passed into a world that is different, in which he looks about him rather tentatively. He is by no means the glib trickster he is supposed to be. Many articles have been written about the tools and trappings of the theatrical profession which have borne the signature of Mr. Cohan. Most of them have been exceedingly interesting and all exceedingly clever, but—misleading, since Mr. Cohan tells me he never wrote them. He confesses that he couldn't. He speaks rather in awe of the clever, kindly men who did write them. He doesn't have the keys and stops of stagecraft as conveniently at his finger-tips as these writings would lead us to believe. He wishes heartily he did, for just now he has one great, all-possessing ambition—to write a big, real, moving drama.

He wants to leave the stage, to unload his theatrical business, to get himself a country home somewhere near, yet rather more than "forty-five minutes from Broadway," in which he can sit down and twiddle his ear and pull his foretop and bite his pen till a great idea comes bubbling from his inkpots.

He has been harboring this notion for four or five years. His press-agents have been making news out of it for at least three. Some four years ago he did close out his company and retired for a year. Out of that retreat came the newer Cohan, "Wallingford," "Broadway Jones," and "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

But now he is bitten deeper. And what will come? There is much speculation among Cohan's friends. There is much speculation among the minute corrugations of Cohan's brain. You see, Cohan has had

small literary training. He knows that he struggled through a few volumes of Dickens, urged by his father, skipping the detailed descriptions, which he found tedious, but lapping up the humor and pathos from every page that dripped it. Some time later he fell upon the romances of Dumas and bolted the whole library of them with gusto. But what a mess to feed a playwright on!

Cohan has seen a few of the plays of Shakespeare, but never read one. He saw Shaw's "Man and Superman" once, and some day he means to gather the plays of Shaw and Shakespeare and Ibsen under his arm and take a camp-stool and go away off in the woods and spend an hour or two finding out what they are all about.

His friends are now asking—and Cohan, too, though he is willing to risk it—will Shaw and Shakespeare spoil Cohan, or will George make them both into Cohan comedies and feed us the classics through the ribs?

There still remains one thing about a Cohan comedy to make the tasteful grieve. Three times in two hours he gets a big laugh upon the turn of a word that is profane. The first time I saw "Broadway Jones" I blamed the author for that profanity, but later I learned to turn and glare at the audience. What is it that makes serious, self-respecting men, innocent-looking girls, and dignified women, who would go to the stake before uttering such words themselves, shriek with laughter at a phrase that is exclamatorily profane? I do not know, but they will do it, and it is they, not Cohan, who should be blamed. Remember, the public has been this boy's schoolmaster. He gives them what they teach him to give. If last night that Boston audience of two thousand had greeted that unhallowed exclamation with a round of hisses or even with cold silence, the line would have been cut before Cohan slept.

On page 111 is a photograph of Mr. Cohan in his dressing-gown and slippers. You might think he had just arisen; but not so. This picture is taken at high noon. He has been up for hours. He has consumed innumerable cups of coffee, he has smoked innumerable cigarettes, and has dreamed innumerable dreams; he is toying with a pen, and then he stops and plays with his ear, after a trick he has, and dreams again. Cohan is thinking of the big plays he knows he wants to write but hasn't written. He hopes that some day the idea for the play will seize him, and when it is once in his mind he will shut himself in a barn or a Pullman drawing-room or in any place that breeds seclusion, and work like a fiend until it is done; then he will put it in rehearsal and maul and drive it through to production, and then—sit up all night to see what the critics say?

Not at all. Cohan likes good notices as well as any man, and he by no means undervalues the judgment of the professional critic; but he knows that often these professional critics err, as he himself may err. He believes there are some critics whose judgment does not err. It is for their verdict that he will wait nervously in his dressing-room when the curtain has gone down on the last act of that ambitious drama which has not been written. To him, there, after ten short minutes, will come his partner, Sam Harris, and Bert Feibleman and Eddie Dunn and Francis Hope and all the other professional friends who by his direction have been mingling and eavesdropping among the outpouring crowds. And Cohan will ask eagerly, trying to appear self-contained, but with an almost pitifully anxious look in his eyes, and the nervous twist of that right lower lip which is so characteristic, his voice husking a little in spite of him:

"What did they say?"

And the boys will tell him what they heard, what Smith said to Brown, what Mrs. Launcelot observed to Miss Guinevere, and with equal particularity what Mike shouted to Tony as both rushed wildly down from the gallery.

And Cohan will listen hungrily, knowing that the work of the year and the fate of a lifetime dream of a boy who began far down and has worked himself well up, hangs upon this judgment of the popular gods.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott introduces "Little Eve Edgarton" on Page 1.

PAST "SEX O'CLOCK"

A Row of Books

by
N P DAWSON

IN THIS day, when the witticism of the Western editor, "It is sex o'clock," seems particularly pertinent, and especially when the sex drama is raging as never before, it is interesting to find creeping into more than one novel the heresy that one of the things wrong with the world is that there has been too much insistence on sex. We say heresy, because, of course, without this emphasis the occupation of the playwrights and the novelists, to say nothing of the poets and some magazine editors, would be largely gone.

H. G. Wells, for example, in "The Passionate Friends" (Harper) says the time has come for minimizing sex. It is most discouraging. Here we all are just getting educated up to the idea that sex is the only really important thing in life, and the shyest and youngest among us are becoming proficient in discussing with frankness and unreserve the latest "powerful" drama or book, when Wells leaves us in this humiliating lurch. It is worse than heretical: it is revolutionary.

But Mr. Wells, of all our writers, is the most anticipatory. He has a way of hopping ahead, and making a fellow feel as he does when he reads in the theatrical program that the hat he bought that very morning is no longer worn by the well-dressed man. One of our foremost women novelists, for example, has just got around to writing her "Votes for Women" story; and many of us are just catching up with phrases like syndicalism and sabotage, when here is Wells saying the vote won't help women, and that the labor problem is settled, if we only knew it.

What's wrong with women and labor and society generally is this sex emphasis, and its accompanying jealousy. (It is this that destroys the woman in the story and makes a mess of the life of the man.) It has made of woman a dependent, parasitic, spending, hindering creature, "mere sand in the bearings," not a wheel at all, but grit; and it has made men turn aside from the larger spirit of brotherhood, each to elaborate his little separate cage. In other words, society has put a false emphasis on one of the facts of life.

At least, like everything that Wells writes, this is worth considering. He has one of the most active, inquiring, honest minds of our generation. There is no one we would rather read. But with him one doesn't ask so much "How is the story?" but "What has Wells said this time, what are his latest theories, and what does he now propose?"

If Mr. Wells had wanted to point to a concrete illustration of what he means by the degenerating influence of sex emphasis, particularly on women, he could not have found a better example than *Undine Spragg* in Mrs. Wharton's story, "The Custom of the Country" (Scribner).

Here is Mr. Wells's original "striker," who (in his own expressive phrase) has had "her little fling at maternity," but hardly more than her washerwoman would accomplish in her day off—a solitary child. She has nothing to do but marry and divorce, spend money and wear clothes, and climb. She is economically dependent and non-producing, the one child excepted. More than this, she is an obstacle. Unlike the "Passionate Friend," she is perfectly willing for a man—any man—to become "a horrid little specialist in keeping and feeding me."

But it is interesting to note the difference between the Wells and the Wharton point of view. Mr. Wells doesn't hold individuals to account, but society. He feels sorry for his man and woman, who make a muddle of life. What one misses in Mrs. Wharton, on the other hand, is a single throb of pity for *Undine Spragg*, whom she pursues with peculiar malignancy.

It is apparently not in Mrs. Wharton's nature to be sorry for people. Thackeray could not help finding excuses for *Becky* in her circumstances and environment, nor George Eliot for *Tito Melema*. It is in this way that studies in degeneracy become powerful satires on society.

Mrs. Wharton might say that this is her position too, and one is a stupid reader not to see it. But the fact remains that she places her emphasis on the despicable nature of the climbing, or the desperate business of trying to stick, as was the case with *Lily Bart* in "The House of Mirth," rather than on the fact that the top is not worth the climb—or that perhaps there shouldn't be any top at all.

She has an inherited fondness for those born and securely settled on the top, whether they are the last survivors of the Washington Square aristocracy in New York, or whether they live behind the frowning barricades of the Faubourg in Paris. She follows *Undine Spragg* through her long career of vanity with no trace of pity, and we may imagine that it is this hardness and unwillingness to make allowances and look for fundamental causes in society itself that make her, despite her brilliant parts, fall short of being a really great novelist.

In "Ethan Frome" she temporarily conquered her temperament, and hit the bull's-eye of her artistic career. But in "The Custom of the Country" she is again thin-lipped and cruel. We only wish our foremost American novelist—which Mrs. Wharton is—betrayed less sympathy for the standards of the Faubourg St. Germain.

It was in an unpretentious but quietly illuminating novel by Charles Marriott, with the dubious title, "The Wondrous Wife" (Bobbs-Merrill), that we recently came across the suggestion that perhaps a good deal of this "sex o'clock" business is merely talk.

There is a man in this story who, we are told, in reality leads a "much more regular life than he would have you think," and the arresting comment follows that "Modern Byronism, Wertherism, or whatever you like to call it, tends more and more to dissipate itself in epigram and paradox."

We have long been suspicious that the man who writes the loudest, so to speak, about the "freedom of love" and the "sway of passion" may be a pathetically faithful and humdrum husband at home, a most efficient little first aid in dishwashing and baby-nursing.

It is satisfying, therefore, to have Mr. Marriott confirm our suspicion in his story. The man's lapse of morals in the book, finally condoned by "The Wondrous Wife," is described as being the result not so much of illicit desires as a fear of being behind the times. In morals, as in culture, he had "gone in for the last thing."

As we said, a modest but illuminating story. To attract attention, the author has not felt the necessity of standing on his head and waving his legs wildly, like the radicals he describes.

In "Hagar" (Houghton, Mifflin) Mary Johnston has written her first suffrage novel. It reminds us of a woman we once heard make her first suffrage speech in a big hall. She told how she had been testing her voice in the auditorium that afternoon, and had sent the janitor to the topmost gallery to see if he could hear her. "Can you hear me?" the little woman had called, and the janitor had shouted back:

"Oh, I can hear you all right, lady, but you look just like a Teddy bear."

We can hear Miss Johnston all right, but she looks a very small figure compared with what she appears in her other stories. It is in fact curious that one who has found no difficulty in handling a big and epical subject like the civil war, should appear so incredibly amateurish in this propagandist tale.

But at least Miss Johnston, like the rest of us, is up to date. In the closing pages, when her lovers are swimming for their lives, the girl has yet breath to gasp out this memorable utterance:

"I wish a child; where it needs me and when it needs me, I will be there."

Who says the suffragettes are neglectful of their maternal obligations?

KIDNAPPING COLINE

by

HENRY C. ROWLAND

AUTHOR OF "BACK-FIRE," "THE PILOT-FISH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED E. ORR

CONCLUSION

CHAPTER XIX—THE RACE BEGINS

FROM the rocks above Saltonstall's cave I could look far out to sea. And there in the offing, not three miles beyond the outer line of reefs, was a schooner, which one glance showed me was the *Sabbath Day*. Straight for the entrance she came, gliding gently before the light air which dimpled the smooth expanse of ocean in broad bands of blue with intervals of glass between. And there, also, in her former position, was the *Sayonara*, still at anchor but with her cable hove short, headsails hanging from the bow, but foresail, mainsail, and maintopsails set and undulating gently in the light air.

It would be, as I reckoned, at least two hours before the turn of the tide, and until it started to ebb the yacht must remain a prisoner. Another hour and a half should see the *Sabbath Day* at anchor in the lagoon. But the breeze showed signs of freshening with the sunset, for the western horizon was a dark band of ultramarine; and should this happen, and happen within the next half-hour, it might yet be possible to board the *Sayonara* before the turn of the tide came to liberate her from the lagoon.

Breathless and wild-eyed I dashed down to the little grotto where I had left Saltonstall. He was awake and looked up at me with a white, waxy face.

"Well, Jack," he began, feebly, "this is a sorry go—" Then, noticing my expression, he raised his head a little and asked, sharply: "What's the matter?"

"Von Reibnitz has got Coline aboard the yacht," I cried. "He has hauled down to the entrance and anchored, but he can't go out for a couple of hours, as he's got a head-wind and head-tide. The *Sabbath Day* is about three miles off and coming in with a fair breeze."

Saltonstall struggled up, then sank back with a groan. "What's this?" he cried. "What's this you're saying, Jack?"

In a few words I told him what had happened. He listened with a tinge of color in his bloodless face.

"I'll go down to the beach and get aboard the *Sabbath Day* the moment she rounds up, if I have to swim," I told him. "You stop here and I'll send one of the hands to look after you."

"Stop here, nothing!" he exclaimed. "I'll go down with you. Von Reibnitz won't give her up without a struggle. Give me a hand, Jack."

"But you're not fit. How am I going to get you down to the beach, all smashed up as you are?"

"We'll manage. Here, give me your hand. I'm not made of spun glass. Your fist, Jack."

Never have I seen such a triumph of mind over body. I helped him to his feet, and he stood for a moment swaying unsteadily. Once I thought that he was going to faint, but he pulled himself together and pointed to the unopened bottle of Rhine wine. I picked it up, but Saltonstall snatched it from my hand, knocked the neck off against the side of the cave, and drained the contents in several great gulps.

"Ha—" said he, wiping his big mustache on the back of his sleeve. "Come on. Your shoulder, Jack."

There was no gainsaying him, so off we started. It was killing work over the rough stones, but Saltonstall never whimpered. Twice he went suddenly white and I thought that it was all over, but his marvelous force of will carried him through, and in less than an hour, with me half dragging, half carrying him, we broke out of the jungle upon the beach to see the *Sabbath Day* running through the passage and the *Sayonara* just starting to swing with the tide, which was already at slack water where she lay. Bathed in sweat and with aching joints I laid Saltonstall down on the soft sand, where he lay for several moments, speechless.

I hurried to the spring, plunged in, clothes and all, for my head was humming like a top, then, having drunk my fill, carried a bucket of water to Saltonstall, and after he had quenched his thirst sluiced him with the cool, sweet water.

"It's going to be close work, Jack," he muttered. "God send the scoundrel on the reef. If he gets out I doubt we can follow in the *Sabbath Day*—and it wouldn't help much if we could. In this light air the yacht can sail two feet to our one."

"It's freshening steadily," I answered, without taking my eyes from the two vessels.

Never in my life have I spent such a half-hour of tension. Ripping off my shirt, I fastened it to the end of a sapling and, standing on the water's edge, waved it frantically. This signal was immediately observed aboard the *Sabbath Day*, for there came an answering wave and a moment later she swung down and headed for her former anchorage. But even as she came we saw the jib going up aboard the *Sayonara*, while the freshening breeze filled her close-hauled mainsail. Von Reibnitz was not waiting for the tide. He meant to work out at once with the slack water.

But the *Sabbath Day* was slipping through the water on a broad reach—her best point of sailing; and although Saltonstall and I fairly groaned at what seemed the infuriating slowness of her pace, she had rounded up and let an anchor go before the *Sayonara* had broken out her own hook. Whistler apparently sensed something wrong, or guessed at it from my frantic signaling, for a boat took the water before her way was lost and came foaming in to the beach under the powerful strokes of the Kanaka crew. As she drew near I saw that the mate himself held the steering-oar, and as the boat grounded he sprang out and stood for a second gaping at Saltonstall, who, with bandaged head and colorless face, was hanging from my shoulder as I dragged him down to the water's edge.

"In the name of a' that's righteous—" Whistler began, but I cut him short so savagely that his bearded jaw dropped.

"Your work, you fool," I snarled. "Look alive now, and get us off aboard as soon as the Lord will let you." I swung Saltonstall into the boat and grabbed the gunnel. "Shove off!" I cried.

We ran her out and headed for the schooner, I urging on the crew with voice and gesture, to which Saltonstall lent his own booming bass. Whistler seemed paralyzed and stood in the stern, one hand on the steering-oar and the other clawing at his sandy whisker, while his deep-set eyes twinkled from one to the other of us.

"Ha' mercy," he sputtered, "and wha's all this aboot, pray tell?"

"Von Reibnitz," I answered curtly. "He's aboard the yacht and he's trying to bolt off with Miss Satterlie."

"Ye dinna' tell me. And how ever did he find the place?"

"Through your cursed foolishness, confound you," I retorted. "Now look here, Whistler, we've got to lay him aboard before he gets out, if we both go on the reef. Otherwise its *sayonara** to Miss Satterlie. You understand?"

Whistler's head turned owlishly on his shoulders and he stared at the yacht, now starting slowly to forge ahead. "We canna'," he answered sourly. "She's already filled awa', and we at anchor."

——* *sayonara*—Japanese for "good-by."

I FLUNG HIM BACK AGAINST THE WHEEL AS IF HE HAD BEEN A CHILD—THEN WITH MY RIGHT I PLANTED BLOW AFTER BLOW IN HIS WRITHING FACE.

"Knock the shackle out and let the anchor go," growled Saltonstall. "The yacht's got to tack across before she can stand out. Look alive, Mr. Whistler."

Thus admonished, the mate awoke. A couple of hands were watching us from the *Sabbath Day*, and to these Whistler roared a few orders so that even as we foamed alongside the jib was going up. We scrambled aboard, and a moment later the end of the parted cable splashed over the bow and the bows of the yacht began to swing slowly off. It was high time, for the *Sayonara* was now standing well across the mouth of the lagoon, where the next tack would put her on a course to clear the end of the inner reef.

It was on this tack that our single chance of intercepting her lay, as our own position would enable us to make a close reach of it straight for the mouth of the passage, where we should be obliged to make one and possibly two short tacks to get through. The *Sabbath Day* was slow in irons and, light-drafted as she was, did not carry much way, so that it was her ability to execute this maneuver of which Saltonstall was in some doubt. Failing to get about in time, she was certain to drift down on to the inner reef.

The breeze was freshening steadily, and we quickly gathered way, slipping along so nicely that before the *Sayonara* went about we had made perhaps a quarter of a mile, for the new breeze off the sea had found the yacht well to leeward of the entrance. Von Reibnitz assuredly had not counted on our expedition in taking up the chase, as otherwise he might have warped up to the entrance on sighting the *Sabbath Day*. Perhaps, also, he had hoped to be able to get away sooner, or counted too much on the superior speed of the yacht. At any rate, for several minutes I could have shouted with exultation, as it appeared certain that we should strike him before ever he got across our bows. For such, indeed, was our purpose. And indeed this seemed simple enough of execution as long as we had the weather gage and were converging to the same point.

Saltonstall had the wheel, by which he was supporting himself; but as the two vessels drew nearer together he let himself slide to the deck, where he crouched with his hands on the lower spokes and his eyes fastened on the *Sayonara*. Well across the lagoon she came about, spinning on her heel like a dancer, and with everything hauled flat headed for the entrance. I saw, then, that it was going to be touch and go, for in that light breeze the *Sabbath Day* was no match for the yacht.

"Think we can make it?" I asked feverishly.

"I doubt it, Jack. If only we could catch a puff I might get my jib-boom through her mainsail and hang on by the topping-lift. But see here, Jack: if we do foul, there's to be no bloodshed except in self-defense."

"I'd like to pot him there at the wheel," I answered savagely.

"Don't think of such a thing. Suppose she went with him of her own accord? Your fortune wouldn't save you, my boy." He raised his voice. "Mr. Whistler?"

"Aye, sir?"

"If we foul the yacht, get aboard her with the hands and take charge. No bloodshed, if it can be helped."

"Mon, Saltonstall—are ye sure y'are in the right?" cried Whistler.

"Leave that to me, sir, and obey orders. Serve out belaying-pins to the men. Look sharp, now!"

The big, muscular Kanakas had already caught the spirit of the chase, and the sight of their faces as they seized the heavy wooden pins was good to see. The two vessels were rapidly drawing to the focal point, and aboard the *Sayonara* I could see Von Reibnitz himself at the wheel and a knot of sailors gathered in the waist. As none of them appeared to be armed, I judged that Von Reibnitz had no more desire for bloodshed than had we, and this knowledge cheered me greatly; it seemed to me to indicate that he had abducted Coline against her will, no doubt trusting that once he had her to himself it would not take long to dominate her; for the man must have been quite conscious of his peculiar power over the girl.

The yacht herself was but half the size of the *Sabbath Day*, and Von Reibnitz had signed on no more in his crew than were actually needed to work the vessel; I counted but six men besides Von Reibnitz himself. It was plain enough that if it came to a scuffle this small handful would not last long against Whistler, myself, and our seven powerful Kanakas.

Of Coline herself there was no sign, and I did not doubt but that she was confined

"DO YOU LOVE ME AS MUCH AS THAT, JACK DEAR?"

below. Could I have been sure that Von Reibnitz had taken the girl aboard by force, I would not have hesitated an instant to put a bullet through him; but, as Saltonstall said, if it were to turn out that she had yielded to his persuasion it would undoubtedly have gone very hard with me on reaching port, and Saltonstall would certainly have suffered with me. So I gripped a backstay-runner and waited.

Saltonstall was like a man of ice. In the tense silence as the two schooners rushed together he said quietly:

"Stand by to slack the mainsheet, Jack; he may try to duck under our stern and shoot her up the other side. That thing can turn in her own length."

Closer and closer we drew, and I held my breath, wondering if Von Reibnitz would dare try to cross our bows. The *Sabbath Day* was on the port tack, making a close reach of it for the entrance, where she would have to go about on nearing the outer reef, while the yacht was close-hauled on the starboard tack and sailing a course which would take her well into the passage before she was obliged to make another leg.

Watching the *Sayonara* closely, I doubted that Von Reibnitz would dare try to duck under our stern, trusting to the yacht's ability to shoot out from under our lee; and even if he did manage to execute this maneuver he would be obliged to tack much sooner than if he held his present course, giving us a good possibility of catching him before he got about and filled away again. Such an event would mean also the doom of both vessels, for if we fouled in the passage, no power under heaven could keep us both from drifting down on the inner reef.

No, his best chance was to try to cross our bows, and if he managed this he would have turned the trick, leaving us to plod on hopelessly in his wake or to give up the chase entirely, for on no point of sailing, in heavy weather or light, was the *Sabbath Day* a match for the *Sayonara.* And it became quickly evident that this was precisely what he meant to attempt.

Closer and closer we drew, and the tension became such that I found myself holding my breath and catching it in great gasps at long intervals, while my heart seemed to have stopped beating and my mouth was dry as a bone. Looking at Saltonstall, I saw his strong yellow teeth fastened in his lower lip as he nursed the wheel inch by inch, and his glowing eyes bulged at the vessel slipping swiftly athwart our course. On she came, well heeled to the freshening breeze. On she came, and suddenly her bowsprit seemed to leap across our bows so close that one could have scaled a biscuit on to her decks.

Utter silence reigned on each vessel, and as the yacht's foremast appeared on our weather bow I let out my breath in a whistling sigh. At a sideways nod and a rumbling "main-sheet" from Saltonstall, the big Kanakas trimmed for their lives, and at the same instant Saltonstall put down his helm a spoke or two. The long jib-boom of the *Sabbath Day* sprang like a dart at the white expanse of mainsail, touched it just abaft the topping-lift, and for a moment I thought that it was going to slip clear. Then came the rip and rend of tearing canvas; the leech-rope held, and aloft there was a sudden splintering crash. Down came the maintopmast and mainmast head, the latter snapped just below the peak-halliard blocks. The next instant the leech-rope parted and we forged on, not ten feet under the *Sayonara's* stern.

CHAPTER XX

WHISTLER HEARS THE TRUTH ABOUT HIMSELF

Had the *Sabbath Day* been able to point up with the yacht, we could have tacked ship then and there and caught the *Sayonara* when she put about in the passage. As it was, seeing that the yacht would barely weather the inner reef, Saltonstall stood on across the mouth of the passage. The *Sayonara's* mainsail still hung from the throat halliards and continued to draw, but she was now deprived of a good third of the sail's working area, as well as her big maintopsail. In answer to a roar from Von Reibnitz the hands were springing aloft to lash down the peak of the gaff and clear the wreckage. As I watched them, breathlessly, Whistler's voice grated harshly in my ear:

"Yon was a rotten mainmast-head, to fetch awa' fra' a tug on the leech."

"Thank God it was," I answered; "but the sail was new and, besides, there's wind aloft and the maintopsail was taking a goodish strain. We stand a chance to catch him, now, boat for boat."

"Aye," grunted Whistler, "he wull have to double-reef the mainsail to make it set. Let us pray now for light airs."

But for the moment our attention was all taken in working the schooner through the passage, for the *Sabbath Day* was lamentably slow in irons and took her own good time in gathering way. Once or twice it looked as if we were certainly going on the reef, but thanks to Saltonstall's masterly handling we won through without mishap. The *Sayonara*, crippled as she was, made quick work of the business, thanks to her smaller size and the speed with which she got about and off again without losing way. Also, the steadily freshening breeze was in her favor, and by the time that we had cleared the passage she was half a mile in the lead, with a knot of men working like demons to reef the sail and set up the peak halliards just below the stump of the masthead.

This was quickly done, and the two vessels settled down for a long race to windward, for Von Reibnitz had naturally chosen the point of sailing at which he knew his schooner far excelled the heavy trading-vessel. Had she carried racing-sails—a spinnaker, balloon-jib, and balloon-maintopmast-staysail—he would no doubt have put her off before the wind on weathering the island, in which case she might quickly have left us far astern; but I had never bothered with these "kites" for deep-sea work.

We had made perhaps a mile when suddenly our canvas began to flap, and glancing aft I saw that Saltonstall had fainted. Whistler quickly took the wheel, and I, with the aid of two of the crew, got the skipper below and in his bunk, where presently he revived with the aid of stimulants.

"Are we holding her, Jack?" were his first feeble words.

"I think we are outfooting her a little, Captain," I answered, "but she's outpointing us. However, if only the breeze drops light we've got him cinched."

"It's growing dark, Jack," he groaned. "He may slip away in the night."

"No danger with this moon," I answered.

"It's breezing, though," he muttered.

"I doubt if it will last," I reassured him. "The glass is high and steady."

"The deuce was in it, my dear boy," groaned Saltonstall. "Another foot and I'd have got his topping-lift. That would have done his business."

"I'm not so sure," I answered. "He might have walked off with our jib-boom. Now try to rest, old chap. You did wonders. We're not beaten yet by a whole jugful," and I left him, to go on deck.

The night came quickly, but the great, full moon illumined the dimpling waters with a radiance which was almost that of day. Three hours passed, and at the end of that time we had put the yacht on our port quarter, although she was about a mile to windward. In order to get some idea of how we stood, relatively, Whistler tacked ship, when we passed, as it seemed to me, rather over half a mile under the *Sayonara's* stern. It plainly looked as if she were doing better than we, but the breeze had shown no signs of freshening and I hoped that toward morning it might die away again, in which case the advantage would be with us, short-canvased as was the yacht.

But this proved a vain desire, for at midnight it freshened again, and in an hour's time was blowing a strong, steady draft which soon stirred up a little chop and seemed to invigorate the silvered specter ahead with new life, as it soon began to draw stealthily away. Whistler, who of course remained on deck, gave me Job's comfort.

"There's little good e'er comes o' the lawbreakin'," said he gloomily.

"Especially when you go and jaw about it before you start," I answered angrily.

"Mon, I didna' jaw aboot it. I was only seekin' legal advice. Is it no' better to learn how ye stand?"

"You didn't learn how you stand. That old shyster pumped your bilges dry, then told Von Reibnitz and Satterlie that you consulted him about the rights of the thing and that he warned you that you were planning a criminal act."

Whistler's jaw dropped and his frosty little eyes sparkled in the moonlight.

"No!" he gasped. "He didna' say that?"

"He sure did," I answered. "Why shouldn't he? You thought you were so cursed clever because you got your legal advice for nothing, and now, let me tell you, that cormorant will be the very first to round on you. He encouraged you to go ahead because he knew he could get a good price from somebody for his information, and what's to prove that he told you no blame could be attached to you? His

word's as good as yours. Now look at the result. Miss Satterlie is in the power of the worst scoundrel in the Pacific; Saltonstall is all smashed up—may be injured internally for all we know, and will very likely limp for the rest of his life; I've lost the woman I love, and Satterlie will be a crushed and broken man. All because of your damned cold feet and hen-brained idiocy in blabbing to the worst old crook on the slope. Aren't you proud of yourself, Mr. Whistler?"

The mate's pipe dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he sat himself down on the bitts. No doubt his knees felt weak. He was very much shaken, was Mr. Whistler, and no one will deny but that he deserved to be.

"Aweel—" he muttered, "I meant no har-rm."

"You meant that no harm should come to one David Whistler," I retorted, "but it may, yet."

"I dinna' care if it does," he muttered remorsefully.

"But it may console you," I continued mercilessly, "to know that it will be nothing as compared to the harm which has come to those who trusted to your loyalty and common sense. Your canny Scotch caution has wrecked three lives, Mr. Whistler; four, maybe, as the skipper will never be the same man after this——"

"Mon—ha' ye no compassion?"

"Why should I have? Everything that life holds for me is slipping away from us on that vessel ahead."

Whistler let out a moan like one of the lost souls in "Faust." He clambered to his feet and, reaching inside the companionway, took a pair of glasses from the rack. One of the Kanaka quartermasters, a skilled helmsman, was at the wheel. Whistler stepped to the rail and studied the vessel ahead, long and earnestly.

"She's no slippin' awa' the noo, sir," said he in a low voice.

"What?" I cried, and reached for the binoculars.

Since ten o'clock the *Sayonara* had had a lead of what we judged to be about three miles, and this lead she had appeared to be lengthening during the last hour. Now, as I stared at her, hungrily, there could be no doubt in my mind that we had lessened the distance between us, and lessened it very perceptibly. There seemed to be no reason for this, as the sea was smooth and the breeze of the same weight. Nevertheless, I was now able to distinguish plainly certain details about the yacht which had, the last time that I examined her, been either invisible or indistinct. Moreover, she filled a larger field in the glass.

"As true as life, we're gaining," I gasped, rather breathlessly. "I wonder why?"

"Perhaps there is more air stirrin' aloft, and we are gettin' the profit of a maintopsail, which she has not," Whistler suggested.

This seemed a reasonable explanation, and as if to verify it there came a little later a darker patch to windward, or, to be more accurate, a rougher look to the frosted silver of the sea, and presently a fresher puff struck our faces; in half an hour's time the schooner had taken several more degrees of angular heel, and the spray was flying from her forefoot.

"I misdoot 'twill freshen with the dawn," said Whistler in a low voice. "The sea is makin', too. Losh, an' just when we were gainin' fine."

"We're gaining still," I answered, staring through the glass.

" 'Twull not be for long if this wind holds," said Whistler, who at his best was never what might be called an optimist. "I wud not go so far as to say that it may not blow up a fresh gale at this season, bein' as it is the breakin' up of the monsoon. Gin yon vessel gets a fresh slant, her short rig wud be nae mair than a conveenience."

He proved to be correct about the wind's freshening, for an hour later found the *Sabbath Day* snoring through a sea strewn with silvery fleece and the spray dashing over the weather bow. And yet it seemed to me that we were gaining on the yacht, although, as before, she had worked a mile or so to windward on our port beam. But Whistler, cheerful soul that he was, wagged his sandy beard.

"She wull soon be leavin' us, noo," said he. "This one is poor at windward wor-rk, and gin a bit of sea she slides to leeward like a toboggan."

It was then about two o'clock of the morning and, utterly exhausted, I stretched out on a spare sail in one of the boats for a little sleep, having scarcely closed my eyes the night before. I must have dropped off immediately and lain like one dead, as it seemed to me that I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was roused by some one shaking

my shoulder and looked up to see Whistler's bearded face and, in the sky above, the pale dawn.

"What's the matter?" I asked sleepily, scarcely conscious of my surroundings.

Whistler's voice fell harsh and vibrant on my ears. "Wake up, sir," said he. "Yon's the *Sayonara* not a cable's length on the lee bow and all hands aboard her at the pumps."

CHAPTER XXI

THE CLOVEN FOOT

Never did a man take less time in getting out of a boat. I struck the deck on hands and feet, and the next bound took me to the lee rail. The picture that I saw fetched a yell out of me.

The wind was blowing a piping twenty-knot breeze out of a cloudless but hazy sky, pellucid and delicately pink with the first promise of the sun. The deep ultramarine of the sea had not yet absorbed the thin light from above but looked almost black beneath its bursting, snowy surges. The short sling of the swell showed that this boisterous breeze was purely local.

All of this was in the way of a general impression—a *mise-en-scène* for the drama being enacted on such a tiny portion of that great stage. Close aboard on our lee bow was the *Sayonara*, and it needed but a glance to show that she was very deep. Also, she plowed ahead with a curious lurch and stagger which told of a semi-waterlogged condition, and her lee roll was dangerously deep.

But while, instinctively, I noted all of this, my eyes were on a cloaked and hooded figure standing on the weather side of the quarter-deck, holding to a backstay-runner. It was Coline, and as she recognized me in the growing light she waved her hand. We were almost within hail of the yacht, and Whistler was edging warily down, his foresheet slacked to keep from passing her. She was no longer close-hauled, but had eased off on a broad reach. The hands were swinging away at the pumps, while Von Reibnitz himself was at the wheel.

"Good Lord!" I cried. "She's foundering!"

"I wudna' go so far as to say that she mightna' go to the bottom before manny hours," Whistler answered. "Losh, but she maun be a regular punk-basket. Who ever wud believe that a bit jerk on the masthead could open her up like that?"

"It beats me," I answered. "She's rated A1 at Lloyd's. I re-coppered at Southampton three years ago and she was sound enough then. What are you going to do?"

"I have just sent twa o' the boys to fetch up the skipper. There is too much swash to lay her aboar-rd without danger to both vessels, particular to yon worm-eaten bait-car. Body o' me, from the samples we have had of her soundness in rig and hull I wudna go so far as to say that she might not shut up like a pricked pibroch, were we to rub sides wi' her."

I stared in great bewilderment at what I had always hitherto considered my stanch and flawless schooner. Though well below her water-line, there was as yet no cause for immediate alarm as to the safety of those aboard, and I had no doubt that Von Reibnitz would presently heave to, as there was no longer any object in trying to escape us. We were flying forestaysail and foresail sheets, as it was, to keep from passing him, and might run alongside whenever it pleased us to do so. As I was studying the situation, a rumbling voice behind me said:

"Well, upon my word! Edge a little closer, Mr. Whistler, and we will give him a hail." And I turned to see Saltonstall, supported by two of the sailors.

"What do you think of that, Captain?" I asked.

"Upon my word, Jack, I scarcely know what to think—except that God in His mercy has seen fit to answer our prayers. But why a supposedly sound vessel should open up like that for a little tug at her masthead is more than I can understand. A little closer, if you please, Mr. Whistler."

Whistler was in the act of putting up his helm when Von Reibnitz turned to us with a sweep of his arm.

"Luff!" Saltonstall commanded. "He's going to heave her to."

The *Sabbath Day* swung up to meet the wind, and as soon as we were out of his way Von Reibnitz did the same, dropping head-sails and mainsail and close-hauling the foresail, while the *Sayonara* lay sluggishly rising and falling to the choppy swell.

"Put about and jibe around under her lee, Mr. Whistler," said Saltonstall. He

turned to me. "The scoundrel doesn't dare hold on any longer with all that water in her, Jack. One good roll might put him on his beam-ends."

He had scarcely spoken when a startling thing occurred aboard the yacht. Von Reibnitz had secured the wheel with a lanyard and was standing by the lee-rail of the quarter-deck, and as we watched we saw him lean suddenly far out over the side and stare down into the sea. The next instant he had leaped to the companionway and disappeared below.

A moment or two later he reappeared, and even at that distance we could see that his face was crimson and apparently convulsed with rage. Straight up to Coline he rushed and, to our indescribable horror, seized the shrinking girl by the shoulder and struck her twice across the face with the back of his hand. Coline's shriek reached us across the hissing water, and the next instant she had sunk to the deck, disappearing from our sight below the high bulwarks.

A strangled roar burst from Saltonstall. Scrambling to his feet, he hobbled to the wheel, snatching it from Whistler's hands.

"Down jib! down forestaysail!" he bellowed. "Get out your fenders on the port side!"

The next instant we jibed and, with canvas volleying and sheet-blocks crashing, swashed up alongside of the *Sayonara*. Before the two vessels had jarred together I had leaped from our rail down on to her decks and was tearing aft. The sight which met my eyes drove away the last vestige of reason. There on the quarter-deck, his face like that of a fiend, Von Reibnitz had Coline by the arm and was shaking and cuffing her as one would not handle a dog. The blood was streaming from the girl's mouth, and shriek after shriek rang out above the crash and rattle of cordage and the grind of the two schooners as the short sling of the sea flung them together.

As I rushed up, Von Reibnitz loosed his hold of Coline and sprang to meet me. He was a bigger man than I, but if he had weighed a ton I do not think it would have mattered. He aimed a blow at my face, but I jerked my head aside and, although his heavy seal-ring laid my scalp open from brow to crown, it stopped me no more than the tap of a fan. My left hand closed on his throat and I flung him back against the wheel as if he had been a child—then with my right I planted blow after blow in his writhing face.

Von Reibnitz screamed like a panther and struggled to break away, but what with fury and muscles toughened from heavy labor on the island, my strength was for the moment inhuman, and as I battered away at his contorted face the screams gave way to the choking snarls of a beaten dog. He began to slip down, but I held him up with my left while my right arm worked like a piston. I might have killed him, I believe, for his mutilated face was black when an iron grip fell upon my shoulder and I was torn away.

But there was a red mist in front of my eyes through which it was impossible to distinguish friend or foe, and as Von Reibnitz fell I turned and struck with all my remaining strength at the man who had seized me. The blow landed heavily, and I caught a glimpse of Whistler's square figure as it spun about and plunged head foremost into the scuppers.

Panting and choking, I turned to Von Reibnitz again, then paused as I saw that he was lying senseless in a pool of blood. I wiped my eyes with my sleeve and looked around. The crew of the yacht were still standing by the pumps, and encircling them were our Kanaka sailors. Whistler had scrambled to his feet and was leaning against the rail, the blood trickling from a cut above his eye. I gave him but a glance and lurched over to where Coline was huddled on the deck. Dropping on my knees beside her, I threw my arm about her shoulders, raising her pallid face to look into it. Her mouth was cut from Von Reibnitz's brutal blows and she was sobbing convulsively.

"Coline!" I cried. "Oh, my dear—are you badly hurt?"

She gasped a few times, then answered: "No — Jack — ah —no—no—" The tears gushed from her eyes and her sobs broke out afresh. "Have—have you killed him, Jack?"

"I hope so," I growled. "Oh, the beast!"

I drew her head to my shoulder, soothing her as one would soothe a child. We were in this position when Whistler approached, cautiously.

"Losh," he grunted, "and has the madness passed? Mon, y'are wild as a cateran o' the hills wi' the blood-lust on him. I misdoot ye have killed the mon."

"So much the better," I answered.

Whistler turned to the frightened crew of the yacht. "Lay aft here, one o' ye, and sluice your braw skipper wi' a bucket of seawater," said he; then turned to me. "Come, sir-r, ye had best be gettin' aboard. Y'are bleedin' like a stuck pig."

But I did not answer, for my head seemed full of ringing bells, and all other sounds came dim and quavering and from an infinite distance. Then a dark veil was drawn across my eyes and I fell forward against Coline.

CHAPTER XXII

WHY THE SHIP FOUNDERED

When consciousness returned I was in my bunk on the *Sabbath Day*, and from the swash of water alongside I knew that we were under way again. I opened my eyes and saw Coline bending over me. Saltonstall's big frame was wedged in the doorway and his lustrous eyes bulged at me anxiously.

"Ha—" said he, "feeling better, Jack?"

"I'm all right," I answered, weakly, and began to gather my wits with some effort. "What's doing?"

"We are running back to the island, my dear fellow. We must take water and get our stuff."

"And the *Sayonara*?"

"Still hove to and pumping—thanks to Miss Coline's wonderful presence of mind and high courage. There's a girl for you, Jack, my dear fellow."

I looked at Coline. Her face was bruised and her mouth slightly cut in two or three places, but the color had returned and there was a soft glow in her eyes.

"What devil ever possessed him to maltreat you so, Coline?" I asked.

"Start from the beginning, my dear," admonished Saltonstall. "It's a wonderful story, Jack."

Coline set down the eau-de-cologne with which she had been bathing my face. Her color deepened.

"Well, then, Jack," said she, "you had scarcely left the camp to look for Captain Saltonstall when Konrad came ashore. He was awfully cut up about my note, and said that he knew my decision was the result of unfair influence. He begged and pleaded and reminded me of my promise and tried in every way to urge me to go away with him, but I steadily refused."

"Did you want to go?" I asked.

"No, Jack."

"God bless you for that," I muttered.

"Konrad was very gentle, but finally when he found that I was not to be shaken, he said that he hoped I would forgive him for what he was going to do and that he was sure, once we were alone together with no outside pressure, I would come back to my former feeling toward him.

"'Do you mean,' I asked, 'that you would dare to take me away from here by force?'

"He answered that he would dare anything to win me and that there was no other way. I grew angry then, and told him that if he attempted such a thing I would make it mighty disagreeable for him afterward. He replied that he would have to take his chance on that. The end of it was that he picked me up and carried me down to the boat and took me aboard the yacht, where he gave me the owner's stateroom in the stern. I began to see, then, the sort of man he really is, so I locked myself in and had the steward pass down my food through the skylight. In one of the lockers I found a loaded pistol, and I told Konrad that if he tried to force the door I would shoot him."

"Splendid, Coline!"

"Last evening, when the breeze sprang up and we started out," Coline continued, "I looked through the port-hole and saw the *Sabbath Day* bearing down on us——"

"Did you know that she had come in?"

"Yes. When you fouled us I thought that I was saved, but a little later I discovered that we had got away and were standing out to sea. Konrad came down and begged me to come on deck, but I refused. I knew from the snatches of talk that came down through the skylight that we were crippled in some way, and that the *Sabbath Day* was chasing us. Then, about midnight, I noticed that the port-hole on the lee side was just under the surface of the water——"

"Hooray!" I burst out, for now I began to understand.

Coline smiled faintly. "You know, Jack," said she, "there is a little hatch in the owner's room that goes down into the wine-locker. It occurred to me that if I could get the port-hole open the water would pour in and run down this hatch into the

hold. The hatch was not locked, so I got it up, then unscrewed the port-hole by putting the muzzle of the pistol through the ring. First, though, I took my bedding and made a sort of dam around the hatch so that the water wouldn't trickle out under the door. But this wasn't necessary, as the pressure was enough to force the water right over the bunk and down into the hatch."

Saltonstall let out a bass chuckle and rubbed his hands together. "What did I tell you, Jack?" said he.

"You're a wonder of wonders, Coline!" I cried. "And you stayed there all night and watched her filling up?"

She nodded. "I knew that as she began to sink deeper she would sail slower," said Coline. "They never discovered that she was leaking until early this morning, and then it never occurred to them where the water was coming in. I had screwed down the skylight so that they could not hear the splashing below. About four o'clock I heard Konrad coming below, so I managed to get the port-hole shut while he called through the door that we were sinking and told me to come up on deck. I answered: "All right, I'll dress and come right up."

Then I opened the port again, and a few minutes later went on deck. Konrad told me that the jar on the masthead when you fouled us had started a butt under the step of the mast, and he cursed the *Sabbath Day* and all of you aboard in a way that made my blood run cold. I've learned a lot about Konrad. You and Father and Captain Saltonstall were right—" and she gently rubbed the bruises on her face.

"You didn't tell him, even then?" I asked, marveling at her nerve.

"No, because I saw the *Sabbath Day* coming up astern and we had our boats ready to lower. Konrad was in a still, white rage. Finally he hove to, but by that time we had sunk so deep that even when the yacht was not heeled over the port-hole was half under water. As he was standing by the rail he heard the splashing and looked over the side and saw the water swirling in. He rushed below and shut the port, then came on deck—" Coline's face paled and her breath came faster. "When I saw his face as he came toward me I thought that he was going to kill me. I got off easily, Jack, considering the sort of man he is."

"That's more than our friend Von Reibnitz can say," chuckled Saltonstall. "My word, but you did batter him, Jack! Mr. Whistler says that the first thing he'll need to buy on getting ashore is a new set of teeth."

I glanced at my bandaged hand and could well believe it. "He was lucky to get off with his life," I answered; "and if my memory serves me right Whistler has a little souvenir, too."

Saltonstall laughed joyously. "His eye is closed tight," he answered, "but he bears no ill will. Fact is, he says that he would not go so far as to say that it does not serve him right for his part in the business."

"Nobody is likely to dispute that," I answered. "Did Von Reibnitz come around?"

"Yes. We left him cursing everything an inch high and a minute old. I fancy we've seen the last of that gentleman."

"Tell me one thing," said I: "How did Whistler happen to come to the island three weeks ahead of time?"

Saltonstall smiled. He appeared to have forgotten his own ills in the joy of the rescue. "Mr. Satterlie cabled to Tahiti instructing the schooner to fetch Miss Coline with all haste. He must have learned that Von Reibnitz had chartered the yacht and have been afraid that he might stumble on the place. Well, well—I'll leave you now and try to get a little rest. Didn't sleep a wink all night." And the worthy mariner slipped an improvised crutch under his shoulder and hobbled off.

When he had gone I looked at Coline, and Coline looked back at me. There was a soft light in her eyes, such as I had seen once or twice on the island, and despite the strain through which she had just passed, her cheeks held a delicate tinge of color which deepened under my gaze. I reached for her hand and carried it to my lips, and Coline let it rest there, while her breath came faster.

I tried to speak, but my voice got no farther than my throat, while the tears brimmed out of my eyes and trickled down on to the pillow. It must be remembered that I had been through an ordeal, both mental and physical, such as comes seldom in the lives of most people. The worst of it all was that terrible night in the cave. I began to tell Coline about it, and when I

described how Saltonstall and I had struggled down from the lake and through the bush her own eyes brimmed over.

"I'm a lucky girl to have two such friends, Jack," she said. "Were you so terribly distressed at losing me?"

"I wanted to die," I answered.

Coline's bright head drooped lower until it rested on the rim of the bunk. I put my lacerated hand on her hair.

"Do you love me as much as that, Jack dear?" she murmured.

"Can you doubt it, Coline?" I asked, and took her face between my hands and looked deep into her eyes. The next instant her cheek was pillowed on my chest and my arms were around her.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LOVE SHIP

In the words of Hiawatha: "Pleasant was the journey homeward." There were the same gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, but where their glory had been terrestrial as we plodded south it was now celestial, because we dwelt in paradise. We watched them with fingers entwined, and the vibrant beats of the Lord of Day as he sprang from the sea at birth and achieved his quotidian course, to die in pulsating flames of color, found echo in the throb of our hearts, beating in perfect unison. "Pleasant was the journey homeward."

The *Sabbath Day* was a Love Ship, sailing over a Love Sea to the Port of Love. I can say it now, for this was long ago, yet not so long that any of the sweetness has dimmed or faded. The tall schooner marched northward in an aura all her own. Well was she named the *Sabbath Day*, for the peace which encircled her was God-given and sublime.

Needless to say, I did not fulfil my threats in regard to Mr. Satterlie. He wept like a child when he gave us his blessing, which was not surprising, as mirthful natures are prone to tears. As for Saltonstall, he is now fleet captain, retired, of the Satterlie Lines, with little to do but draw a liberal pension and delight the eye with the radiance of his attire.

Whistler also flourishes like a gnarled but sturdy oak. He married, at the age of fifty, a deep-bosomed, apple-cheeked woman fresh from the heather, and is rearing late in life a brood of stalwart sons on his ranch in the Saskatchewan Territory. I saw him not long ago and he observed reminiscently:

"I wudna' go so far as to say that a man is no' a fule to marry, sir-r. But some of us are aye born fules—and thank God I am ain o' them."

Our second child, a daughter, is now eighteen, and I love her nearly to death, because, among other virtues, she is the image of her mother. She is a sweet and dutiful girl, though strong-willed at times. The youngsters—and some oldsters too, for that matter—buzz about her like flies about a honey-pot; but so far as Coline and I can ascertain she is still "heart whole and fancy free." There is, however, one sturdy youth among her many suitors whom I particularly like, and so I think does "Colinette," as we call her. Yet I must admit that at times she treats him pretty badly, and then he usually pours out his woes to me.

At these times I grow rather thoughtful. When all is said and done there are worse theories than that of the "canary-cage."

THE END

"Little Eve Edgarton," a serial story by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, begins on Page 1. It is a summer-resort story, but we couldn't bear to hold it over—it really is too good to keep. Besides, you'll have a better time on your vacation next summer if you read it now.

EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by JOHN PARR

THE GREAT DIVERSION

STOCK Exchange speculation is the most widely advertised pretense of chance that has ever existed in the world. It subsists upon cupidity, the vanity of little intelligence, and a human passion for gambling; but without the advertising, which it gets for nothing, foolish votaries could not be recruited fast enough to support the croupiers.

A rise of four or five points in the price of an important stock like United States Steel common or Amalgamated Copper may be a natural and proper response to a coincidence of favorable circumstances, or it may be the deliberate work of a few men bent upon deception. In either case, the financial columns of the newspapers will be full of it; the exciting quotations will be printed in a thousand places, and rumors will be "news."

The "Union Pacific episode" last autumn offers a perfect illustration.

Under the decree of the United States Supreme Court the Union Pacific had been compelled to sell its holdings of Southern Pacific stock. That was the dissolution of the "Harriman merger," and it left in the Union Pacific Railroad's treasury, in place of the Southern Pacific shares, more than $75,000,000 of cash.

On September 4, the transaction having been concluded, and the Union Pacific having received into its treasury the proceeds of the Southern Pacific stock, Union Pacific shares were quoted around 149. Then started the rumors that a large cash distribution would be made to the Union Pacific shareholders. These rumors carried the price of the stock from 149 to 162, held it between 159 and 162 for nearly three weeks, while the insiders must have been taking profits, and then suddenly exploded; whereupon the price of Union Pacific went down again faster than it had gone up.

The intention here is to show how this thing was done—how the news was disseminated on the rise, how the advertising of it enabled the insiders to get their profits, and with what a sorry-but-come-again air the episode was declared closed.

The fluctuations of Union Pacific stock between September 4, where it began, and October 7, where it ended, are visualized in the following arrangement of figures, fractions omitted:

										162		*Sept.* 29							
	Sept. 18	161		161					161	161									
		160	160	160	160	160	160	160	160	160									
		159	159		159	159	159	159	159	159	159	159							
		158				158				158	158	158	158	158	158		*Oct.* 7		
		157								157			157	157					
		156												156					
	155	155												155					
	154	154												154					
	153													153					
	152													152					
151	151													151	151				
150	150													150	150	150			
Sept. 4 149														149		149			
																148			
																147	*Oct.* 17		

You begin to read the figures at 149 on the left. The price went from 149 to 151, then reacted to 150, then advanced to 155, then reacted to 154, then advanced to 161, and so on.

The episode may be divided into four phases, namely:

First, rise.
Second, unloading at the top.
Third, doubt.
Fourth, disillusionment.

The rise began on September 4. Financial writers treated it guardedly, even skeptically, at first, having scant respect for rumors in the vagueness of inception; but on September 6 the New York *American* said:

> There is excellent reason for believing that the Union Pacific Company will distribute an extra cash bonus to shareholders, probably within the next six months. As a ten per cent. stock, the price would probably be nearer intrinsic value if the market quotation was about 175.

In Wall Street the verity of things is submitted to the most lying witness in the world, which is the ticker. If Union Pacific had stopped going up, the rumors about it would have ceased; but it continued to go up, the excitement increased, and the news of what people were talking about had to be printed. Therefore, every financial column now began with the rise of Union Pacific and the rumors that accounted for it. Then on September 10, about mid-way of the rise, the New York *American* said:

> U. P. MELON COMING. The New York *American* announces officially that Union Pacific will distribute a generous "melon" to its stockholders in the near future.

That greatly stimulated things. On the day following, Union Pacific rose some more, so that whole articles had to be devoted to the discussion. The foreign correspondents began to take part, and to cable the views of the English and German and French speculators. Berlin and London sent rumors of their own, as that the announcement would be made on a certain day, and at a certain hour. Then there was a Union Pacific meeting at which nothing was done. That only postponed the event. The rise was not over. On September 12, the New York *American* said:

> Union Pacific Railroad Company directors held their regular monthly meeting yesterday, but, as expected by those well informed, took no action relative to the distribution of a melon. Judge R. S. Lovett, chairman of the board, said: "The disposition of the fund derived from the sale of Southern Pacific stock has not been decided, but I may say that the matter will not be allowed to drift for a very long period."

Judge Lovett never repudiated that statement. True, he did not say that a distribution would be made, but, in view of the international circulation of rumors in the affirmative, his words were open to favorable construction. They were so construed, and Union Pacific continued to rise. The nature of its advance was significant, and led the *Sun*, on September 13, to say:

> Not only did the movement of Union Pacific lend confirmation to the report about a forthcoming distribution from the proceeds of the Southern Pacific stock sale, but the continued rapidity of its advance suggested an early announcement.

There was the lying of the ticker.

In its weekly review of finance, on September 15, the New York *Times*, which had been skeptical from the beginning, was obliged to say:

> Far outweighing any other single factor during the week in its influence on the stock market was the crystallization of the belief that the Union Pacific directors, at no very distant date, will declare an extra cash dividend on the common stock.

That was news.

During the second phase of the episode, while the insiders must have been unloading at an average price of about 160, between September 18 and September 29, nothing new was added to the discussion until after a second meeting of the directors, on September 25, at which nothing was done. The disappointment on that account was offset by a rumor that besides a cash distribution of twenty-five per cent. on Union Pacific stock, the shares of Baltimore & Ohio and New York Central held as treasury investments would be distributed. All the papers printed that report.

Between September 29 and October 7, in the third phase, which was that of doubt, the discussion began to go stale, and it was thought suspicious that nothing happened. Also, the price of Union Pacific had stopped rising, and was tending to sag. On October 1 the New York *American* said:

> Much disappointment is expressed that Union Pacific directors have been unable to come to any agreement regarding the extra bonus that Wall Street anticipated. The absence of a dominant

influence in the company's affairs is unsettling confidence in the entire management.

But on October 7 the *Sun* found

indications that the Union Pacific management was still concerning itself with the problem of distribution.

The disillusionment was sudden. On October 10 the New York *Times* reported it as follows:

The expectation of an extra dividend on Union Pacific stock was dispelled for the present by a statement given out by Chairman R. S. Lovett after the regular monthly meeting of the Board yesterday noon. Judge Lovett said:

"The question of the disposition to be made of the large cash fund realized by the Union Pacific Railroad Company from the proceeds of the recent sale of Southern Pacific stock, and possibly of certain other assets of the company, has received the earnest and careful attention of the Executive Committee and of the Board of Directors. The conclusion has been arrived at that existing circumstances make it inexpedient to deal with this subject at present. To avoid misunderstandings, however, it is deemed right to state that none of the various plans which have thus far been considered and discussed contemplated any division of surplus, either in cash or securities, which in its result would have increased the present yield of the stock."

When the Union Pacific's chairman was asked to amplify his cryptic last sentence he shook his head: "You will have to find the key to that yourselves," he told reporters. "That will give some play to your imagination."

To keep the record within the confines of space, quotations have been limited to the three morning newspapers in New York that devote the most space to Wall Street affairs. The others, morning and evening, treated the episode in the same manner.

The first impulse is to blame the newspapers for having played so unwittingly into the hands of Wall Street at the expense of the public. But the important point is that the newspapers are helpless. The writers for these three, and for most others, are conscientious men. The day of venal financial writing in the daily press is gone. It is no longer necessary for Wall Street to think of corrupting financial writers. It needs only the advertising.

This is what happens:

Union Pacific suddenly advances four or five points, or, specifically, from 149 to 151, in contrast with the sluggish behavior of other stocks, and everybody wants to know why. The financial writers hear rumors that the Union Pacific is going to make a cash distribution out of the proceeds of Southern Pacific stock. Do they write that on hearsay?

No, indeed. They go at once to the bankers who know, and to such directors as they can find, and ask if the rumor is true. The bankers and the directors deplore speculation on the Stock Exchange and wish speculators would mind their own business, but, now that the thing has been talked about, they must admit that there is something in it. Nothing has been positively determined; but the matter, they may say advisedly, is under consideration.

What is there for the financial writers to do but to write that Union Pacific advanced on rumors of a cash distribution, and that "interests associated with the property admitted the question was being considered"? That is news. They have to write it.

The bankers and directors could stop the circulation of false rumors and the accompanying Stock Exchange speculation instantly by the simple means of announcing over their signatures that the rumors were false. They never do that. But when the "episode" is closed they detach themselves from all responsibility for it, and refer to Stock Exchange speculation as something beneath the dignity of official conversation.

And you see why, in the first sentence, Stock Exchange speculation was referred to as a pretense of chance. Where is the chance?

It will all happen again.

HOW TO MAKE 100 PER CENT.

It is a pleasure to be taken up roughly in purple ink by an M.D. who knows what he thinks, and, in his saying of it, becomes so excited that he forgets to sign his name:

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

I notice in your magazine you are going to open a department of finance in order to advise people how to invest. Now, I have a suggestion to make to insure the safety of the money. Advise them to sink a hole in the ground about four feet in diameter, then suspend their money in some asbestos receptacle about two feet from the bottom, and around it pour manganese steel; then fill up the hole with concrete. This will be reasonably safe.

I wrote to Mr. ——, who was indulging in more or less moonshine in the —— Magazine, and suggested to him the propriety of advising people what things to invest in to make them more than 4, 5, or 6 per cent. You must be quite well aware that if business only made 4, 5, or 6 per cent. there would be no business done. The ridiculous absurdity of the financial advice published by various papers and magazines is manifest on its face. Any

person with the intelligence of a child knows how to invest in a savings-bank, or buy Government bonds, or buy the highest class of bonds.

Our correspondent knows for himself how to make his money earn 4 or 5 or 6 per cent., and will not appreciate this department of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE unless it can tell him how to make more. How much more? Would 10 per cent. satisfy him? A lot of people make 10 per cent. in business. No doubt 50 per cent. would be more interesting. There are instances of money earning 50 per cent. consistently. But why stop at 50 per cent.? There are people who make 100 per cent. a year, and do it regularly, and this department knows how. Almost anybody can do it. Attend!

Let the M.D. take $1,500 and invest it in a butcher-shop. If he selects a fair station, works twelve hours a day, and gives not too much meat for the people's money, he will make a living, as many thousands of good butchers do, and that will be, in these days, not less than $1,500. If he has invested $1,500 and makes $1,500 a year that is 100 per cent.

Now, let him extend his operations. Seeing how easy it is to make 100 per cent., he will put $1,500 in a second butcher-shop; but he has to hire a man to run it, and he will be lucky to make $1,500 a year in his first one and $500 clear in the second one. That would be $2,000 on an investment of $3,000, which is only 66 2-3 per cent. But that is still a very high return for money, so let him add a third shop. Then he has an investment of $4,500, and if he makes $1,500 in the first one, $500 in the second, and $500 in the third, he will have made $2,500, which on an investment of $4,500 is only 55½ per cent. on his money.

If he goes on expanding until he has hundreds of butcher-shops and becomes a trust, he will be lucky to earn 7 or 8 per cent. He will find himself dealing with the law of diminishing returns. In the first instance, the relation of his own labor to his capital is the most important factor in its earning power, which reached 100 per cent. At each successive step of expansion the relation of his own labor to the capital diminishes and the rate of return falls.

The men who make 10, 20, and 30 per cent. in business put their own time and labor behind their capital, and work hard for the return. The larger their business grows, the smaller the relation of their own labor of superintendence and management to the capital, and the less the return.

Now, when one invests money, one commits capital to the use of others. The relation of the investor's labor to the employment of his capital is almost nil. Therefore, he must be content with small returns.

Probably the most profitable body of capital ever known in the world was that which went into the making of the Standard Oil Trust. If the figures were available they would prove that the return on that capital was highest when the individuals who employed it were sitting up nights with it, scheming to make it earn more.

And now the problem of the Standard Oil people is how to invest their surplus safely at 4 and 5 per cent. It is doubtful if the huge investments of Standard Oil individuals in outside railroads and industrial securities average to earn so much as 5 per cent. a year. On their first few millions, employed in the oil industry, they probably made 100 per cent. in some years. That is the difference between hiring out one's capital and working it for one's self.

THE RAILROAD INDUSTRY

From among a number of letters the following is selected as typical, the answer to which shall be the answer to all:

EDITOR EVERYBODY'S MONEY: I hope you will give some space to a discussion of the advisability of purchasing some of the standard railroad stocks for investment. A few years ago, when they were low, it seemed quite unanimously conceded that they were cheap. Now that they are down very low again, I see no reference to their cheapness and find no encouragement to buy them. I hope you will mention Pennsylvania Railroad, Great Northern preferred, New York, New Haven & Hartford, etc. What are the causes that are taking them down, and are they permanent?

Notwithstanding what the railroad presidents are continually saying, partly to discourage what they believe to be hostile regulation and partly to obtain permission to raise their rates, the railroad industry of this country is in no desperate plight. It has been suffering from rising labor-costs and rising material-costs, and profits have apparently diminished, but that is the problem of industry in general, and will automatically correct itself. Indeed, the railroad industry is rather better protected than others.

There will never again be witnessed in

this country an era of railroad receiverships as in the nineties. The country can not afford it. If necessary to avoid it, the Interstate Commerce Commission will allow the railroads to increase their rates.

Railroad securities have declined no more than other good securities all over the world; but if they had, the explanation might be found in the expressions of the railroad people themselves, who are always saying, for political effect, that the business is in a bad way. They go on spending money just the same and paying dividends.

Measuring the prosperity of the railroads by the dividends they pay, they have never been so prosperous since railroading began as in the last five years. That is not a final test. The margin of earnings over dividends is tending to diminish, but that again is an experience common to all business at the present time. It will be met by greater economy of operation, by reduced costs of material, as of steel and iron products in the case of the railroads, and possibly, besides, by an increase in freight rates, toward which there has been a remarkable change in public feeling. In a period of general liquidation the railroads might fare much better than industrial corporations. If railroad rates are not increased, at least they will not fall.

The present is not an unpropitious time to buy railroad shares, provided the company has a record of safely earned dividends to recommend its stock. Pennsylvania Railroad is a good, solid investment. It has never paid an unearned dividend. One trouble with the New York, New Haven & Hartford is that it has been paying dividends in excess of its profits. It has reduced the rate of dividend, by necessity; but it ought to discontinue dividends for four or five years and reinvest all of its profits in improvements. If that policy is followed, the shareholders, who have been "living on their principal," will have a safe investment again.

Great Northern preferred is a good investment, with rather lower possibilities of appreciation in value, perhaps, than either Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul common or Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé common. The Atchison, though paying dividends, has been reinvesting surplus profits heavily in its property; the St. Paul will presently reap a big profit from its Pacific Coast Extension, the strain of building which has caused the dividend to be reduced from 7 to 5 per cent.

Capital invested in American railroads is going to be safer in the future than was ever the case in the past, and, in the same degree, less attractive to speculators, who will be obliged to seek their opportunities in things containing greater risk. No risk, no speculation. The Government gradually is assuming control over the issue of railroad securities, and, having sanctioned them, it will be morally obliged to admit that the holders are entitled to a fair return, even though rates have to be increased or the Government has to buy them out.

MINING STOCKS

In Wall Street once there was a banker who would never lend a dollar on a mining stock. He thought all mining stocks unsafe. When he died his executors found thousands of shares of worthless mining shares in his private box.

There is now a kind of mining which is a manufacturing business; and it is practised by holding companies with huge capital, whose safety lies in the variety and continuity of operations. Eight or ten bad mines can be charged off in a year, and one good one will pay for them.

The inquiries received by this department refer not to the shares of those holding companies which are regularly listed and dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, but mainly to mining shares of which there is a very imperfect record, if any. Only an expert mining engineer can honestly undertake to give advice about a mining venture, and he is as often wrong as right. This department can not give advice to those who have bought or intend to buy mining shares, unless the promotion happens to be actually fraudulent. All that it can say in other cases is that one ought not to put money into the shares of a mine unless one can afford to lose it.

Not once in a million times does an outsider get an opportunity to buy into a new mine while it is yet a bargain. If it is a good mine, private capital will take it off the hands of the first owner and develop it; and the better it is the fewer of its shares will get out to the public until it has been so heavily capitalized that what the promoters can get for the shares is more than the mine is worth.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a remote Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All I has to say is this, Judge: If you hangs me, you hangs the best bass singer in Tennessee!"

A native of a boom town in Oklahoma, who had moved away, happened on one of his old neighbors who still lived there, and asked him about the town.

"Oh, it's awful," replied the unfortunate neighbor. "Deadest place you ever saw. Say, you know Jones, don't you? Well, he dropped dead in front of the post-office Sunday, and they didn't find the body till Thursday."

James Ross and his daughter Janet from Canada visited relatives in Chicago recently. Day after day Janet and her father went sightseeing, always together.

Janet's aunt, noticing this, one day suggested that she let her father go down-town alone some time, jokingly adding, "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Aye, ahnty, but he wahnts me," explained Janet earnestly. "He canna thole to stir oot o' the hoose his lane. Ye wadna beleeve hoo fasht he is onywhere wi'oot me. Ye see, faither taa'ks sic braid Scoatch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's a' aboot, an' I hae tae gang wi' him tae dae the converrsin."

When James Tufts, now managing editor of the San Francisco *Evening Post*, was news editor of the old morning *Call* of that city, he had a two-paragraph rule that was one of life's little irritations for his copy-readers. Either one paragraph, or three or more, was his edict, and woe to the copy-reader who let a story slip into the paper with two.

Finally one of his copy-readers who was leaving handed in his resignation. It read:

"DEAR MR. TUFTS:

"This is to give notice that I wish to leave at the end of the week.

"I wish to thank you for your courtesy and kindness while I have worked for you.

"(Signed) WILLIAM SWARTHOUT.

"P. S.—This is just to make three paragraphs."

The following exchange of courtesy was recently chronicled in a German paper's advertisements:

"The gentleman who found a brown purse,

containing a sum of money, in the Blumenstrasse, is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

A couple of days later appeared the response, which, although courteous, had an elusive air, to say the least:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a brown purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

A gentleman traveling in England was being shown over an estate by the owner, who was a crank on landscape-gardening. They came to a small greenhouse with a young boy locked up in it. The visitor inquired the reason, and his host replied that he had caught the boy stealing flowers from the grounds, and had locked him up for punishment.

Going a little farther, they came to another greenhouse, the counterpart of the first and similarly situated on the other side of the grounds, and this also contained a small boy.

"What!" exclaimed the visitor, "has this boy, too, been stealing flowers?"

"Oh, no," replied his host, "that is my little son."

"Then why," asked the puzzled caller, "have you locked him in here?"

"Why, for symmetry," answered the host.

"How do you feel this morning?" asked Barnwell, meeting a well-known Kentucky colonel.

"Rotten, sah. How would yo' expect a gentleman to feel in the mornin', sah?" was the reply.

A man with an up-to-date fishing outfit emerged from the highway and made straight for a pond once famous for its splendid trout-fishing. He wore a contented and expectant smile as he carefully arranged his tackle and adjusted his bait. Then he selected a shady spot on the bank, threw out his line, and patiently awaited results.

After two hours of this a traveler came along and said with the air of one who knows: "Hi, mister, you'll find no fish in that pond."

"What did you tell me for?" queried the other petulantly. "You've spoiled my whole day's fishing."

It was the annual convention of a woman's organization in a Western state. The Panama Canal was under discussion. A lady from the sagebrush lands attracted the leader's attention.

"What I want to know is," she questioned breezily, "why, when the climate is so terribly dangerous on the Isthmus, did they ever go 'way down there to build the Canal, anyhow?"

A small Norwegian lad presented himself before a Minnesota school-teacher, who asked him his name.

"Pete Peterson," he replied.

"And how old are you?" was the next question.

"I not know how old I bane," said the lad.

"Well, when were you born?" persisted the teacher.

"I not born at all; I got stepmutter."

The stage-drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers, and often resort to satirical answers. Once a lady tourist who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Oh, yes, yes; a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."

"Oh, yes, my husband is an enthusiastic archeologist," said Mrs. Smith. "And I never knew it until yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he said they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

Miss Audrey had come to spend the week-end with friends in a little New Jersey town and exhibited keen interest in the much-talked-of "Jersey skeeter."

When the greetings were over and the party settled down, the guest remarked to her host, after a careful survey of the porch:

"I don't see any mosquito-netting around, William."

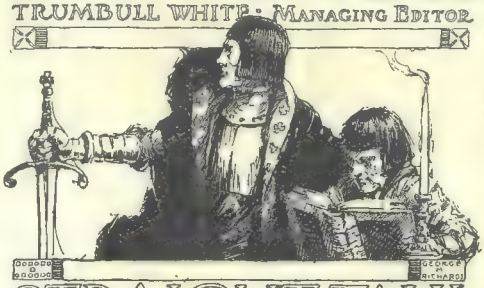
"No," answered he, "we're using mouse-traps."

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

TRUMBULL WHITE · MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHED BY · · THE RIDGWAY · · · COMPANY · · NEW YORK CITY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY · · · PRESIDENT · RAY BROWN · · · SEC'Y AND TREASURER



STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

TAINTED FICTION

HERE IS A NEW NAME FOR AN OLD DISEASE.

IT MEANS JUST ONE THING: INDECENT FICTION, OR—*SMUT.*

INDECENT FICTION HAS BEEN PRINTED BEFORE, BUT LABELED. IT COULDN'T GET INTO YOUR HOME WITHOUT YOUR KNOWING IT.

THE TAINTED FICTION THAT IS BEING PRINTED NOW IS NOT LABELED. IT MAY COME TO YOU WITHIN THE COVERS OF A MAGAZINE YOU HAVE TRUSTED FOR YEARS.

TAINTED FICTION MUST BE ATTACKED LIKE ANY DISEASE; THAT IS, AT THE SOURCE.

THOSE WHO PRINT SMUT, PRINT IT BECAUSE THEY THINK *YOU* WANT IT. THEIR MORAL SENSE IS KEPT IN THE SAFE, WITH THE SUBSCRIPTION MONEY.

THEREFORE—

IF YOU DON'T WANT INDECENCY, YOU KNOW HOW YOU CAN STOP IT.

IN THE November EVERYBODY'S we said part of what we thought about Tainted Fiction and printing it for pay. Not all we thought about it. Space forbade. Also the obligation to you and the United States mails to keep our temper and moderate our language.

The sound of that first shot has echoed back in the response from a host of readers who are glad we fired it. Letters have poured in to confirm our belief that decent people want decent reading. That they resent the surreptitious intrusion of smut into their households in magazines that used to be clean. That the situation is coming to be realized—which is the first assurance of a coming change. The folks

who write and print smut because it pays will hurry to clean up their pages when they find it doesn't pay.

We acknowledge gratefully the wide and intelligent response to what we said two months ago, and wish it were possible to print dozens of the cheering letters received instead of the few characteristic ones following:

I want to pat you on the back for the excellent and timely "Straight Talk" in your November issue. Too much contempt can not be heaped on those publishers who prostitute their pages and debauch their readers' minds for the sake of a few extra dollars. You fail, I think, to call attention to one of the worst features of this wave of literary salaciousness; namely, that such stories awaken a desire for more, and consequently destroy all taste for good, wholesome literature. Many magazine readers—and a large proportion are young girls—have degenerated into smut-readers, nothing more.

Can not the postal authorities be invoked to stop this vicious flood? I believe they could do a lot in the right direction; and I should like to see EVERYBODY'S urge them to make such an attempt.

L. R. A., Cincinnati, O.

THE WRONG KIND OF "SPICE"

I have just finished reading your sane appeal for a sound and wholesome magazine and newspaper literature. Every word in it should have been printed in italics.

Not so many weeks ago a copy of a supposedly respectable paper came into my home and was received on friendly terms. On examination, it was found to have become as vulgar as a senile old man. Even that pink-sheeted journal which used to be thought the acme of all that was sensational and verging on the indecent never dreamed of printing the vicious illustrations that boldly wink at us from the pages of so-called family magazines to-day.

Some of the recent fiction has ceased to verge on the indecent—it topples over and wallows in muck. It is below reproach. And, seasoned by what they feed upon, the minds of our young people grow more and more prurient, until the most flagrantly salacious details are demanded. Girls of fifteen flippantly discuss subjects that their mothers would refrain from mentioning in the presence of women of their own age.

If it promised to lead to an open, broad-minded knowledge of humanity and a betterment of the human race, one might endure the inevitable jar that follows the change. But it invariably leads to a coarsening of the mind and a gradual loosening of the moral fiber. The modern fiction is spicy and full of ginger, it is true—the sort of ginger and spice that cover up at first the smell of the filth within. And once read, the ginger effervesces and the filth sticks in the mind.

If one forbids the entrance of these magazines and papers to the house, it only means a reading on the sly somewhere else. The dentists' and doctors' offices are full of them; they lie about the barber-shops; the young people pore over them in the reading-rooms of the libraries.

To pander to the grosser instincts has become a commercial passion. A recent much-famed picture —beautiful in itself and in its place—has been scattered abroad on postals and thrown into the hands of vulgar-minded young people who have not been educated to see its beauty, but who readily laugh at the indecency they read into it.

Evil exists, it is true. Shutting our eyes to it will not eliminate it. But is there ever any excuse in wilfully wallowing in it? I wish you every success in your campaign for clean literature.

E. S., Waverly, Kan.

PRACTICAL PROTEST

I want to commend the stand taken by your magazine in "Straight Talk" concerning indecent stories in periodicals. I find that I must cut out at least two well-known magazines that have been on my table for years. They have become insufferably foul, and henceforward it is the clean ones for me.

J. C., Point Pleasant, W. Va.

I wish to congratulate EVERYBODY'S on the "Straight Talk" in the November number, which I have just read. More needed truth never got in print. I intend to incorporate part of it in an editorial for my little paper next week, and have suggested to a minister here that it would make a fine sermon text.

L. W. S., Higginsville, Mo.

Your November issue has just been received and it is a particularly fine number, which I will carefully read at leisure. I have just glanced over the page, "Straight Talk," and can not refrain from writing you a few words of commendation. Some months ago I wrote a letter of protest to another magazine on this very subject. I shall not renew my subscription to that, but EVERYBODY'S will continue to be a welcome visitor in my family. I do not believe that the moral sense of the magazine-reading public is so perverted that you will suffer financially for the stand you have taken.

U. T. M., Washington, D. C.

DECENCY TO THE FRONT

I wish you to know that I heartily agree with all you say on page 721 of the November number of EVERYBODY'S. The article quoted from the *Outlook* gets right at the center of the degraded condition of some of the magazines, and it is for this very condition that many high-minded, thoughtful people have canceled their subscriptions to such publications.

It is quite time that decency and honor should assert themselves and stop this fight for money by publishers who put into the hands of the reading public and into our homes material that tends to demoralize and degrade our young people, instead of purifying and elevating. Give us clean, fresh, invigorating magazines, and the good will crowd out the degraded.

E. P., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Robust Health

Is built principally upon the sturdy foundation of **Right Food.**

Purity first—then nutrition to meet the law of daily waste and repair of body, brain and nerve cells. But,—the food must contain all the essential elements, or there cannot be robust health.

Injurious preservatives are not permitted by the pure food laws; but the law does not prohibit millers from leaving out of some kinds of flour certain parts of the wheat berry which contain vital mineral salts—grown in the grains by Nature—and necessary for the normal balance of body, brain and nerves.

This lack in daily food is responsible for many common ailments.

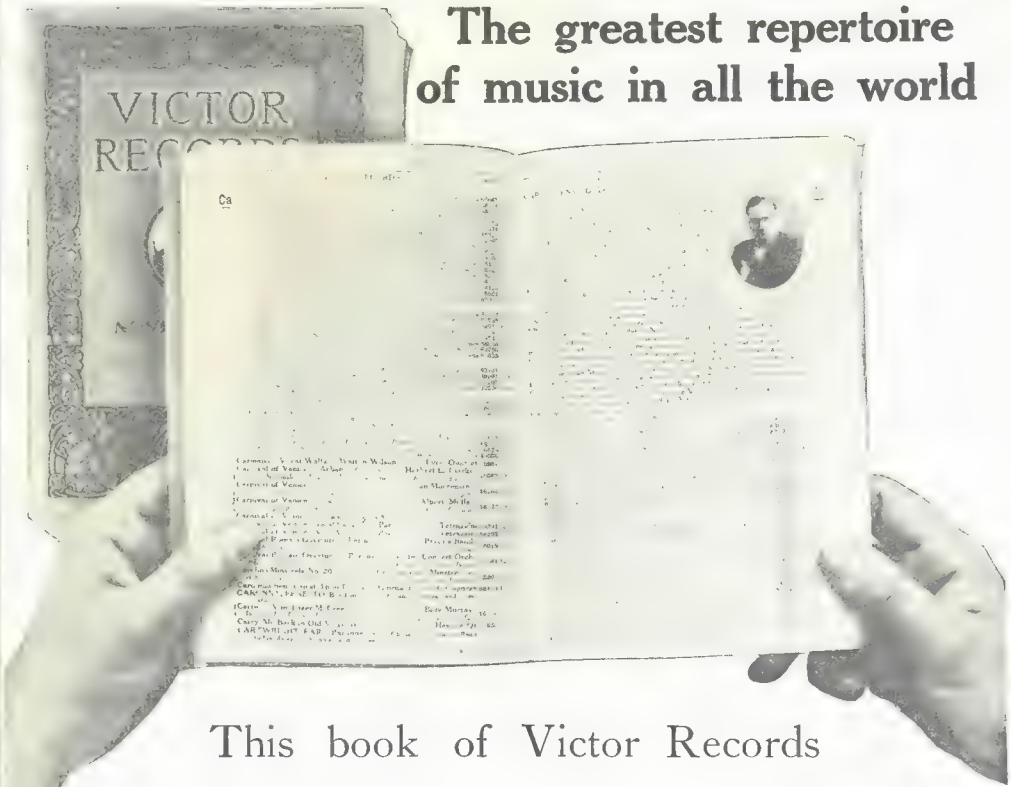
Grape-Nuts FOOD

made of whole wheat and malted barley, meets every requirement.

It has delicious taste and retains in perfect balance all the nutrition of the grains, including the mineral salts—thus admirably supplying what many foods lack.

For robust health try **Grape-Nuts**—***"There's a Reason"***

The greatest repertoire of music in all the world



This book of Victor Records will give you a clear and definite understanding of exactly what the Victor or Victrola will bring to you.

It will place before you simply and convincingly the title of very nearly every musical composition you ever heard of. It will help you to an easy familiarity with all the great composers. It will place before you definite and positive knowledge as to the exact music in the reper-

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

toire of the world's greatest artists. It will make clear to you just how easily all the music of all the world can become an interesting and helpful part of your every-day life in your own home.

Music is the only universal language. It attracts everyone—the French, the German, the Russian, the Italian, the Englishman are all capable of enjoying exactly the same music. Individual taste however, varies; but with a Victor and its vast repertoire of music, which is the nearest approach to all the music of all the world, every musical longing is satisfied.

This book of Victor Records costs us more than $100,000 every year, but we will gladly give you a copy free. Ask any Victor dealer, or write to us.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)
New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

You'd know Campbell's Tomato Soup with your eyes shut.

You'd know it from other tomato soups by its fragrant aroma, its delightful racy flavor and its wholesomeness.

It is cooked just enough. It is not over-sweet. It has the smacking relish of a sound red-ripe tomato fresh-picked and perfectly seasoned.

Blended with other choice materials, according to the exclusive Campbell formula, it combines delicacy with a nourishing richness peculiar to itself.

In short, there's no tomato soup like Campbell's. Why not enjoy it again *today*?

"Boo! I say to needless care
Which *Campbell's Soups* will banish.
A daily share of this good fare
And half your troubles vanish."

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Campbell's Soups

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

The story of every child is a story of growth and change—

A change too gradual and subtle for even the watchful eye of a mother to detect, or for memory to recall.

Only in pictures can the story be told, and a record of the childish features and expressions kept for all time.

A good photograph now and then, will mean everything to you —and to them, in after years.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

An armor of constant warmth

To work or to rest, to study or to read, to be free in your own home and enjoy every room in it, there must be snug warmth—protective heating! An IDEAL heating outfit will put an armor of constant warmth around the entire house. Then biting winds and zero days lose their force and your home is gently warm in every bay, corner, and windward room.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS will warm any cottage, residence, church, school, store, hotel, or other building, OLD or new, anywhere, with far less coal than used by old-fashioned devices. They send no dust and gases into the living rooms and therefore save much cleaning energy.

An IDEAL Boiler will burn least coal because it is unnecessary to force the fire to send heat to windward rooms. The heat flows there naturally and positively through the iron piping; the more heat needed, the more the volume. In mild Spring and Fall weather a little coal makes *just enough* warmth, no fuel wasted.

A No. 1-19-S IDEAL Boiler and 184 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $130, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

There is absolute control of the heat at all times and under any conditions. You can burn hard or soft coal (even cheap grades), coke, lignite, gas, wood, oil, etc.

Our own special laboratories on two continents enable us to put into IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators the manufacturing thoroughness and economies of Europe combined with the inventive skill of America. They do not corrode, warp or rust out—will last scores of years! At present attractive price they are a far-sighted investment, adding 10% to 20% to rentals, or full money-back when building is sold. If cold rooms and high fuel bills show how comfortless and costly your present heating is, write us today. We will send our (free) booklet, which shows how to put an armor of warmth around your building and save you big money—*reduce your cost of living.*

Vacuum Cleaner

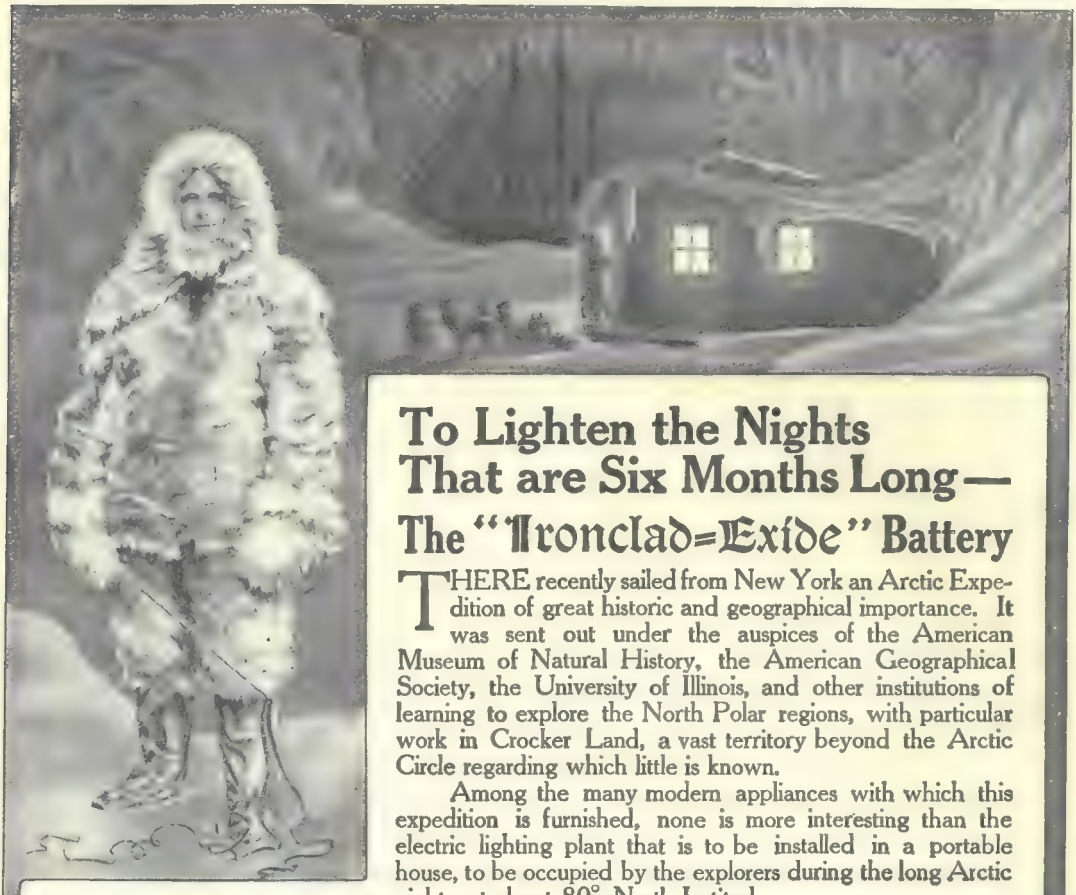
Ask also for catalog of the ARCO WAND—a successful sets-in-the-cellar machine with suction pipe running to each floor.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 20
816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.



To Lighten the Nights That are Six Months Long—

The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery

THERE recently sailed from New York an Arctic Expedition of great historic and geographical importance. It was sent out under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, the American Geographical Society, the University of Illinois, and other institutions of learning to explore the North Polar regions, with particular work in Crocker Land, a vast territory beyond the Arctic Circle regarding which little is known.

Among the many modern appliances with which this expedition is furnished, none is more interesting than the electric lighting plant that is to be installed in a portable house, to be occupied by the explorers during the long Arctic nights, at about 80° North Latitude.

This lighting plant is equipped with

The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery

one of the four famous "Exide" Batteries manufactured by The Electric Storage Battery Company of Philadelphia, the oldest and largest maker of storage batteries in this country.

The engineers who have the electrical apparatus of the expedition under charge selected the "Ironclad-Exide" because of its reliability, light weight and ability to give good service at very low temperatures. This is the battery that is used

For Electric Vehicle Service

with such remarkable success. The identical qualities that made it suited above all other batteries for the Crocker Land Expedition make it the logical battery for your electric car, whether pleasure or commercial.

Our Book No. 881 gives details. A postal request to our nearest Sales Office brings it to you

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888 **PHILADELPHIA** 1914

New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Atlanta, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Ore., Toronto

886 "Exide" Distributors. 9 "Exide" Depots. "Exide" Inspection Corps.

Use the "Exide" Battery for Gas Car Lighting, Starting or Ignition.

The Machine Way in Shorthand

Here is "the shorthand machine" which does away with all the confusion of shorthand—a machine called *The Stenotype*. It makes average writers 50 per cent faster and 100 per cent more accurate than shorthand.

It writes *Stenotypy*—not shorthand. Stenotypy is twice easier to learn to write and read than shorthand. It is merely a system of *simplified English spelling* with the silent letters dropped—the easy *phonetic* spelling of *sounds*, written in simple, plain, *alphabet type*.

Yet it took W. S. Ireland, an expert Court Stenographer, more than *nine years* to devise it—and arrange a keyboard for a machine that would write it.

Now a $1,750,000 concern builds this machine—a machine that weighs but eight pounds—and a machine that is *quiet* even when the keys are worked at a rate that would write *1,000 words per minute!*

11,000 people today are successful Stenotypists *in business*. And thousands are now learning to write Stenotypy in *315 Leading Business Colleges*.

Yet, 18 months ago, not a single one of these young men and women had ever laid eyes on the Stenotype!

But this is the way in business—the Machine Way will always supplant the hand way when it means more accuracy and greater speed. Business can't wait for the slower method when a faster serves twice as well. So from now on it is *Stenotypy* vs. shorthand.

Better Salaries

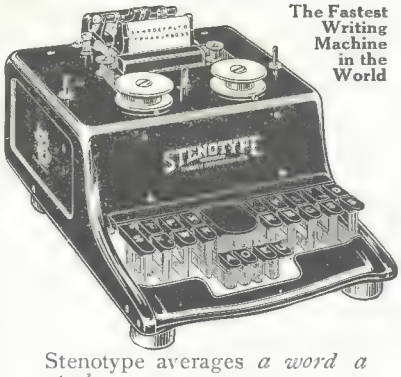
Graduate Stenotypists are getting better salaries to start by 25 to 50 per cent than beginners in shorthand. The best positions in every line are opening to Stenotypists as fast as the business men see what they do.

And the demand for Stenotypists already far exceeds the available supply. That's another reason why Stenotypists *today* are being offered a *premium price* for their services.

22 Keys or Hundreds of Characters

In Stenotypy you learn no curves, circles, dots and dashes, meaning one thing above a line, another below, and still another when written *on* that line. You practice no difficult *shadings* or long and short strokes. You simply press keys—keys stamped with plain English letters—letters you learned when you went to school.

Learning Stenotypy isn't like trying to master a new, unfamiliar language. It is mostly a case of learning merely to *write on a machine*—to write *simple, plain English* which is *shortened* for speed. Many words don't even *need* to be shortened, for the



The Fastest Writing Machine in the World

Stenotype averages *a word a stroke*.

No Puzzles

You *yourself* can learn to read Stenotype notes easily and without even knowing how to *write* Stenotypy. And *any* one who can read Stenotype notes can *transcribe any Stenotype notes*, regardless of *who wrote* them.

This means that *all* Stenotypists can transcribe letters *faster*—can get *more and better mail* out in a day. And do it without the mental strain and worry occasioned by poorly written, puzzling *shorthand*.

A $1,750,000 Company

Business men are now *seeking* Stenotypists. But regardless of that, when you finish your course in Stenotypy you receive a Certificate of Efficiency signed by the officers of the Stenotype Company, a concern capitalized at $1,750,000, as an *added* help in securing positions.

And you are coached by the Stenotype Company, *after* you have located, in the best methods to insure *rapid advancement*. We take *care* to see that only the *Best Schools* are allowed *to teach Stenotypy*.

Write Us

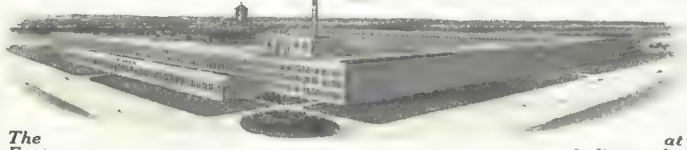
Write us and learn all about Stenotypy. We'll send you a card of introduction to a prominent, leading Business College which will demonstrate Stenotypy. You'll see whole classes writing on the Stenotype. There is no obligation. You don't have to enroll. The card when presented tells the School Head just what you want to see. Write us today.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY
406 Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.
BRANCH OFFICES: New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Waterloo, Iowa
Taught in 315 Business Colleges
Representatives Everywhere

THE STENOTYPE

Weight, Only 8 Lbs.

The Fastest Writing Machine in the World



The Factory at Indianapolis

To Business Men

Stenotype Speed, Stenotype Accuracy and Stenotype Legibility mean more and better letters per day—higher efficiency. The perfectly legible printed notes do away with "Mr. Smith, what did you say here?" Nothing to worry about when one Stenotypist has more letters than she can turn out *tonight*. Let other Stenotypists "sail in" and help transcribe these notes. Stenotypists are producers right from the beginning. When Stenotypists apply to you, see what they can do.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

—"And you must take Sanatogen regularly for several weeks"

THIS urgent advice is given by physicians day by day in every civilized land—wherever sufferers from starved nerves and poor digestion seek relief. There is a reason for this. Physicians know that Sanatogen is a substance capable of supplying the real needs of a starved, overwrought nervous system—that it is a scientific combination of albumen and organic phosphorus—a compound eagerly absorbed by the hungry tissues and possessing unique tonic and reconstructive qualities. They also know from their *own observation* what Sanatogen has done for others. They have watched its revivifying action on persons whose nervous strength had been undermined by overwork, worry or disease; they have observed how it has infused renewed energy, life and elasticity into starved nerves; how it has regenerated the appetite, digestion; in short, how wonderfully it has helped to make the human machinery fit to perform its functions in the most perfect manner.

There are on file with the owners of Sanatogen no less than 18,000 letters from practising physicians praising, endorsing, Sanatogen. Truly a magnificent monument to the value of this food-tonic.

But no less impressive is the enthusiastic testimony of lay people. Men and women in the forefront of human endeavor, statesmen, prelates, authors, lawyers, have written above their own signatures of the wonderful benefits received from Sanatogen.

A new book by Elbert Hubbard, FREE

A new book, "Health in the Making," by Elbert Hubbard, in his attractive manner and style, filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment, will be sent free for the asking.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in 3 sizes from $1.00

The Bauer Chemical Company, 30-Y Irving Place, NEW YORK

Sanatogen received the Grand Prize at the International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

Prof. C. A. Ewald,
of Berlin University, Doctor honoris causa, University of Maryland, states in his contribution on "Typhus abdominalis":

"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin) and have obtained excellent results."

Prof. Thomas B. Stillman, M.S., Ph.D.,
the well-known research chemist, New York, writes:

"The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.,
the eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:

"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Colonel Henry Watterson,
the famous Editor, writes:

"I feel I owe it to truth to state that I have made a thorough trial of Sanatogen and that I have found it most efficacious and beneficent. I do not think I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without this Sanatogen operating equally upon the digestive organs and nerve centers."

Arnold Bennett,
the famous novelist, writes:

"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

Your Children Will Thank You for Keeping Absorbine Jr. Handy

It means prompt relief from aches and pains—it keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming something more serious—protects sensitive throats from infection and kills the germs in throats that are sore and infected. Absorbine Jr. is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and contains no acids or poisons.

ABSORBINE JR
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Is more than a liniment—it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. This doubles its efficiency and its uses.

For Toothache. A few drops of Absorbine Jr. rubbed on the gums or applied on cotton to cavity will promptly stop the aching. But don't let the relief from pain keep you from your dentist.

For Cuts, Bruises. Absorbine Jr. takes out soreness, kills the germs, makes the part aseptically clean and promotes rapid healing—no danger of infection.

For Sprains and Swellings. It allays pain promptly; reduces inflammation and swelling.

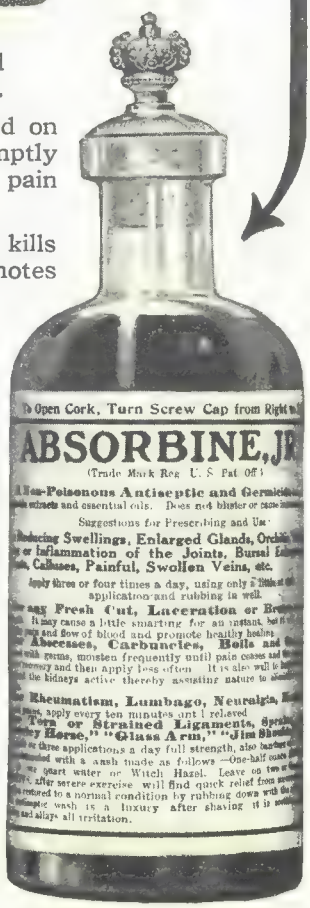
For Sore Throats and for children that have been exposed to infection: Spray the throat or gargle with a 10% solution of Absorbine Jr. This solution is a cleansing, healing germicide—and harmless.

Absorbine Jr. has a pleasing odor, does not stain or leave a greasy residue. It is highly concentrated and only a few drops required at an application.

$1.00 4 oz., $2.00 12 oz. bottle at most druggists or postpaid

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent postpaid to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist *today*.

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 121 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.


To Open Cork, Turn Screw Cap from Right to
ABSORBINE, JR
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
Non-Poisonous Antiseptic and Germicide
Suggestions for Prescribing and Use
Reducing Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Orchitis
or Inflammation of the Joints, Bursal Enlargements
Bunions, Callouses, Painful, Swollen Veins, etc.
Apply three or four times a day, using only a little at each application and rubbing in well.
For any Fresh Cut, Laceration or Bruise
Abscesses, Carbuncles, Boils and
Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia,
Torn or Strained Ligaments, Spraine
"Sweeney," "Spavin," "Ringbone," "Thoroughpin," "Curb," "Splint," "Capped Hock," "Shoe Boil," "Wind Puff," "Bog Spavin," "Bone Spavin," "Blood Spavin," "Thrush," "Quarter Crack," "Scratches," "Grease Heel," "Fistula," "Poll Evil," "Sitfast," "Saddle Gall," "Harness Gall," "Collar Gall," "Sore Shoulder," "Sore Back," "Sore Throat," "Distemper," "Shipping Fever," "Pink Eye," "Lung Fever," "Pleurisy," "Blind Staggers," "Sleeping Sickness," "Glass Arm," "Jim Blanton"
Horse,
three applications a day full strength, also
with a wash made as follows:—One-half ounce
quart water or Witch Hazel. Leave on two or
after severe exercise will find quick relief from
restored to a normal condition by rubbing down with the
antiseptic wash is a luxury after shaving it is
and allays all irritation.

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 121 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. 1-14

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which send me, postpaid, Trial Bottle Absorbine, Jr., pamphlet and Laboratory reports.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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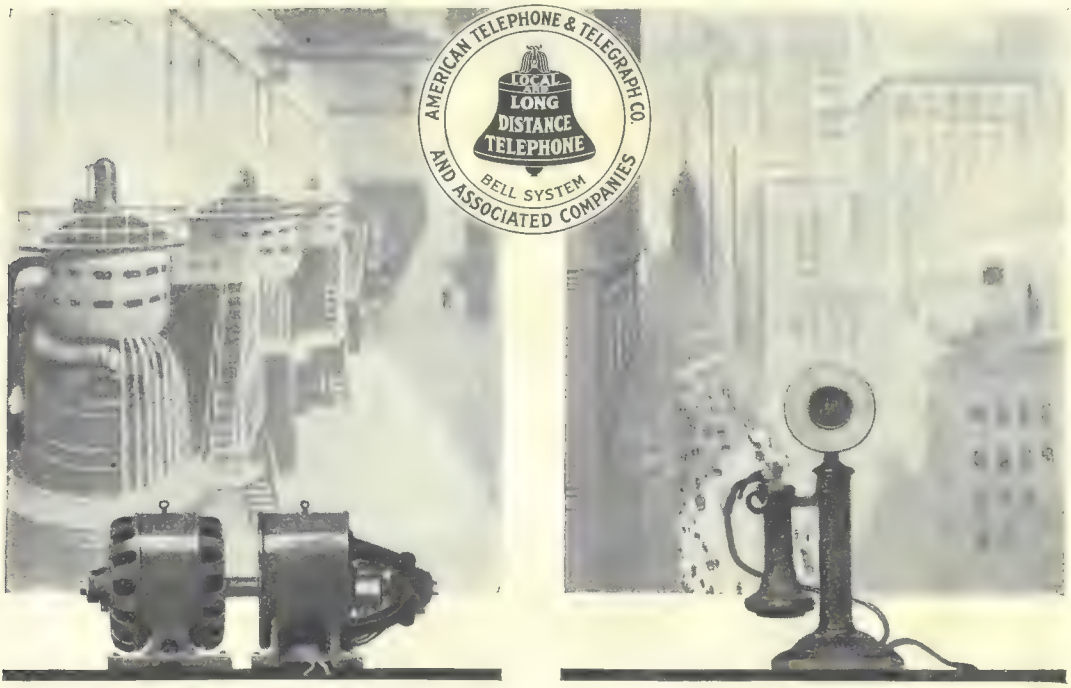


The Energizer of Business

IN a metropolitan power-house there must be generators large enough to furnish millions of lights and provide electrical current for thousands of cars and factories.

Each monster machine with the power of tens of thousands of horses is energized by an unobtrusive little dynamo, which is technically known as an "exciter."

This exciter by its electric impulse through all the coils of the generator brings the whole mechanism into life and activity.

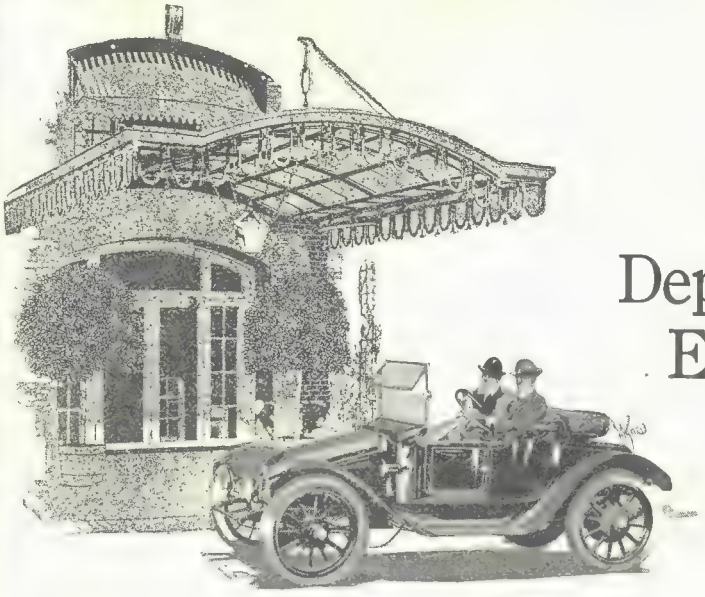
A similar service is performed for the great agencies of business and industry by the telephones of the Bell System. They carry the currents of communication everywhere to energize our intricate social and business mechanism.

United for universal service, Bell Telephones give maximum efficiency to the big generators of production and commerce.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.



The Dependable Electric

RECENTLY an Electric, carrying four passengers, ran from Los Angeles to San Diego in 13 hours—140 miles of rough, hilly country.

In Boston, an Electric was driven to North Attleboro and back, then for 18 miles through the city—going up Beacon Hill after traveling 91 miles. The first 75 miles of the total of 95.5 miles were made at a speed of 21.5 miles per hour.

An Electric Roadster went from New York to Boston—a 251 mile run—in 12 hours and 15 minutes—and the travel was over hilly country with many muddy detours.

Such unusual performances are proof positive that the Electric of today has speed and mileage enough for any city or suburban service—*at the lowest cost for upkeep.*

Send Today for this Book "The Story of the Electric Vehicle"

A beautifully printed booklet written with all the charm and interest of a story. Complete data about the Electric—cost of maintenance, simplicity of construction, early history, dependability, etc. Actual photographs of newest model Electrics. If you are interested in the Electric you will want this book. It is yours on request. Kindly address Department Q

Before You Buy Any Car—Consider the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Boston 124 W. 42nd Street, New York Chicago

79

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Resinol Soap

for clear skin and good hair

For a woman there can be no luxury equal to the consciousness that skin and hair are in perfect condition. To keep them so, a soap is needed which *thoroughly* cleanses and at the same time has just the right soothing, antiseptic action to maintain their natural health and beauty.

Resinol Soap does this because it is an exquisitely pure and cleansing toilet soap containing *Resinol*, which physicians have prescribed for years in the care of skin affections. If a clear complexion and soft, thick, lustrous hair are worth more to you than the few cents sometimes saved by using an ordinary soap, you owe it to yourself to know Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored; its rich brown is given it by the *Resinol* it contains. Twenty-five cents at all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For guestroom trial cake, with miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 5-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Stick, also, contains Resinol, making it most agreeable for men with tender faces. Trial on request.

Quality Is Economy

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with care
Each minute and unseen part:
For the gods see everywhere."

Longfellow.

Religious feeling was the foregleam of scientific thinking. The gods, unto whom all secrets are known, were to the old-time craftsman what the laws and forces of nature are to the present-day worker.

Heat and frost and storm and strain and wear and decay search out every hidden weakness; but nature is the sworn ally of the man who keeps her statutes. She underwrites every exact calculation and puts her endorsement on every scientific method.

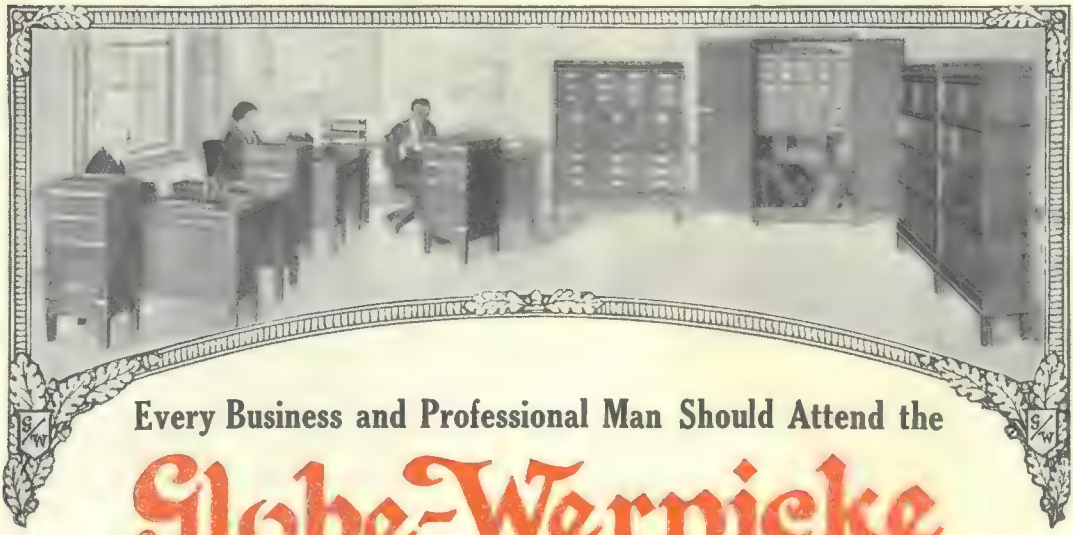
For ourselves, we have pleasure and success in furnishing Manufacturers and Builders with Finishing Materials which we and they are quite willing that gods and natural forces and men shall search out to the uttermost.

The Varnish That Lasts Longest

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILL.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.



Every Business and Professional Man Should Attend the

Globe-Wernicke Business Show

Your local Globe-Wernicke Dealer will feature this Event for two weeks—December 29th to January 10th.

Your local Globe-Wernicke Dealer has the material, the experience and the ambition to make the Globe-Wernicke Business Show *helpful* and *interesting* to you. This Event will be of vital importance to you—to *all* Business and Professional Men. Do not fail to attend. Admission free, and you will not be urged to buy.

It is your opportunity to learn the latest and most efficient methods of handling office routine; your opportunity to hit upon a solution of that office problem which may be puzzling you right now.

And this Event is your opportunity to have clearly demonstrated the greater efficiency, economy and convenience of Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment and the Globe-Wernicke "unit," or sectional, principle.

Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment Fulfills every filing requirement of every office—economically, efficiently and permanently.

Perhaps you consider your business different and think that you have to buy expensive made-to-order files. Chances are if you will attend the Globe-Wernicke Business Show, you will find a Globe-Wernicke device that suits *your* needs *as if made to your order.*

Further, you will find its cost much less than special equipment—and no more than the ordinary kind. Before you buy filing equipment of any kind, consult the Globe-Wernicke Dealer in your locality. (Name, if not already known to you, sent on request.)

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

Factory: Cincinnati

Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases—Filing Cabinets—Stationers' Goods.

BRANCH STORES

NEW YORK, 380-382 Broadway
CHICAGO, 231-235 So. Wabash Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, 1012-1014 Chestnut St.
BOSTON, 91-93 Federal St.
CINCINNATI, 128-130 E. 4th St.
WASHINGTON, D. C., 1218-1220 F St., N. W.

Where not represented, we ship freight prepaid.

Use This Coupon

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,
Cincinnati:

Please send Catalog No. 8, devoted to efficient and economical Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment.

(This coupon may be presented to your local Globe-Wernicke Dealer)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

WINTER CHAPPING

Defied by

CUTICURA GIRLS

Because they know that Cuticura Soap with occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will protect their skin from chapping, winter rashes, eczemas, irritations, redness and roughness and other skin troubles so often the result of outdoor exercise in the sharp winter winds.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

☞Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

Perfect Balance

is a matter of first importance in eyeglasses, for if a fixed position is not maintained, the lenses not only defeat their own ends but are capable of injury that may be permanent.

Fits-U Eyeglasses

give the precise angle of vision intended, under all conditions. You are unconscious of the gentle pressure that is firm enough to be always effective.

Ask your optician to put your lenses in these effective, comfortable, becoming mountings.

Write for Booklet, "Eyes Right"

American Optical Company

Dept. A Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world.

New York Chicago San Francisco London

Look for this mark *on the bridge*

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

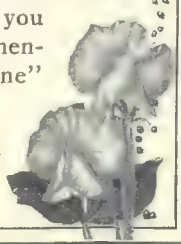
Burpee's Seeds Grow

Burpee's Annual for 1914

which is now being mailed at the rate of more than ten thousand copies every day, is a Bright New Book of 182 pages and is known as the "Silent Salesman" of the world's largest Mail-order Seed trade. It tells the plain truth about

Burpee-Quality Seeds that Grow

With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, it is a *safe guide* to Success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds either for pleasure or profit. We are pleased to mail it free to every one who has a garden and asks for it. Shall we mail you a copy? If so, kindly mention "Everybody's Magazine" and write to-day.



W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings
PHILADELPHIA

Just Out!

"Inlay Enamel" Monograms!

The latest idea in watch cases. Superbly beautiful. Your own monogram in handsome enamel design, (many colors to choose from) inlaid in the superb gold strata case. The newest thing – just conceived and offered direct to you.

Read Below

Special Offer

The superb Burlington Special **now** at the DIRECT rock-bottom price—the same price that **even the wholesale** jeweler must pay. You may secure one of these superb timepieces—a watch of the very latest model, popular new thin design, adjusted to the second—19 jewels—*adjusted* to positions AND temperature AND isochronism—the most perfect product of the *world's* most expert watch manufacturers—at the price that even **wholesale** jewelers must pay—and in order to encourage everybody to secure this watch at once, pay this rock-bottom price, either for cash or $2.50 a month!

We send the watch on approval, **prepaid.** You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent, unless you want *this exceptional* offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch. Read the coupon below.

New Ideas in Watch Cases!

Open face or hunting case, ladies' or gentlemen's sizes. These can be had in the newest ideas: ***Block and Ribbon Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art and Dragon Designs, Etc.*** Imagine a beautiful hunting case with your own monogram on one side and the emblem of your lodge or any emblem on the other side. Our catalog shows complete illustration. See the coupon below.

Write For Free Watch Book

Learn the inside facts about watch prices, and the many superior points of the Burlington over double-priced products. Just send the coupon or a letter or a postal. Get this offer while it lasts.

FREE
Book Coupon

Burlington Watch Co.
19th Street and Marshall Blvd.
Chicago
Dept. 1031

Burlington Watch Co.
19th St. and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 1031 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches and a copy of your $1,000 challenge, with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Guaranteed "Start to Finish"
These comfortably closed crotch Union Suits with Elastic Backs don't bind; fit right.

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
FABRIC PAT DEC. 12, 1905. DESIGN PAT DEC. 19, 1905
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED

Comfortable and durable. Made in every style.

Send for Illustrated Booklet

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
9 Washington St. Amsterdam, N. Y.

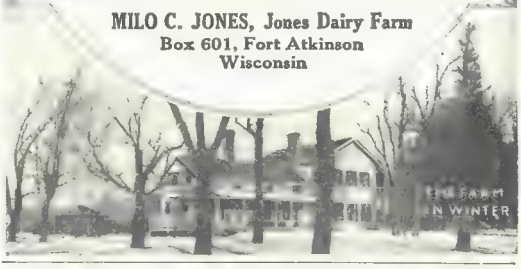
JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

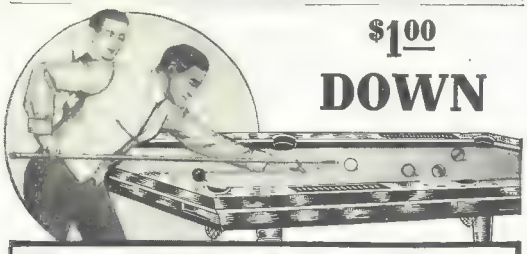
FOR real home-made country sausage ask your grocer for Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. Made on a real farm by farm people. Only the finest parts of young pig pork and home-ground spices are used.

The recipe for our sausage is older than the State of Wisconsin. We ship our sausage the same day it is made and supply by express direct *anywhere* to folks whose grocers are unable to supply them. Write us if you love old-fashioned farm sausage and we'll send you an interesting book telling more about our product.

We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm. In the old farm house (pictured below) where Jones Dairy Farm Sausage was made in the kitchen for many years, you will find us living still. Just across the pasture to the left you will find the building in which we now make it.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm
Box 601, Fort Atkinson
Wisconsin





$1.00 DOWN

Play Billiards at Home

The cost is a trifle, under our partial payment plan. Burrowes Tables are sold at prices from $15 up, on easy terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month. Sizes of Tables range up to 4½x9 ft. (standard). Balls, cues, etc. free.

Burrowes Tables are beautifully constructed. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost accuracy. No special room is needed. The Table can be mounted on dining or library table or on its own legs or stand and put aside when not in use.

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Tables

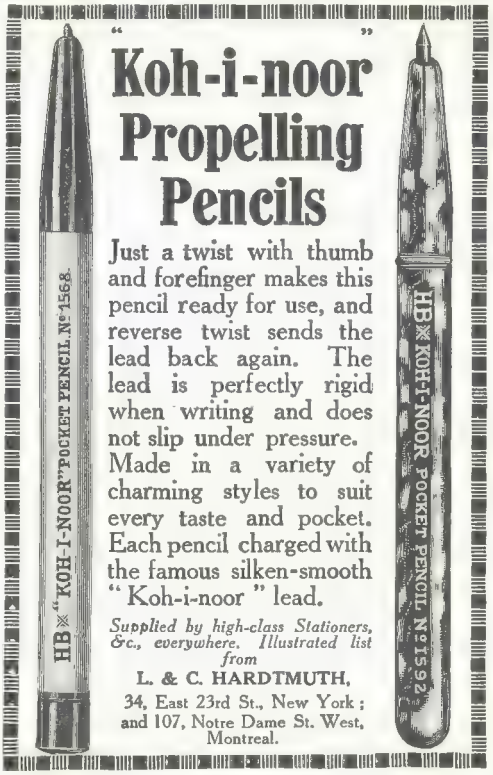
are scientifically correct and adapted to the most expert play. Many professionals use them for home practice.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—Catalog contains order blank and full instructions for ordering. On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today or mail this coupon:

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 63 Spring Street, Portland, Me.
Please send catalog of Billiard Table offers

Name .....

Address .....



"Koh-i-noor" Propelling Pencils

Just a twist with thumb and forefinger makes this pencil ready for use, and reverse twist sends the lead back again. The lead is perfectly rigid when writing and does not slip under pressure. Made in a variety of charming styles to suit every taste and pocket. Each pencil charged with the famous silken-smooth "Koh-i-noor" lead.

Supplied by high-class Stationers, &c., everywhere. Illustrated list from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH,
34, East 23rd St., New York; and 107, Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The Cromwell

A design of beautiful simplicity.
Sold by leading dealers.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
SUCCESSOR TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.

Send for catalogue "N-20."

What You Do
during
The Next Five Years

at home, while traveling or in business, or any matter of general interest, can be recorded in

Good for any five years. Can begin on any day. Four lines for each day's record.

Write for catalog No. 2, which describes the forty styles, costing 60 cents to $3.00.

Popular styles are

No. 100, beautifully bound in Red Art Cloth, $1.00
No. 103, genuine leather, black seal grain, 1.50
No. 109, genuine leather, long grain (green), 2.00

Ask your dealer. Send us his name. Sent postpaid if he cannot supply you.

SAMUEL WARD MANUFACTURING CO.
299-303 Atlantic Avenue Boston, Mass.

Let KODAK

add interest and zest to your winter evenings.

Make the most of the fun of flash-light work and the fascination of developing and printing.

No dark room by the Kodak system — and every step simple, easy, understandable.

Get a copy of our interesting and instructive little book "At Home with the Kodak." It shows many Kodak home portraits and how to make them. Free at your dealers, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

JAP-A-LAC

RENEWS

A Household Necessity

Sold Everywhere

IT is *so easy* to keep furniture, floors, wood-trim, and 100 other articles about the Home fresh and bright with Jap-A-Lac. Our booklet tells you how.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY CLEVELAND, O., and TORONTO, CAN.

Makers of Glidden's Green Label Varnishes, White Enamels, Endurance (Mission) Wood Stains, Waterproof Flat Wall Finishes and Cement Coatings.

Earning Money in Spare Time Is as Good as Finding Money

If you knew of a street where you could go during your spare hours and find a dollar or more for every hour you were there, you would be on that street at every opportunity.

On every business block in your town there are *many* dollars waiting for you to come and find them. They are in the pockets of men who are waiting to exchange them for subscriptions to EVERYBODY'S as soon as the right person comes along and suggests such an exchange.

EVERYBODY'S is indispensable to the *progressive* man, be he banker, merchant, doctor, lawyer or an employee of any of these. Many of these men send their subscriptions to us. And there are still others who are not reading the magazine now but who would gladly subscribe if it was called to their attention.

You could call on all of these men during your spare time and easily secure their subscriptions. We will pay you for each subscription, and mighty liberally, too. The pay is so liberal that you can easily earn a dollar or more for every hour you put in. And you may work when you choose and as much or little as you choose.

No investment of any kind is required, no previous experience necessary. We will send all necessary supplies and full instructions free of charge. You may begin work as soon as you hear from us—and you get your money as soon as it is earned.

Fill out the coupon attached to this page and mail it to us. Better do it right away. It may mean many dollars a week *extra money* for you.

E-1.

EVERYBODY'S
Spring and Macdougal Streets
New York

Please send me supplies and instructions for securing subscriptions.

Name.....

Address.....

P. O. ..... State.....

Everybody's Magazine

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Jaeger

Woolens

WOOL is nature's own fabric for retaining warmth, repelling cold and equalizing temperature. It takes up perspiration, permits circulation and guards the body against sudden changes. Thousands have learned the benefits of wearing Jaeger Made Woolen underwear, sweaters, stockings, coats, caps, etc. Famous for 33 years.

Write for booklet of facts about wool.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 324 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 126 N. State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities

Are You Improving Your Investments?

Many investors who purchased sound securities under conditions entirely different from those which exist today should recognize the changes which have taken place during the past few years and endeavor to adjust their holdings so as to benefit by the attractive returns present prices make possible.

We have some definite suggestions which we would be glad to offer for consideration to those who communicate with us, either by mail or in person.

Write for Circular EJ-58

A. B. Leach & Co.

Investment Securities

149 Broadway, New York

Chicago Philadelphia Buffalo
Boston London, Eng. Baltimore

Every one that has an

"A. A." SELF FILLER

will tell you how handy it is, how easy to fill and keep clean.

The Pen with the Magic Button

An Ideal Holiday Gift

is always ready for service. It can be filled from an ink well, stand or bottle by simply twisting the button. **A. A.** Pen Perfection is rigidly maintained by

ARTHUR A. WATERMAN & CO.
22 Thames St., N. Y. City

All the parts entering into the construction of these pens are made, tested and inspected in their own shop.

Skilled workmanship, the best of material and their guarantee assure you of absolute satisfaction. Send for the new catalogue showing—

SELF FILLERS, MIDDLE JOINT, SAFETY AND LOWER END JOINT FOUNTAIN PENS. $2.00 and up.

NOT CONNECTED WITH THE L. E. WATERMAN CO.

UNDERFEED
FURNACE OR BOILER
Cuts Your Coal Bills ½ to ⅔

WHEN your coal pile is hardest hit during the winter's coldest days over 25,000 happy home owners are rejoicing because the Underfeed has cut *their* heat cost in two—or even in three in some cases.

THE PECK **Williamson Underfeed** FURNACES BOILERS

The Underfeed saves $2 to $3 a ton on coal, burning *Cheaper* grades of hard or soft coal—slack, pea or buckwheat size. All fire on top. Smoke and gases must pass through fire and are entirely consumed. More heat, no waste Use Coupon for FREE booklet and fac-simile testimonials.

THE PECK— **WILLIAMSON CO.** 306 W. Fifth St CINCINNATI, O.
Send me FREE— **Underfeed** Furnace Book ____ Boiler Book ____
(Indicate by X Book you desire)
Name _____
Address _____
Name of my dealer _____

Department of Classified Advertising

RATE—$3.00 per line—3% cash discount—10% discount
for six consecutive insertions. Minimum space 4 lines.

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable. Forms close about the first day of month preceding date of publication.

REAL ESTATE – FARM LANDS

CALIFORNIA

SUNNY STANISLAUS has good soil, water, climate and markets, four essentials for successful farming. No private corporation collects excessive water rates, you pay the district of which you are a part owner when locating with us. This message for you. Free Booklet, Dept. "E," Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Calif.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., FOR INFORMATION and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid or Investor, address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort; the most healthful climate in the known world.

LAKE WALES, POLK COUNTY, FLORIDA'S BEST. Your home here means year-round ideal climate, hunting, fishing, boating. Rich soil for grapefruit, oranges, vegetables; money-making crops winter and summer. Unspoiled, elevated, lake-front home-sites and farming tracts at low cash prices. Free booklet, map, etc. Lake Wales Land Company, Lake Wales, Florida.

DE LAND, FLORIDA. Healthful, beautiful, progressive. An ideal winter resort. Best all year round town. For full information and interesting descriptive literature address Secretary Business League, De Land, Florida.

TARPON SPRINGS, FLA., FOR ACCURATE, Valuable Information address Secretary Board of Trade, Box U. Most beautiful, healthful gulf front in South, richest fruit country, trucking, hunting, fishing, boating, motoring, golfing. Send for literature.

"PANAMA PARK BUNGALOW COLONY." Paved entrance Main & Fifty- rst Sts. Jacksonville—the New York of the South. Nights drop 17 degrees. Wind 8 miles. 30 ft. seaport. Tell-the-Truth Booklet free. Write Half Million Club.

LAKELAND, POLK COUNTY, FLORIDA. Heart of Citrus Fruit industry. High altitude. Lakes everywhere, insuring immunity from frost. Rich Farming and Trucking land. Lakeland Board of Trade has no lands for sale, but will gladly inform the inquirer.

"GATE CITY OF THE TROPICS." Southern terminus A. C. L. R. R. Death rate, 3 per 1,000. Average Temp., winter 64, summer 81. Clear days, 279. Booklet by Lee County Officials to homeseekers, tourists, sportsmen, agriculturists or investors. Board of Trade, Fort Myers, Fla.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, America's original winter home city, pleases everybody. Climate, land and waterways unsurpassed. For descriptive booklet or information, write Chamber of Commerce.

GEORGIA

COME TO COLUMBUS, Georgia, the City that Charms—the place with the Power and the Push—needs more men, money and manufacturers. Hydro-electric power sufficient to maintain 60,000 additional people. Write Board of Trade for large free book.

25 TO 200 ACRE FARMS in richest section of Georgia at $15 to $35 an acre. One third cash, balance long time. Half or more cleared land ready for plow. White farmers only. Write at once for book of facts and figures. J. F. Jackson, Agricultural Agt. Central of Georgia Ry., 281 West Broad St., Savannah, Ga.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY-MAKING FARMS, 13 STATES, $10 to $50 an acre; live stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Big Illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 2719, 47 West 34th Street, New York.

GOVERNMENT FARMS FREE. Our official 112 page book "Vacant Government Lands" describes every acre in every county in U. S. How secured free. 1913 diagrams and tables. All about Irrigated Farms. Price 25 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 90, St. Paul, Minn.

SOUTH

ESCAPE THE COLD WINTER. Locate in the South, the profitable farming section of America. Land $15 an acre up. Live-stock, dairying, poultry, truck and fruit pay big profits. Excellent living conditions. Many fine industrial openings. Send for free land lists and "Southern Field" magazine. M. V. Richards, Land & Ind. Agt., Southern Ry., Room 28, Washington, D. C.

SOUTHEAST

SOUTH ATLANTIC AREA, an empire of fertile lands along Seaboard Air Line Railway in States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida. Outdoor pursuits possible year 'round. Combination of soil and climate affords opportunity for succession of good money crops. Rich fruit and truck lands at low prices within easy reach of large markets. Splendid opportunities for stockraising, dairying and poultry. Write for descriptive literature. J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Suite No. 360, Norfolk, Va.

TEXAS

YOU can get an irrigated farm in Northwest Texas on very favorable terms. Climate, soil, living conditions fine. Our new book, "The Shallow Water Country," tells the story simply, directly. We are paying for this ad to get a chance to send you this book. Your address on a postal to me will bring it. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Col. Agt., AT&SF Ry., 1948 Ry. Ex., Chicago.

SASKATCHEWAN

REGINA, THE CAPITAL CITY OF SASKATCHEWAN, offers particularly remunerative as well as safe investment in its Real Estate. Saskatchewan is the largest, most important and most rapidly growing province of the Canadian West and Regina is its railway, commercial, industrial and financial centre. Write today for our handsome free booklet telling of the wonderful growth of Saskatchewan and Regina, and of the opportunities offered by well-selected investments in farm lands and Regina properties. Anderson, Lunney & Co., Regina, Sask.

ISLE OF PINES

BEAUTIFUL, HEALTHFUL ISLE OF PINES. Four days from New York by steamer. Mild, delightful climate, no frost, no fevers. Large American Colony. Fertile soil for growing oranges, grapefruit, lemons, pineapples, garden truck, etc. Write today for illustrated book, maps, prices of land, etc. Publicity Bureau, Isle of Pines Co., 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

HOMESEEKERS

BEST WAY TO YOUR NEW HOME: If you have decided upon a new home location in Florida, the Carolinas, Alabama, Texas, Oklahoma or the Pacific Coast, write to me for the best way to reach there. The Clyde and Mallory Lines offer attractive rates just now to those lands of opportunity. Let me send you full information and reserve choice accommodations. Arthur W. Pye, Passenger Traffic Manager, Clyde-Mallory Lines, Pier 36, North River, New York.

MISSISSIPPI

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, Block D, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for $5 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duryea, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—FINANCIAL

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least Cost, Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. President Stoddard, former Secretary of Arizona. Laws, blanks and directions free. Stockholders are exempt from corporate liability. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8J, Phœnix, Arizona.

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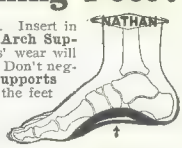

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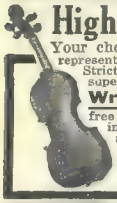
High Grade Violins 30 Days' Free Trial



Your choice from a large and carefully graded stock of representative instruments from the leading *foreign* violin makers. Strictly hand made and of superior tone, these violins are far superior to the average old violins sold at four times the price.

Write Today. Don't fail to send your name and address today for the superb Lewis catalog sent free and postpaid. Of value to everyone interested in high grade instruments. Learn how you can have your choice of these superb instruments on a free trial in your home. *Write today*

WM. E. LEWIS & SON (Est. 1869) 225 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

OUR SPECIALTIES: Imported wood-varnishes and tools for violin makers.

Ruby FREE

To introduce our **Genuine Maztec Gem** (U. S. Letters Patent)—the **only** satisfactory substitute for the diamond that stands all tests and has *permanent* dazzling brilliancy, we make this *special offer:*

If you will mention this advertisement and send us 5 two-cent stamps for our beautiful Art Catalog "The Story of the Maztec Gem," we will send you *free* with catalog a *genuine* uncut Navajo Ruby (sells at 50c.) bought by us from Navajo Indians, together with a cost-price offer for cutting and mounting.

Write today. **FRANCIS E. LESTER COMPANY**
Dept. B B 1 G, Mesilla Park, N. Mexico

Shirley President Suspenders

Ease for muscles, clothes and temper

50¢

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "SHIRLEY PRESIDENT" is on buckles

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

OWN A BRANCH AGENCY

When you represent us it is just the same as though you had your own factory and your own business, for you become our representative and handle six patented specialties of proven merit. Your contract is for exclusive territory; "Boss" Clothes Rack, "Neverslip" Clothes Line Bracket, "Security" Door Holder, "Nu-Pantz" Creaser, "New Idea" Hose Supporter, Automatic "Clean" Curry Comb sell on sight, and the fact that you have your own business and customers repeat for you soon leads to a large and permanent business of your own.

No Charge for Territory Rights

Ask for details of our Thousand Dollar contract. It is a wonder and will astonish you when you have grasped its wonderful possibilities as a great money-maker for you. Territories are going rapidly so write us at once.

MODERN SPECIALTY CO.
27th Street, Racine, Wis.

The Case of the RUSSIAN LADY

The Russian Lady who shed maudlin tears over an emotional drama while her coachman froze to death outside the theatre in the bleak Russian Winter

—Is like the woman who knows that a good face cream will help her retain her beauty but who lets beauty die of neglect.

Wanting a good complexion won't win or even retain one.

You want to be pretty and stay pretty—put your longing to work. Act!!

Get busy with A. D. S. Peroxide Cream (trademark Peredixo). Every night you apply it helps prolong your beauty through the years.

A. D. S. Peredixo Cream improves the skin—corrects pimples and blackheads and positively does not grow hair.

It's the "best buy" for 25c. Co-operative manufacture enables the A. D. S. to give twice as much and better than any of the higher priced French creams, or your money back at the A. D. S. drug store where you bought it. If there is no A. D. S. drug store near you a jar will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25c.

$250 to $10,000 Reward for Genius

Seventeen thousand druggists, comprising the A. D. S., the largest co-operative society in America, will pay amounts between the above sums for any practical improvement in the formula of A. D. S Peredixo Cream or other leading A. D. S. preparations. This offer is open to Chemists, College Professors, Druggists and Physicians

Your name and address and a 2c stamp brings a sample. Sold by 17,000 co-operative druggists.

AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE
Laboratories 213 Borden Ave., New York City

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WHEN NORTH WINDS BLOW

users of LABLACHE fear not for the complexion. This dainty, invisible powder safeguards the most tender skin and induces a velvety smoothness. Delicately fragrant, it makes a lasting appeal to the refined.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. S
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Ease Your Throat

after speaking, dictating, smoking—clear the voice, refresh the mouth—with

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL CANDY **Cough Drops**

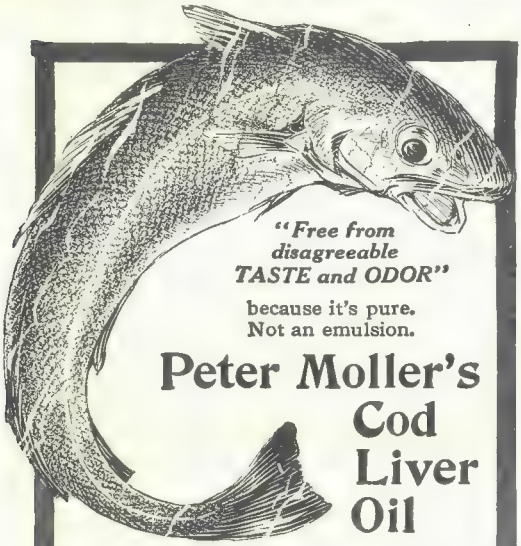
"GIVE QUICK RELIEF"

Prevent serious coughs, colds and throat trouble. Luden's do a lot of good at little cost. Sold by druggists and confectioners everywhere—look for the yellow package.

LUDEN'S HAVE A HUNDRED USES

5¢

Wm. H. Luden Manufacturing Confectioner READING, PA.



"Free from disagreeable TASTE and ODOR"

because it's pure. Not an emulsion.

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil

Easily digested—does not "stick to the tongue"—does not "repeat." Bottled by Peter Moller in his own factory at the Norway fisheries.

Sold by druggists everywhere—never in bulk—sold only in flat oval bottles bearing the name of

Schieffelin & Co., New York Sole Agents

Give FRAIL WOMEN Vinol

THE DELICIOUS COD LIVER AND IRON TONIC WITHOUT OIL

FRAIL WOMEN

How many women do you know who are perfectly well, strong and healthy as a woman should be? They may not be sick enough to be in bed—but they are run-down, thin, nervous, tired and devitalized.

VINOL is the most efficient strength creator for such persons. The medicinal elements of the cod's liver, aided by the blood-making and strengthening properties of tonic iron make it so far superior to all other tonics to build up health and strength for weak, tired, ailing people, old or young.

For sale by one druggist in a place. Look for the Vinol store where you live.

Trial sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp

Chester Kent & Co., Boston, Mass.

Does Your Heater Run You

—make you look after it from early morning till late at night—sometimes keep you roasting hot, more often freezing cold—and all the time burning more coal than is necessary.

This condition can be avoided by equipping your heating plant with the Jewell Heat Controller. With this simple, economical device your heater must actually run itself. All that is necessary is to occasionally put in a little coal. The JEWELL automatically takes care of drafts and dampers and keeps an even, steady fire that gives you an even heat at any temperature desired — with the minimum amount of coal.

The clock attachment assures a warm house in the morning but keeps it cool over night.

By the use of the JEWELL, heating troubles and worries are not only abolished, expensive coal bills are not only reduced, but changes in temperature are avoided, making the JEWELL indispensible for health and comfort especially if there are children or invalids in the home.

Write for Literature —How to Solve Your Heating Problem

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

and we'll also send you the name of the dealer at whose place you can see the JEWELL in actual operation.

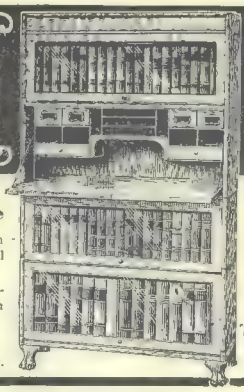
Jewell Heat Controllers are attractive, an ornament to any room, come complete, ready to set up—may be applied to **any system of heating**—and guaranteed to give efficient service. Write for particulars.

JEWELL MANUFACTURING CO.,
26 Green Street Auburn, N. Y.

Or Do You Run Your Heater?

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



And How You Will Save Money by Placing Them in Your Home

WRITE FOR OUR "BOOK OF DESIGNS"—Beautifully illustrated in colors (*mailed free*), showing our Sanitary, Mission, Colonial and Standard Bookcases.

The handsome designs, the rich finish, the removable, non-binding doors, the absence of disfiguring iron bands, make them far better than the old-fashioned kind.

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY

11 Victoria St., Dept. L. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

You Can Start With One Section and Add to as Needed

We have agencies in every city in this and foreign countries

Our Prices are Lower than Others

"GUNN" Guaranteed Quality

Sold by dealers or direct

GUNN OFFICE DESKS — WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

A Lesson About Safety

Q. Do you recognize the necessity of having a firearm for home protection? A. Yes. Q. Do you own a firearm for that purpose? A. No. Q. Why? A. I would, if I knew that I could buy a gun that was positively s——. Q. Stop right there, sir! You're going to talk about safety and right here is the answer to the safety question—the Colt revolver. The Colt Positive Lock (see circle) consists of a bar of solid steel which stands between the face of the hammer and frame—the firing pin, therefore, cannot touch the cartridge until the trigger is *purposely* pulled. The Colt is the *made safe* revolver. There's no reason now why you should be without a revolver for home protection.

Don't be stalled off a Colt if you want the best gun—it costs you no more. Write for Catalog 20.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Colt REVOLVERS

SAVE 30% TO 50% ON YOUR FURNITURE

We build the complete "Come-Packt" line of high quality living, dining, bedroom and den furniture in **sections**, finished to your order—**your choice of eight shades**—hand rubbed polish—and ship direct to you with full directions so that you can set up any piece right in your home in just your spare time and **save from 30 per cent to 50 per cent** of what you would pay for common, old style furniture elsewhere.

A FULL YEAR'S TRIAL

Buy your furniture on this new plan—this new idea that has surprised the furniture world—**get 100 per cent** quality, because you **see each piece** in sections before they are assembled. Nothing can be covered up—you get actual quality.

Every piece of Come-Packt Furniture is of **pure quarter-sawn WHITE oak**—not red oak, or any other cheap grade of oak or imitation—it has the character that befits and distinguishes the home of quality. It is guaranteed—and sold upon a full year's free trial.

THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF COME-PACKT BARGAINS

LIBRARY TABLE No. 300

This handsome table is Quarter-sawn White Oak, with rich, deep, natural markings; honestly made; beautifully finished to your order shipped completely stained—your choice of eight shades—hand rubbed polished. Height, 30 inches; top, 44x28 inches; legs 2½ inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates — shipping weight 150 lbs.

With a screw-driver and just your spare time you have a table that would ordinarily sell for $25.00!

Our Factory Price, shipped in finished sections, only . . $11.75

SEND FOR THIS CATALOG TODAY

Our advance 1914 catalog is ready for distribution. It is the most beautiful furniture book ever given away—tells all the details—gives you a choice of over 400 pieces in living, dining and bedroom furniture—color plates showing the exquisite finish and upholstering—factory prices. Write for this beautiful big book today, it is free, prepaid.

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 106 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

GOLD EDGES

50¢ PER PACK

For Social Play

Be sure your shopping list includes some bright new packs of dainty Congress Cards. They are always welcome. Beautiful designs in colors. Expertly made. Always something new.

Air-Cushion Finish *Club Indexes*

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES Hoyle up-to-date SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS

ISSUED YEARLY

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

CLUB INDEXES

For General Play

Bicycle quality made and maintains Bicycle reputation. Appreciated alike by those who sell and those who buy. Used in all parts of the world. Popular price.

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

25¢ PER PACK

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

No other Grape Fruit equals it in Flavor

"American Medicine" says:

"Realizing the great value of grape fruit, the medical profession have long advocated its daily use, but it has only been within the past few years that the extraordinary curative virtues of this 'king of fruits' have been appreciated. This dates from the introduction of the ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT, a kind that so far surpasses the ordinary grape fruit that no comparison can be made."

E. E. Keeler, M. D, in the "Good Health Clinic" writes:

"In all cases where there is the 'uric acid diathesis' you will see an immediate improvement following the use of grape fruit."

A well-known physician writes:

"I prescribe grape fruit for all my patients, and tell them to be sure and get ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT, as other grape fruit to the Atwood is *as cider apples to pippins.*"

If you desire, your grocer or fruit dealer will furnish the ATWOOD Brand in either bright or bronze. It may be procured at first-class hotels, restaurants and clubs. Ask for ATWOOD Brand. For home use buy it by the box; it will keep for weeks and improve.

ATWOOD Grape Fruit is always sold in the trade-mark wrapper of the Atwood Grape Fruit Company

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT CO., 80 Maiden Lane, New York

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY. MANAVISTA, FLA. TRADE MARK.

"What A Wonderful Trip"

You will say so, too, as you slip Southward over sunny seas on luxurious 10,600 ton

Southern Pacific Steamships

New York to New Orleans

$40.00 One Way — Including meals and berth on ship; the choice of rail one way same fare. — $70.00 Round Trip

At New Orleans, board the

"Sunset Limited"

Every Day—No Extra Fare

Solid Pullman train with through Dining and Observation Cars.

New Orleans—Los Angeles—San Francisco

"The Exposition Line—1915"

Oil burning locomotives; rock ballasted roadbed; automatic electric block signals. For information, address:

L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent

Room 19, 366 Broadway, at Franklin Street, New York City

1158 Broadway, at 27th Street — **39 Broadway, near Rector Street**

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

SIX years ago when a burglar found a woman alone he feared nothing. Now he fears two things:—1st, The black barrel of her Savage—like the finger of Death—pointing at him. 2nd, The 10 bullets, 32 or 380 caliber, that she can release fast or slow. The Savage's two extra shots mean *25% more protection.* The Savage is the one automatic which is guarded against the old excuse: "Didn't know it was loaded." A glance or touch tells positively.

Send 6c for Booklet, "If You *Hear* a Burglar."

SAVAGE

10 Shots Quick **AUTOMATIC**

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 431 Savage Ave., Utica, N.Y.
Makers of the Famous Savage Rifles

SPLENDID CLAY TENNIS COURTS
FREQUENT TOURNAMENTS

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

Center of Winter Out of Door Life in the Middle South

The **CAROLINA** now open

THROUGH Pullman from New York. The finest golf courses in the south, 1200 miles of connecting automobile roads, 40,000 acres shooting preserve with good guides and dogs, fine livery of saddle horses, fox hunting, tennis, trap shooting, model dairy, frequent tournaments in all sports.

No consumptives received at Pinehurst

FULL INFORMATION ON REQUEST AT THE
GENERAL OFFICE, Pinehurst, N. C., or LEONARD TUFTS, Boston, Mass.

Permanent

Stucco houses are as permanent as the wall base on which the plaster is laid. That is why houses built on

Kno-Burn
Expanded Metal Lath

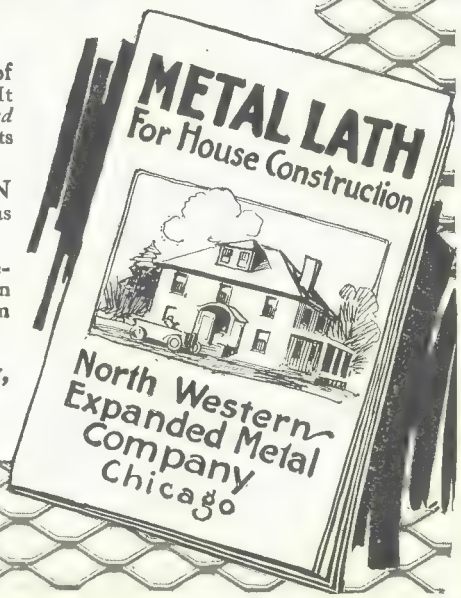
are stucco successes.

KNO-BURN Metal Lath is proof against moisture, decay and plaster acids. It is made with a mesh that the plaster is *bound* to stick to. It is simple to apply and its use is a real economy.

Stucco that is laid on KNO-BURN retains its smooth beauty long after it has ceased to be new.

Let us send you our Booklet for home-builders. It is full of valuable information about KNO-BURN and wall construction in general. Write today for Booklet No. 515

North Western Expanded Metal Company,
951 Old Colony Building,
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Will Make the New Year Happier, Healthier and Brighter

When the **Royal** enters your home, then forever ends the incessant toil of keeping the house clean.

This never-tiring "automatic servant" cleans thoroughly everywhere. It seeks out the dirt and dust on floors, rugs, furniture, pictures, moldings, draperies, pianos—in corners, under beds, on the stairs—everywhere that dust and dirt accumulate.

The **Royal** weighs but ten pounds—is **fully guaranteed**, and is priced within the reach of all. It is perfect in design and construction, and costs less than one cent per hour to operate.

Write for descriptive literature of this latest household necessity. Let us have your dealer's name, and we will arrange to have a **Royal** demonstrated in your home.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
5115 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Makers of the Celebrated Royal and Rex Electric Vibrators and Hair Dryers

YOU CAN LEARN

To Be a Traveling Salesman

by mail in eight weeks and our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a position where you will have an opportunity to earn **big pay** while you are learning. No former experience required. **Salesmen earn $1000 to $5000 a year and expenses.** Write today for large list of good openings and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are now earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office.

Dept. 21, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco

It Keeps After Opening

A tempting relish having the true tomato taste

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Vine ripened tomatoes, from selected seed, grown under our personal supervision, carefully handled in sanitary kitchens, same day as picked; cooked but lightly so that the natural flavor is retained; seasoned delicately with pure spices; placed in sterilized bottles—this is Blue Label Ketchup.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

Our other products, Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, you will find equally as pleasing as Blue Label Ketchup.

"Original Menus" is an interesting booklet, full of suggestions for the hostess and busy housewife. Write for it today, giving your grocer's name and mentioning this magazine.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

How to Find Out What They Said about Cypress Lumber
("the wood Eternal") as a
Home-building material
of Better Investment Value
to the great masses of people
than any other wood or substitute.
☆ Write tonight for Vol. 24
of the Cypress Lib. (NEW ONE)
with 60 pages of voluntary
(and vital) letters giving the
personal testimony of users
of "the Lumber that defies decay."
Address So. Cypress Mfrs. Assn.,
1200 Hibernia Bank Bldg., New Orleans, La.

INSIST
on Cypress at
The nearest
Lumber Yard.

GREGORY'S HONEST SEEDS

are always dependable. They help gardeners everywhere to score better results. Grown with great care for those who appreciate quality most.

Beautiful Catalog Free

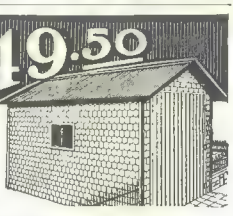
Fully describes all that is "worth while" in garden—, field— and flower seeds. Gives honest prices for honest seeds. Write a postcard **for your** free copy **Today.**

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON
453 Elm Street, Marblehead, Mass.

Established 1856 — All that's Good in Seeds

GREGORY'S HONEST SEEDS

Garage $49.50



Genuine "Edwards." Ready-made, fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices — $49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 309-359 Eggleston Av., Cincinnati, O.

Taxidermy Book FREE

Mount Birds

We teach you **by mail** to stuff and mount all kinds of **Birds, Animals, Game Heads.** Also to tan skins and make rugs. Be your own taxidermist. Decorate your home with your beautiful trophies or increase your income selling specimens and mounting for others. Easily, quickly learned in spare time by men and women. Highest endorsements by thousands of students. Write today for our great free book **"How to Mount Birds and Animals" Free**—write today.

N. W. School of Taxidermy, 1031 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Sunshine Lamp 300 Candle Power FREE!

To Try in Your Own Home

Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. For Homes, Stores, Halls, Churches. A child can carry it. Makes its own light from common gasoline. Absolutely SAFE.

COSTS 1 CENT A NIGHT

We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER. **Agents Wanted.**

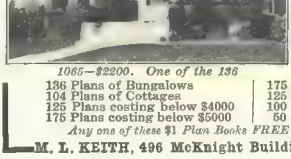
SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
710 Factory Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines

A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

Big $2 Offer—KEITH'S



80-page monthly magazine for a year, with your choice of any one of Keith's famous

$1.00 PLAN BOOKS FREE

Keith's Magazine is the recognized authority on building and decorating artistic homes, $2 a year. Each issue contains 7 to 10 Plans by Leading Architects.

Keith's Famous Plan Books, direct or thru Newsdealers, $1 each.

1065—$2200. One of the 136

136 Plans of Bungalows
104 Plans of Cottages
125 Plans costing below $4000
175 Plans costing below $5000
175 Plans costing below $6000
125 Plans costing over $6000
100 Plans Cement and Brick
50 Garages, 40 Duplex and Flats

Any one of these $1 Plan Books FREE with a year's subscription $2

M. L. KEITH, 496 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Susanna Cocroft's Facial Exercises

"My exercises in facial and scalp culture do for the face and hair what my exercises for the body have done for the health and figures of 65,000 women. Results are **quick** and **marvelous.** Only six to ten minutes a day. If you look older than you should, it is because you are not doing what you should to help nature." —*Susanna Cocroft.*

Study Yourself and if you have any of the ailments mentioned on the coupon mark X opposite the defect and write to us. Why should not the skin of your face be as smooth as that of your body? Your hands dainty and attractive? Your hair glossy and abundant?

Keep Young

Do not allow your facial muscles to droop, or your skin to wrinkle, grow sallow or disfigured.

It takes no longer to do the right thing than the wrong one. But **know** the right way. Do not experiment. Fully one-third of our pupils are sent to us by former pupils. Our pupils look 10 years younger. Write for our **FREE** booklet explaining the course for self-improvement. **Write today.**

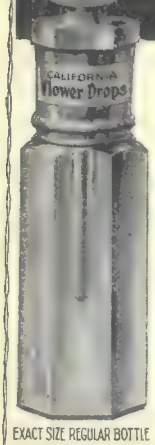
Grace Mildred Culture-Course

624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 14 CHICAGO

Tell us of any other defects not mentioned here.

- Sagging Facial Muscles
- Wrinkles
- Tired, Weak Eyes
- Crow's Feet
- Pouches Under Eyes
- Thin Eyelashes
- Thin Eyebrows
- Double Chins
- Flabby, Thin Neck
- Pimples
- Blackheads
- Sallow Skin
- Freckled Skin
- Dandruff
- Thin Hair
- Oily Hair
- Dry Hair
- Tender, Inflamed Feet
- Catarrh

Send for TRIAL BOTTLE 20 ¢



EXACT SIZE REGULAR BOTTLE

YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE

The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in a vial 2 inches high. The most exquisite perfume science ever produced. Not diluted with alcohol.

Rieger's Flower Drops

$1.50 at dealers or by mail. Send check, stamps, money order. 3 odors: Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet. Money back if not pleased. Send 20c. silver or stamps for miniature bottle with long glass stopper. Please mention name of dealer. Address

Paul Rieger, 265 1st St., San Francisco

Maker of High Grade Perfumes

Paris New York San Francisco

BRAND NEW TYPEWRITER

A remarkable typewriter, carried in grip or o'coat pocket. Visible writer. Std. keyboard. Does all work $100 machines do. Over 31,000 in use.

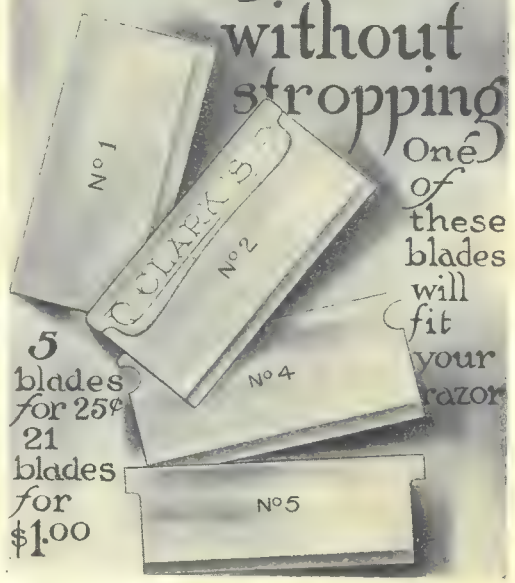
Bennett Portable Typewriter $18

Sold on money-back-unless-satisfied guaranty. Wt. 4 1-2 lbs. Carrying case free. Home use, business or trips. Send for catalog and Agents' Proposition.

N. Z. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, N. Y.

ON APPROVAL

Shave for 1¢ without stropping



One of these blades will fit your razor

5 blades for 25¢
21 blades for $1.00

CLARK'S
Secret Temper Blades
(in the Red Box)

—guaranteed to shave the *wiriest, stiffest* beard at least *five times without stropping.* Cut clean and smooth—a joy to use. Pick the blade that fits your razor, or mention the make, and send for a package to-day or tell your dealer to get them for you. If none of the four fit your razor

Send 50c, and we will send you a package of five Clark Secret Temper Blades (*in Red Box*) and our fine Silver King Razor out of our regular $3.50 set.

The razor will be mailed in a *cheap paper box*, but it is not a *cheap razor*—the Silver King is as fine as any razor on the market.

We are practically giving you this fine razor to have you try Clark's Secret Temper Blades (*in Red Box*). It's the blade, not the razor, that shaves, but we give YOU a razor you will be proud of.

Send for a trial package to-day. Use them freely. If not satisfactory in every way, don't hesitate to return them and get your money.

Clark Blade & Razor Co., Newark, N. J.

Six Popular Sizes

3 Finishes Ripple, Linen Vellum and

The New 10c Writing Tablet Made of a Standard, Water-marked Paper

Ruled or Unruled

HAMMERMILL BOND WRITING TABLET

Envelopes to Match

The Quality Paper Used by Millions

Something new! For years the largest business firms in America have preferred Hammermill Bond for its strength, quality and fine writing surface. But now, for the first time, Hammermill Bond is put up for home, office and general use as a convenient writing tablet.

Instead of the ordinary paper offered in 10c tablets, you can secure the advantages that have made Hammermill Bond "the quality paper used by millions." Its clear writing surface is a joy to pen or pencil. Its durability keeps it fresh-looking under much handling. Its quality appearance will add distinction to your correspondence.

Ask for Hammermill Bond Tablets and you'll have a choice of six popular sizes; three finishes—Ripple, Linen and Vellum; ruled or unruled; and envelopes to match.

You can get your Hammermill Bond Tablets wherever you buy your stationery

Manufactured exclusively by
Western Tablet Company, St. Joseph, Mo.
Refer all inquiries regarding writing tablets to above

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
Erie, Pa.

HEAR

Latest 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone

—the final triumph of the inventor of the first successful multi-tone ear phone. **Eight Tones!** Eight different adjustments to suit every condition of the ear. Just out. The new Eight-Tone ear phone makes every kind and "shade" of sound as distinct to the deaf as shades of color are distinct to perfect eyes. Send this coupon and get free the Mears Ear Phone Booklet today.

Name .....

Address .....

Mears Ear Phone Co., Dept. 1031
45 West 34th Street, New York City

Gentlemen:—Please mail me, free and postpaid, your Mears Ear Phone Booklet and particulars of Special Introductory Offer on new 8-tone Mears Ear Phone and free trial.

If you live in New York call at our office, presenting this coupon, for free demonstration.

On Trial: We will send you an 8-Tone instrument on a 15 day trial. If it fails to help you send it back, it will not cost you a penny.

Our Offer: The New 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone is sold at present only direct from our New York offices at the laboratory price with no jobbers' or dealers' profits added. The highest grade instrument now offered at a price within the reach of all and on *easy monthly payments*, if desired. Send at once for our rock-bottom offer.

Send Free Coupon Above The Mears Ear Phone Book explains all the causes of deafness; tells how to stop the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Write at once—send the coupon—now—for this Free Book with names and addresses of hundreds of satisfied users and our great Special Introductory Offer.

MEARS EAR PHONE CO., Dept. 1031 45 West 34th Street, New York City

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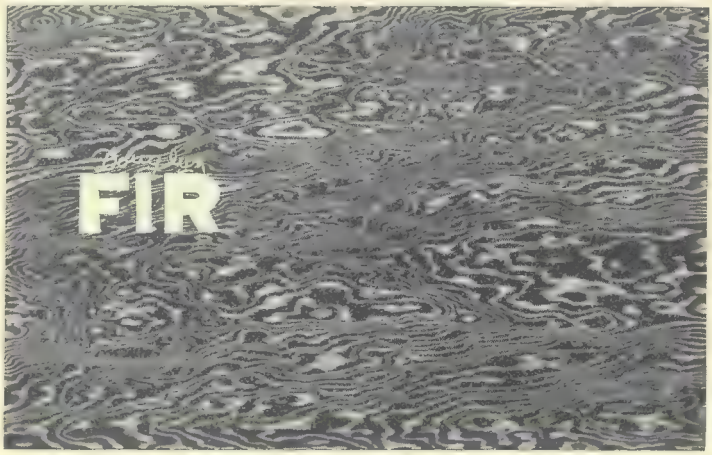
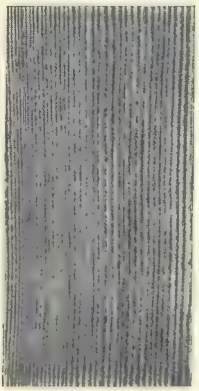


Did you ever see a more beautiful wood than this? It is Douglas FIR "trim"—for all interior woodwork, sash, doors, chair rails, base-boards, cornice, mouldings, stair rails, newel posts, paneling, etc.

For all such purposes it is "the Aristocrat of Woods."



Douglas Fir Flooring
(Edge Grain)

also called "Vertical Grain" and "Riff Sawed." A dense, fine non-splintering flooring. Its remarkable resistance to wear is proven by long service it gives for shipping platforms freight house floors, factory floors and similar uses where heavy trucking is done.

For Every Building Purpose From Modest Home to Modern Warehouse

Douglas FIR Lumber

gives superior service. The United States Government, in Forest Service Bulletin No. 88, issued June 17th, '11, says: "Douglas FIR may, perhaps, be considered as the *most Important of American Woods.* (★) As a structural timber it is not surpassed, and probably it is most widely used and known in this capacity."

★ *WHY does the ultra-conservative Govt. Report thus describe Douglas Fir?*

The *reason* for the superiority of Douglas FIR for building purposes is that *in proportion to weight* it is the

Strongest American Wood

U. S. Government tests clearly show the greatly superior strength of Douglas FIR and its vastly lighter weight per thousand feet. The figures are clear and conclusive.

This great strength with light weight, makes Douglas FIR the ideal wood for all framing purposes, from the studding and joists of a cottage to the beams and columns for large mill-construction buildings. Moreover, Douglas FIR is as beautiful as it is strong, and is therefore as desirable for interior finish as it is for structural use. The "watered silk" effect of its singular grain is most pleasing, and its texture is adaptable to any finish.

The U. S. Government Bulletin quoted above also says: "Douglas FIR sawed 'flat grain' shows pleasing figures and the contrast between the spring and summer wood has been considered *as attractive as the grain of quarter-sawed oak.* (★) It takes stain well, and, by staining, the beauty of the grain may be more strongly brought out and a number of costly woods can be imitated."

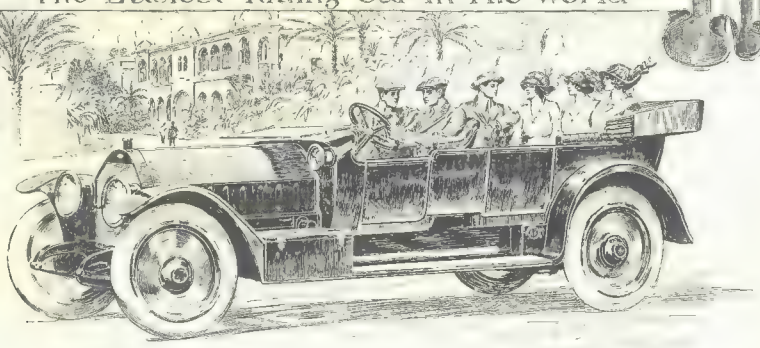
(★*Quarter-sawed oak costs about two and one-half times as much.*)

You will appreciate a copy of the booklet on "Douglas FIR—Its Value to Builders." It is free. Put your name on a postal. Also put on your address. Then mail it. (You'll be glad you did.)

WEST COAST LUMBER MFRS.' ASS'N, 717 Tacoma Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.

The MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



Does it pay to put the very best of everything into a motor car or any other manufactured product? Does the public appreciate the untiring effort of the manufacturer to produce the best?

An emphatic answer to this question lies in the steady growth and present strength of this great institution. For more than sixty years it has followed the policy of producing the best at a fair price, and the American public has responded with generous recognition of honest value.

In motor cars, as in other high-grade machinery, this company may be depended upon now and in the future years to produce the very best that long experience, trained brains, fine workmanship and ample resources can bring forth, and to sell it at a price that will give the fullest measure of value to the purchaser.

Inquiries to our factory or to the Marmon dealer in any city will be treated with the respect and consideration which the average purchaser of the high class car desires and expects.

The Marmon for 1914

In addition to the Marmon "Thirty Two," four-cylinder car, and the Marmon "Forty Eight," six-cylinder car, we are pleased to announce a new medium size six-cylinder Marmon, model "Forty One," which will be exhibited first at the New York Automobile Show in January.

Detailed information with specifications and prices may be obtained from dealers or factory.

Nordyke & Marmon Co.

INDIANAPOLIS (Established - 1851) INDIANA

Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

IS your hair as beautiful and healthy as it ought to be? If anything in the world will improve it, it is a daily massage with

ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

We invite every reader to write for a little testing bottle. We will send it for 10c together with our beautiful new calendar in 10 colors (size 14x19 inches).

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
302 ED. PINAUD BUILDING, NEW YORK

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Quality First

It takes twelve weeks for the painting of a Detroit Electric body—a long time and a thorough process. But only thus can we be sure of the perfect Detroit Electric finish, which retains its lustre for years through sun and rain and snow.

To upholster a Detroit Electric requires days of the most careful work by a corps of skilled craftsmen. The result is Detroit Electric comfort; like riding in a finely appointed yacht on a summer sea.

From the engineer's drawing-board to the final inspection, "Quality first" is the watchword of every department in the Detroit Electric factory.

Because we have put quality first in building our cars, in choosing our selling representatives, and in maintaining our service to owners, Detroit Electric cars sell two for one over any other electric car.

For 1914 the Detroit Electric offers you the widest choice both in body types and mechanical features.

Prices on enclosed cars—four and five passenger capacity—range from $2550 to $3000, f. o. b. Detroit. Send for our beautiful new catalog in colors.

Our cars are now on exhibition in the principal cities—and at the leading automobile shows.

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Detroit, U.S.A.

Builders of the Detroit Electric

Largest manufacturers of electric pleasure vehicles in the world

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

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ÆTNA-IZED?

SAFETY FIRST

But Protection All The Time

AS YOU LOOK at a piece of railroad track its condition may seem to you perfect but these men are trained to discover hidden defects and take timely precautions to remedy them.

So as you look ahead at the road to "the to-morrow," it may look safe but the expert knows that your chances of accidental injury and death are so many that along with every precaution for safety you need protection all the time. The Accident Department of the Ætna Life Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. is the expert which knows about these hidden dangers of life.

Ætna Accident Policies give this constant protection, against those hazards which every man runs every day.

Send at once for information about Ætna Accident Policies.

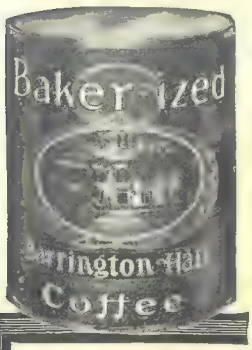
Everybody s

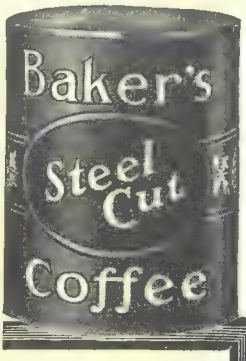
Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn.

I am under 65 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Accident Insurance. My name, business address and occupation are written below.

40c *Eastern Basis*

Eastern Basis **35c**





Economy without Economizing

Makes More Cups to the Pound

IF you are not already a user of our coffee, permit us to send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY

110 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
228 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

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MY BURGLAR INSURANCE

The Housebreaker Passes

the door with a lock this key fits, and you never know of his visit. No loss, no fright, no struggle in the dark with a man equipped with a gun and accustomed to use it—just a simple prevention that bars the way to lawbreakers. Circular NK88 tells about it. Sent on request.

P. & F. CORBIN

The American Hardware Corporation Successor

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

Chicago **New York** **Philadelphia**

Barrett Specification Roofs

No Maintenance Cost

AN investigation into net roofing costs will promptly disclose the superiority of Barrett Specification Roofs. Their first cost is lower than that of any other permanent roof, and, as they require no painting or other care for upwards of twenty years, their maintenance cost is nil.

The Bush Terminal Company, with a total roof area of more than 70 acres (3,100,000 square feet) on their 181 buildings in Brooklyn, N. Y., illustrated below, studied the subject of roofing costs and adopted this type of roofs. The Vice-President of the Bush Terminal Company writes:

> We use this kind of roofing because our experience has shown it to be the best and cheapest. Our analysis of first cost of application and cost of maintenance entitles us to speak with some measure of authority.

The roofing contractor states that the expense for maintenance of this entire roof area has been less than $10 and estimates that if metal or ready-made roofings had been used it would have been impossible to keep the buildings free from leaks, and that the painting bill alone up to date would probably have amounted to at least $50,000.

It is on such evidence as this that we base the statement that the maintenance cost of Barrett Specification Roofs is *nothing per year* and the $10 exception "proves the rule"

A copy of The Barrett Specification free on request. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle Birmingham

TRADE B MARK

The Paterson Mfg. Co., Ltd.—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N B. Halifax, N S. Sydney, N.S.

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Are You Loafing On Yourself ?

PERHAPS you are ***"loafing on yourself"*** without realizing it. The man who ***"dreams"*** about a higher position is a ***"self-loafer."***

It is an absolute fact that the most difficult problem of the greatest employers in the world is to secure men for ***big*** positions.

Marshall Field, one of the greatest merchants in the world, publicly claimed that his greatest difficulty was to secure trained men capable of filling positions paying $25,000 a year.

It is all the matter of training, not dreaming

We can give you proved records of thousands of men who have climbed from the dreamer's class to the director's class through the training of the International Correspondence Schools. ***We will show you how to do it.***

Whether you live in the flood-wrecked city of Nome, Alaska—in a sun-baked adobe cabin of Arizona—or in the great commercial centers, the I. C. S. will show you how to improve your position and ***increase your salary.***

All we ask you to do is to sign and mail the I. C. S. coupon as directed. This places you under no obligation. It simply brings to you FREE information how to secure the training that has made the success of thousands of men who thought they were "down and out."

Mark and mail the coupon today.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1269 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Railway Mail Clerk
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Electric Car Running	Stenography&Typewriting
Electric Wireman	Window Trimming
Telephone Expert	Show Card Writing
Architect	Lettering & Sign Painting
Building Contractor	Advertising
Architectural Draftsman	Commercial Illustrating
Structural Engineer	Industrial Designing
Concrete Construction	Commercial Law
Mechan. Engineer	Automobile Running
Mechanical Draftsman	Teacher
Refrigeration Engineer	English Branches
Civil Engineer	Good English for Every One
Surveyor	Agriculture
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Metal Mining	Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Locomotive Fireman & Eng.	Sheet Metal Worker
Stationary Engineer	Navigation — Spanish
Textile Manufacturing	Languages — French
Gas Engines	Chemist — German

Name _____

Present Employer _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.

FESTINO

An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap is of the same high standard of quality as the well known Packer's Tar Soap, and is delicately perfumed.

In caring for the hair and skin, the cleansing, refreshing and wholesome properties of pure pine-tar, as offered in these two preparations, are of utmost aid.

Liberal sample of cake—or liquid—will be sent on receipt of 10c.

Indexed manual free on request.

THE PACKER MFG. COMPANY
Suite 85C, 81 Fulton Street, New York

(Reduced facsimiles)

Packer's CAKE or LIQUID Tar Soap

Both are "Pure as the Pines"

COPYRIGHT 1913 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

Youngsters who snowball, slide, skate and coast are not the only sufferers from chapped hands and rough faces. Their elders who stay outdoors only as long as they must, often are troubled too. And the reason in both cases usually is careless drying or strong soap.

If one rinses with cold water and takes time to dry the skin thoroughly it is not likely that the wind will do any harm. But, of course, if you use a soap which, of itself, makes the skin sore and sensitive, the winter weather will not help matters.

The sure, safe way is not only to rinse and dry properly but to use Ivory Soap as well. Then you know that upon going outdoors the skin is as smooth, healthy and as able to withstand the cold as it possibly can be.

IVORY SOAP . . . .

. . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

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The Three Great Cleansers

The New Packard "38" Limousine in London

From the etching by E. Horter

SCAN COURTSEY OF
EXCITER